

The Red Pill Room

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Best Regards,

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Welcome To The Manosphere. Have a cigar.

December 6, 2011 | by Ian Ironwood | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

As popular as my Sex Nerd blog is (and I will continue to post there frequently) I felt that the Manosphere deserved yet another blog, albeit one from a slightly different perspective than those magnificent monuments to manliness out there already.

A Moment Of Appreciation For The Good Wives

December 7, 2011 | by Ian Ironwood | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



Too often in the Manosphere we speak of feminine excesses that irk us and the generally poor state of male-female relations in Western Culture, and we don't stop to remember that femininity, like masculinity, is not monolithic. Even though individual women might drive us crazy and womanhood in general might inspire strong feelings in us, the fact is that for every strident, intransigent feminist out there there is also a woman who is struggling with the same issues we are, and doing it from their side without resorting to wild idealism and harsh criticism.

I find it fascinating -- and encouraging -- that so many prominent voices in the Manosphere are happily married men. Athol Kay, Leonidas, myself and other dudes hashing out the Tao Of The Red Pill are in successful and presumably healthy marriages to strong, capable women. One thing you can say about the men of the Manosphere, they don't go for the vapid trophy wife. We like our women capable. Good moms. Good wives.

This might seem a cognitive disconnect for those who do not understand what we're trying to do here. After all, the feminist apologists say, **isn't your collective purpose to subjugate and oppress your wimminfolk?** Why no, no it is not. **Our purpose is to find a new definition of masculinity that works in the realities of a 21st century, post-industrial society with the end towards a more fulfilling and meaningful life on our own terms.**

It also might seem strange from those who view the Manosphere as a natural extension of the alt-right philosophical movement that sees the brightest future in stuffing the genie back in the bottle and living according to 1950s industrial gender roles, with women out of the workforce and back in the

home. After all, **isn't our purpose restoring menfolk to their rightful place as masters of home and hearth and all they survey, untainted by feminine considerations?** Why no, no it is not. **Our purpose is to find a new definition of masculinity that works in the realities of a 21st century, post-industrial society with the end towards a more fulfilling and meaningful life on our own terms.**

Women aren't going to leave the workforce, nor should they. Women aren't going to go back to the old culture of demure sexuality and highly-protected virginity, nor should they. Feminism was not an evil plot to overthrow Western Civilization, it was a natural and predictable outgrowth of a change in economic and social factors. At its best it provided a structure to enact some much-needed reforms to our society. At its worst . . . well, I don't have to tell you.

But it's telling that my wife, a leader in her field and a brilliant woman all around, eschews the label of "feminist" and holds feminism at arm's length, even as she crashing up the corporate ladder like a bulldozer in a rainforest. She's suspicious of capital-F Feminism, thanks to some unpleasant college experiences, and none of her wildly feminist friends are in happy places. That doesn't mean she isn't strong, proud, and highly capable, or that she defers to me unconditionally.

We have both a strategic partnership and a passionate love, and the thought of trading that pleasant and pragmatic bond for an overly-nostalgic version of an ideal 1950s Golden Age that never truly existed makes me shudder. I like my smart, funny, capable wife. I love the fact that she wouldn't be in her present position in her career without my support. And I love the fact that when I do lead, she does follow in the best Captain/First Officer tradition. I don't see my actions as unmanly when she takes the lead in an area outside of my expertise -- for example, she's the Chief Medical Officers, since she has medical training and clinical experience beyond my First Aid. When there's a medical issue, she takes command and I love being able to cede that responsibility to her and act as her willing assistant.

You have to admit, it can't be easy to be married to any of us Red Pill guys. We tend to attract intelligent, strong women, and the fact is that any guy with an ego strong enough to blog about masculinity and such is going to end up being a dick sometimes just by his nature. They put up with it, but it isn't easy.

It is usually, however, worth their while. My wife regularly and without solicitation or prompting tells everyone she knows just how great I am, and I return the favor. She loves the Alpha/Beta balance I've struck and sees value in my quest for a new masculinity. In a sea of relationship dysfunction we are happily married, raising kids, and enjoying life far more than our peers, and the only way that happens is when we both understand our roles and execute them accordingly. We're kind of a nerdy power couple, and we make it work. Mostly. And when we have issues . . . we deal with them, without drama.

I don't know if we're a model for others or a mere aberration, but we're happy and part of that stems from my reassessment of masculinity, and part of that involves appreciating femininity for what it is, the good, the bad, and the ugly. I think that understanding and recognizing the realities of the social situation is key to pragmatically moving forward towards a new masculine paradigm instead of

dwelling on what we think we've lost and whining that we're not in charge all the time anymore. In a recent comment on another blog I took some of the commenters to task for their bitterly negative view of femininity, because I see femininity as a *good* thing. Heck, I even see *feminism* as a good thing, once upon a time.

But if we're going to redefine and revalorize masculinity, we won't be able to do it without understanding and appreciating femininity, first. And that means knowing and loving the powerful women who share our lives.

So thanks to all the good wives out there. Keep it up, ladies, we love you for it. And tell your friends. No, really.

Alpha Move: It's Not Always About How Much Money You Have . . .

December 12, 2011 | by Ian Ironwood | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



. . . sometimes it's how you *spend* it. Like on emergency chocolate.

It's well-understood that a significant portion of a man's Sex Rank depends on his perceived ability as a provider. Since we can't all be CEOs, or otherwise thunder our way to riches on the backs of our talents and drive, how much we can actually improve our Sex Rank with increasing our income is limited. Let's face it: for most of us, if we could make more money at our jobs, we would.

But a middle-class income doesn't have to keep you from using money to improve your Sex Rank to your wife or girlfriend. Sometimes it's the display of your ability that counts for more. Sure, a \$100,000 sports car is going to impress her . . . for about five seconds, until she starts asking questions about the house payment money. But whipping out your credit card for a surprise trip to the lingerie store, for instance, can be a DHV no matter what your income level. Likewise springing for a surprise run to the sushi bar, concert tickets, etc.

You see, it's not just about how much you can provide – that's a strong Alpha bonus, sure. But if you can't afford diamonds and emeralds (and let's face it, who wants to?) then providing small luxuries or securing an extra hundred bucks for an unnecessary luxury at a strategic time can seem like jewelry.

The secret is the "surprise". Any old happily married dude will tell you that you need a pile of money your wife/girlfriend doesn't know about. No matter how forthright you are about your mutual household finances, and how tight your budget is, in order to be perceived as a generous (!), gracious (!!) and thoughtful (!!!) provider you need access to monies your wife/girlfriend can't spend before you do.

This is liable to cause some resentment, of course, once it becomes known that you have a separate checking account, or a secret cigar box full of twenties she doesn't have access to. Let it. But stand your ground. The ability to suddenly manifest something necessary or desired at an opportune moment increases your perceived Alpha in her eyes, and it grants you a feeling of satisfaction that you can easily build on.

Ah, you ask, but how do I get this mysterious pile of money? Especially when I'm considering selling my kid's kidneys to make the mortgage?

First, don't go into debt for it. Debt sucks. Avoid unnecessary debt like the plague – it's the responsible thing to do. In fact, secretly paying down your debt is a huge bonus to your Alpha provider stat, once it becomes known.

The secret is what the Good Ol' Boys in my neck of the woods call the "Working 50" or the "Working 500", depending upon how ambitious you are. That's the amount of money that lore says should "always be working for you."

Remember that there's more than one way to make money. Working for it is the usual way, of course, but it's always better when your money works for you, not the other way around. Your Working 50 is the \$50 (or \$500, depending on your capabilities and your ambitions) that you have out there making you more money. You do that by buying and selling stuff. It takes five minutes to set up Ebay, UPS and Paypal accounts, and once you do have those, the rest is easy.

Look around your house for crap you don't want, won't use, and would probably donate before you'd go to all of the time and effort to put together a yard sale. Take a couple of pictures of the ones you think are most valuable. If it doesn't look valuable by itself, group it together in one lot. Then post it on ebay. Crawl through your attic, your garage, that box of crap your ex-girlfriend left at your house, the shed, you name it. Miscellaneous items of dubious value are everywhere. All you need to do is find out who wants them, how much they're willing to pay, and then complete the transaction.

Got a junk car in the backyard (in the South, it's traditional for Agro-Americans to display their wealth thus)? It's probably worth a fair amount just in scrap. If you have the inclination to strip it and sell off the parts first, even a crappy old heap can be worth a couple of hundred dollars.

Ever stop into a thrift shop or yard sale and seen a bargain? Buy it. Sell it. Make a profit. Do you have old books laying around that you will never, ever read again? Amazon. Have an interest in, say, millitaria, collectibles, or comic books? There are booming on-line marketplaces for just those sorts of things. No telling what your old toys are worth. Have a bunch of antiques that you inherited but are just not your style? Liquidate them. Know how to fix lawnmowers and chainsaws? Do that in your spare time. Know far, far too much about sports memorabilia? Weed out your coveted collection and take the cash.

There are websites where they give away stuff – valuable stuff – for free. Freecycle, for instance. And Craig's List has tons of stuff "Free To A Good Home – You Pick Up". Yard sales, thrift stores, bankruptcy auctions, surplus auctions and self-storage auctions are all great places to find odd and valuable crap that other people are willing to pay money for. The key is knowing the value of

something, and that might take a little homework.

It might seem like a lot of work, but once you get the system down, and start understanding how to do it, the returns can be high and it can be fun, too. For example, at a trip to Virginia Beach a couple of years ago, we were digging around in the sand and came across an old WWII era bayonet that someone had left in the sand (nearly impaling my 5-year-old – not happy about that). Instead of chucking it into my toolbox or throwing it out (like my wife wanted) I sold it on Ebay for \$120, because of the year and model. Of course not every transaction is going to yield that kind of result, but if you work on the part-time-entrepreneur thing consistently and evenly the law of averages says you'll make a profit unless you're a complete idiot.

But the key is to have this Working 50(0) out there in the background, off the books, out of her reach, and under your control. If you have a crafty hobby like woodwork, consider trying to sell a few pieces. Or art. Most of us have some sort of talent that (with a little development) can be turned into a money-making avocation.

It's undeniable that some dudes just have a natural knack for trading and dealing; it's possible that yours has just not had the right opportunity to flourish, or that you haven't found the right financial hobby yet. Other dudes can't get their heads away from the idea that the only way to make money is to work for someone and have them give it to you. But the fact is that incredibly stupid people make their entire livings off of Ebay . . . so if you're smart enough to take the Red Pill, you're smart enough to figure out "Buy Low, Sell High".

It's equally important to keep your efforts concealed from her. If you spend all of your time talking about all the money you're going to make in order to get premature credit for your ability to provide, then you look like a wuss when you can't produce, for whatever reason. Your failures count against you doubly that way. But a secret success that yields a profit that you can turn around and, say, spend on your wife's birthday or on a hotel sex weekend or to get the power turned back on in an emergency, those things shower you with glory and Alpha goodness – as well as aiding your Beta ability to provide comfort as well as resources for your mate. It displays your Grace and Generosity, two qualities many women find instantly appealing. And the unknown origin of the sudden generosity lends an air of mystery and excitement to your relationship.

It's also important that you reserve this fund mostly for expenditures that will add to the comfort and prosperity of your household, not, say, just on electronic gadgets that will make you happy while she sits around in K-Mart underwear wondering what happened to the best years of her life. Some women can fixate on the smallest things as a tangible sign of success. Sometimes if you can discover and hit that note, you give yourself a DHV far in excess of the intrinsic value of the expenditure. Knowing your wife/girlfriend's tastes and perspectives can add a lot to this.

Yes, she's going to be resentful that you were "holding out" on her. Claim it as your husbandly male prerogative. Yes, she's going to want access and control over it. Don't let her touch it, or know how big your Nookie Fund is. Yes, she's going to be pissed that you resist her womanly attempts to control you – and it – when you're supposed to be in an equitable relationship. Let her. Your steadfast resistance is actually going to be a long-term gain for you, as she understands that you have

some modicum of control and willingness to say “no” to unreasonable demands.

The Working 50 has been the safehaven for menfolk for decades, but too many young men and new husbands don’t understand it. Just remember, after you start making a little extra money, that you should always keep \$50 (or \$500) on hand as seed for your next microinvestment.

Marriage 1.0 and 1.1: The Real Story

December 13, 2011 | by Ian Ironwood | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



A lot of fellas around the Manosphere speak of Marriage 1.0 and 2.0 when referring to the tectonic shift in culture and lifestyle the Sexual Revolution caused. They're referring basically to the sex-for-security swap implicit to the old-style of marriage. And as a term-of-art it is sufficient.

But it's not entirely accurate. You see, marriage has gone through several phases and sub-phases, depending upon the economy of the culture and the class of the individuals. You can actually trace Marriage, as a cultural institution, to three distinct presentations:

Marriage 1.0 was the Tribal marriage.

Now for years anthropologists have delighted at the study of "primitive" (tribal) customs of birth, mating, warfare and death amongst the far-flung tribal peoples of the earth before they were all culturally assimilated and exposed to the modern world. From that wide pool of data we can draw a few conclusions: tribal peoples use a breathtaking array of clans, societies, family ties and ancestral divinities to regulate formal family ties. We can also distill the majority of these customs and fetishes down to a relatively straightforward model that in all likelihood was the "paleo" standard for 90,000 years or so.

Now to some, that makes it automatically The Way Things Should Work, like the Paleo Diet, the Paleo Lifestyle, and the Paleo Workout. Only, maybe not so much.

It turns out that most Paleomarriages were the result of 1) short life expectancy/high infant mortality 2) hunter/gatherer/fisher economy and 3) availability of protein in the diet. Since this was the Time Before Writing and the Time Before Muffins, how much protein you could get really did determine whether or not you lived or died. As a population stabilizes in a given eco-economy, then a fourth consideration, avoiding genetic mishaps through interbreeding, becomes important, too. That's the

role that various animal-descended clans play in tribal cultures, ensuring that you don't accidentally marry your first cousin. Of course, when you're likely to meet only 300 people in your entire life, marrying your cousin might just be a viable option.

Where protein is plentiful, then competition between men for mates tends to be less aggressive and the sexual mores tend to be loosely controlled. Where protein is scarce, then mating patterns tend to be more aggressive and the sexual culture more conservative. There are plenty of exceptions to all of these throughout human history, since human culture wiggles around so darn much, but that's the way most tribal cultures work. It tends to be a soft monogamy/polygamy, with only high-status males having more than one wife. Since status is determined by the ability to secure protein, the more adept at hunting/fishing, the higher likelihood a given male will have more than one wife. Paternity is a dicey subject, even so, and in many tribal cultures descent is measured through the woman and her brothers, not the father. And that's the basic saber-toothed-tiger model, or Marriage 1.0.

In a Tribal Marriage (1.0) the partners are usually tightly controlled by the parents and the "tribal elders", and usually begins shortly after sexual maturity. Most marriages are arranged, sometimes by parents or grandparents years in advance to cement a tribal alliance, fulfill a sacred obligation, or simply because that's your best shot at getting a spouse. While children are a blessing, they also involve a substantial investment on behalf of the tribe to raise to maturity.

Most cultural elements concerning sex, therefore, actively *limit* reproduction with a wide-array of taboos to keep populations within a manageable size -- that is, small enough so that everyone can still make it through the winter on what they can hunt. For example some island-bound tribes restrict the wife's ability to have sex with her husband for SEVEN YEARS after the birth of her child, so as to space out the little tykes enough to ensure that there's enough protein for all of them. Because sometimes there isn't.

With life expectancy and infant mortality so horrific, you might work your way through a couple of mates along the way, plus whatever booty you could sneak on the side, and no one is going to ask too closely about the paternity of your kids because, let's face it, as long as the little bugger can hunt/gather/fish, he's an asset to the tribe. More wives equals more mouths to feed which at this point puts a big strain even on a good hunter. So low-protein cultures tend towards a kind of primitive monogamy, with rare occurrences of high-status polygamy, usually later in life.

Then we went and started *domesticating* things, and we got Marriage 1.1. Once we figured out that our protein supply would dramatically increase if we actually followed the herds instead of hunting them sporadically, or using nets instead of spears to catch fish, or settle in a lush region replete with protein sources, then things begin to get measured in terms of "wealth", not prowess. Or not *entirely* prowess. Once a man can lay claim to a domesticated herd of goats/cows/horses/water buffalo/camels/caribou/whatever, then his ability to provide protein goes far beyond his ability to hunt it the hard way. By carefully managing his herd or his nets he can start using the surplus to trade, to bank against hard times, or to improve his status within the tribe. "Wealth" as we know it is born. Marriage 1.1 is where you really start seeing the rise of polygamy as a social institution, because now one man can provide enough protein for *several* wives and their offspring, and can hire enough guards to keep his home and herds secure.

Conversely, he could raid a rival tribe and steal their cattle to both enrich himself and improve his status. That's the cultural imperative at the heart of the famous *Cattle Raid of Cullee*, an ancient Irish epic that relies heavily on cattle rustling to move the plot forward. In nomadic herding cultures "private property" was pretty much what you could carry and protect, so stealing your neighbor's cows becomes a test of your abilities, not an automatic felony. Of course, if you got caught you usually got killed or were fined heavily or were sold into slavery, so the risks were as great as the rewards.

You can think of the shift from hunter/gatherers to herders/ranchers/horticulturists as the shift from primitive monogamy to primitive polygamy. The economy starts to revolve around how many critters you can call your own, and starts to take on *strong* territorial overtones. This is roughly the culture of the Old Testament, the one Abraham found himself in. This is the first glimmer that the issue of paternity and inheritance becomes important. Instead of being worried about the spirits of animals and nature, which is the more pantheistic focus of Religion 1.0, you start to focus on the *human* ancestors: the more polytheistic and anthropomorphic Religion 1.1. Where horticulture is widely practiced, the number of fruit trees you have is factored into the cow/goat/horse balance sheet. Your status grows with every foaling and harvest season -- or dies with the cattle and trees. Life is still hard, children are still a blessing, but they are still a pretty big investment. Making sure that the ones you're feeding are the ones you sired becomes more and more important.

In Tribal Marriage 1.1, the same rules apply as to 1.0 arranged marriages, but now the issue of bride price and/or dowry start to rear their ugly head. A man who courts your daughter has to *prove* he is wealthy enough -- has enough cows -- to provide for his wife and your grandkids. Or you and your new in-laws contribute a few critters each to get the new couple started. But at this point, cows are changing hands in one direction or another, and a man stops being measured by his military/hunting prowess and starts being measured by his "wealth" . . . in cows. If a man is wealthy enough, then bringing on a second-tier wife for the first wife to boss around is usually encouraged. And when you die, your widow and kids get to divide up your herds with a minimum of blood feuds. Got one cow too many to divide? Then slaughter it, share it, and have a barbecue in your honor. From about 15,000 BCE to 10,000 BCE, this was pretty much how everyone did things

Then some idiot went and invented muffins and screwed everything up.

Marriage 2.0, 2.1 and 2.2: The Muffin Years

December 14, 2011 | by Ian Ironwood | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



Things started to change with the muffins.

It's called the Agricultural Revolution, and most people think of it as an item on a Western Civ test, not one of the most important shifts in human culture in our history. When we went beyond horticulture (growing things like olives and apples and the occasional vegetable and herb) and started cultivating cereal grains, everything changed. It was a big move towards food security, which after physical security was the biggest issue facing tribal life. Hunting and gathering is great during the summer months, when everything is in bloom. But during the winter, when the plants go away and most of the animals are hibernating or migrating, things get grim. With a few exceptions hunter-gatherer cultures have a hard time accumulating and preserving sufficient food stocks to get everyone through the winter. It was easier in a herding culture, but then the issue of providing silage for your beasts arises, and you're back to square one.

So we learned how to grow grain, and some genius invented muffins, and the Agricultural Revolution was on.

We learned how to cultivate high-carbohydrate grain crops like oats, wheat, rye and rice. Pros: life expectancies go up, infant mortality goes down, deaths from starvation (once an annual occurrence) are now much less rare. Muffins (or bread, or rice) can feed you during the lean times when protein is hard to find, it's easy to store and has a long shelf-life, and it will sustain you in a protein-poor environment without you starving to death. Plus, a reasonable amount of effort (and luck) yields a massive potential return, which provides HUGE surpluses of grain, far more than your family could eat. This is where things start to get interesting.

If Marriage 1.0 was about male fitness and prowess and Marriage 1.1 was about herd management and wealth-in-cows, Marriage 2.0 was about Wealth-in-real-estate-and-muffins. Before, when everyone was semi-nomadic following the herds or the harvest of the nuts and berries, where you lived was a pretty transitory thing. If things got too hairy or the herds left, the tribe picked up and went to greener pastures. You can't do that when you have a crop in the field. You're invested.

So suddenly where you lived mattered quite a bit. High on a mountain? Good game (protein source) possibilities, maybe, but bad place to grow wheat. Whereas the folks in the flat, easy-to-plant river valleys had only a reasonable protein supply, but they could grow carbs all day once they figured out the trick of cultivation. If you live on a mountain and practice Marriage 1.1, then your distant cousins who went and discovered agriculture and now practice Marriage 2.0 are going to be very strange to you.

Grain was such an important development that the level-headed Greeks devoted an entire 1/12th of their godhood to it. The center of religious thought for three thousand years in the West was the Eleusinian Mysteries, which concerned the interplay of Grain, Sex, Death, Birth and Rebirth and featured the goddess Ceres. It's also helpful to note that the Greeks also deified both Sex and Pleasure (Aphrodite) and Marriage (Hera). These things were important to the early agricultural civilizations. Heck, so was "civilization" ("the art of living in cities") which was impossible before grain cultivation. You need a large enough food surplus to allow for the craft specialization necessary to sustain a settlement of more than 1000 people. But once you have grain, and granaries, and collective security, then urbanization is the next step. The semi-nomadic Tribal Compound becomes The Village, and later The Town. The economics changed radically, and so human culture had to change as well.

That's where the real Marriage 2.0 came into play, the Agricultural Marriage.

Marriage 2.0 is about ownership and control. A man can till a field and harvest a huge surplus from a wheat field -- but he has to store it securely, too, and protect it from anyone who wants to wander by and take it. You can't just run away and start planting crops in the next valley over without losing all of your accumulated wealth.

Imagine you're an early agriculturalist for a minute, having figured out the secret of grain and muffins. You've got a nice, fertile piece of land near to a good irrigation source, and you're ass-deep in grain and muffins at the end of the harvest. And other people are starting to eye your good grain field with envy. People are starting to keep track of that sort of thing. In fact, people are starting to keep track of a lot of things by necessity, like who owns what and how much wheat a given field produced in a year. This is all a lot of fun, and you've got muffins to burn, and aren't you glad you aren't out hunting all winter?

The problem is the guys in the next valley over got together and decided that they were going to support each other's claim to the lands they had. And they were going to put all of their grain in one place and protect it from the atavistic hill tribes who really enjoyed muffins but didn't much see the need to pay for them, because they don't understand how private property works. Or even "property", for that matter. So you have to share the responsibilities of protecting your investment, or designate a few tough guys to do it and pay them out of the surplus. Because while a protein-fed hill-barbarian hunter/gatherer might be able to take any of the bread-eating valley people individually, when there's a dozen of them and they work together that makes just taking their grain and cows more expensive and dangerous.

Between food surpluses and collective security, life started getting pretty nice for the muffin eaters.

But their values are different than the hunter-gatherers, and the basic food-and-security-for-sex-and-childrearing contract of Marriage 1.0 and 1.1 have been altered. Suddenly prowess as a hunter doesn't win you nearly as many points when it comes to arranging for a wife (although you get plenty of interested looks from their womenfolk). Neither does skill as a thief – a big bonus for tribal peoples – earn you points, since most tribal bandits raid agricultural settlements and that's frowned upon once you actually live in an agricultural settlement.

No, these grain-growing farmers are only interested in what wealth -- measured in land and grain -- you control. Providing raw protein and basic security for your mate is no longer enough in the Agricultural world. Your standing in the larger community becomes far more important than your individual bad-assedness with a spear. You are now measured by your ability to manage to cultivate a fertile plot of land and produce a surplus, as well as contribute to the collective security. It's hard, brutal work – but it's not particularly dangerous. Compared to fighting saber-toothed tigers and digging for grubs in the summer and starving in the winter, it's a pretty nice gig. Much easier to raise kids that way, too, when you don't have to worry about how to stretch one deer carcass among six rug-rats. There's muffins aplenty for everyone. All you need is a wife who's a "good breeder".

Since ultimately the role of childrearing is to produce grandchildren, the people who are arranging for your marriage (your parents or equivalent) are also scheming to ensure that you live long enough to produce them. And since more kids means more free farm labor, and not just more unskilled mouths to dump protein into before they die, then having a whole lot of kids is suddenly a great idea. More kids, more workers, more cultivated land, more grain, bigger surpluses, more muffins.

This is where social and cultural mores usually segue away from carefully restricting and regulating reproduction so as not to upset the tribe, and more towards a wholesale blessing to screw all you want and have as many kids as you want. Agricultural civilizations are where you see the first rise of the real "fertility religions". Aphrodite, goddess of sex and lust and pleasure, sits on the same pantheon as Juno, the taciturn goddess of marriage. The legitimate and "illicit" elements of sex are both deified by the Greeks (along with grain and wine) because they are vital concepts within their culture. Without sex you can't have a bunch of kids to tend the fields. Without marriage, you have no way of keeping track of whose kids are whose, and which kid inherits which field when you die. This is when marital fidelity starts really mattering. This is when you see the rise of Marriage as Political And Economic Tool.

But in this economy wives are more than just breeding machines, believe it or not: they also represent tracts of arable land to be inherited. Consider the Trojan War. Helen of Sparta, the illegitimate daughter of Zeus, represented more than just the most beautiful woman in the world (Aphrodite's bailiwick); she also represented a filial tie between two powerful states in Greece, Sparta and Mycenae, at a critical time. The marriage was a result of a complex negotiation that demanded that Helen and her father sort through the offers from the wealthy and powerful. The marriage didn't just mean more grandkids, it meant the union of two political entities. Only a ploy by clever Odysseus kept the suitors of Helen from killing each other. Of course, it also led to the decade-long Trojan War, and another decade of hopeless wandering for Odysseus, so that's what a clever ploy will get you in a marriage negotiation.

Whoever married Helen would have their sons inherit in part the status and position and wealth of Helen's father. Having the most beautiful woman in the world in your bed every night was just gravy. It's also telling that Paris, when faced with a choice between Wisdom, Marriage, and Sex went with Sex. He may have regretted it later, but I'm sure it seemed like a good idea at the time.

Inheritance becomes a huge issue in Marriage 2.0 -- indeed, it's a defining characteristic. A man who farms (or owns some farmers) wants to ensure that his children are really his, and that his accumulated wealth will be distributed fairly to avoid feuds and bloodshed among his descendents. Since accumulated wealth is measured in bushels and acres, real estate is suddenly the most important thing in the world. Marriage isn't just about having kids, it starts being about transferring wealth and power. You're not just marrying a woman and her family, you're marrying into a going business concern with real tradable assets. Some ancient tribes recognized this (particularly the Celts and the Indians) by using a local earth goddess (and her comely young maiden stand-in) as a living representation of the land, and as part of the ascension of a new king this sovereign goddess was ritually screwed in the famous heiros gamos, or "sacred marriage".

Back in Marriage 1.0, you only had a few kids to divide up your personal effects; your stock-in-trade, skill as a hunter/fisher, is non-transferable, unless you count magic. Add in cows and it gets somewhat complicated, but not much more. But when it comes to real estate and the relative arability of a piece of land, then accumulated wealth becomes a very, very big deal.

But the interesting thing here is that the ownership of land -- and using wives and daughters as living placeholders for property rights -- actually establishes a monetary value for women for the first time. And a value on virginity. A certified virgin, after all, is far more likely to actually produce your genetic heir, and you don't want to leave your parent's legacy of real estate to a bastard, do you? So depending on the comeliness (read: fertility) of the wife, you're willing to invest quite a lot of land and grain in the fact that she's "untainted" by other penises. Do you have more land from your folks than you need? Then heck! Just get a second wife to help out! Double the kids, double the dowry, and your surpluses just start increasing. Or a third wife, so that the other two will have someone to pick on. Each one represents not just a new sexual partner and domestic worker, they represent a tie to a powerful family or a piece of land, a political or economic alliance.

And from here is what we know as the "Traditional Marriage" is evolved. The marriage contract is altered from 1.0, where the responsibilities of a husband or wife are fairly well-delineated by tribal custom and gender role, and where sex/childrearing in exchange for security/food is clearly established, to Marriage 2.0. In Marriage 2.0 the sex-for-security swap is enshrined with a host of new issues: marital fidelity, punishment for adultery, and all sorts of other rights and responsibilities between the two parties and their families.

Some things don't change. The male is still considered the provider and protector. When there's a security threat, it's the males and not the females who are drafted into service. Males are usually legally liable for the actions of their wives. Males are usually acknowledged as the head-of-household, because now lineage is measured through the male, even if he's not out hunting every day. Females are still in charge of most childrearing and domestic responsibilities, including a good deal of the farming in the lower orders and a good deal of the textile production in the upper orders.

But other things are different. In most Marriage 1.0 situations if things aren't working out there are provisions for ending the union. Tribal peoples tend to have a cultural understanding that when the masculine and feminine spirits can't be reconciled, the spirits have mandated rituals to accommodate the situation. For example, if a woman gets pissed off with her husband she might move into her mother's hut across the compound and go get her brothers to kick his ass. Or if you catch your wife with another man, you kick his ass and then make her do a cleansing ritual, or he owes you a goat, or something. There's a means of re-balancing domestic harmony, and that's essential in human societies of less than 200 people. Need to see other people? Can't stand the sight of her? Does she think you're a tool? Then there is usually some agency for the couple to split.

But you just can't do that in an Agricultural marriage – there's too much paperwork. You're dealing not just with what happens to the kids, but what happens to all of that land and grain. If you leave your wife, you leave her huge tracts of land, too. If you catch her cheating, even then it's hard to separate without catastrophic financial loss. So you either tolerate it or you lock her in a tower or you push her off a cliff, but you don't divorce. Agricultural marriages are “until death do we part” by necessity. They're real legal commitments and cash transactions, even if the value is implied and not explicit. They're designed to produce as many children as possible as quickly as possible and max out the reproductive capacities of the partners in question. That ensures that at least some of the progeny will survive, mature, and reproduce – and hopefully take care of your toothless ass when you're old.

Of course marriage 2.0 undergoes some evolution along the way. For one thing, now that wealth is an issue so is class. Among those in power marriage is a way to build empires and dynasties first and foremost. Among the lower classes, it's an economic necessity for food and social security. Collective security and armed conflict give you a way to peel off too many males, soft polygamy gives you a way to double up the females, and the whole thing is pretty stable, socially speaking, as long as the crops don't fail and the grain doesn't get moldy. Things stay relatively stable for a couple of thousand years, actually.

The rise of the Great Religions demonstrates the first calcification of Marriage 2.0 into Marriage 2.1. In the West that means Christianity and Islam, both of which have a heavily codified institution of marriage where the husbandly and wifely responsibilities are laid out pretty explicitly. After about 1000 CE this translates to hard monogamy in name, and soft monogamy in practice (except amongst the higher orders, who used their wealth and power to plow anything in a skirt like the Alphas of old). But for everyone else . . .

Prostitution was reviled and condemned; institutional and mythological reasons were developed for a harsh monogamy with no escape this side of death. Virginity and celibacy are elevated as a means of social control. Adultery and “fornication”, that is, unrestricted and unlicensed sex, was absolutely forbidden. It was better to die than to commit adultery. Virginity was elevated to near-divine levels, Motherhood was celebrated in abstract, and sexuality was brutally condemned outside of heavily-controlled ritualistic breeding.

Ideally, in Marriage 2.1 (Traditional Model) you were a virgin until your parents got together with the village matchmaker and paired you up with a good girl from a nice family who is also a virgin, and after a big ceremony and lavish gifts from both sides of the new family, you're supposed to keep

her knocked up and producing until menopause or death in childbirth. More kids = more farmers/soldiers = higher food and social security. Then there are just enough social escape-valves (monastic life, clandestine affairs and prostitution) to keep things from going crazy under pressure (as happened during the Black Death of the 14th century), but that's how Marriage 2.1 is supposed to work.

The variant is Marriage 2.2, the Upper Class. Marriage is different for those of the aristocracy. Marriages are de facto unions of power blocs and economic empires. They aren't expected to be romantic in the slightest, and are often barely sexual – as long as they produce a few legitimate heirs, they're successful no matter how much they fight and scheme. Note the emphasis on fewer children – which means an institutional consolidation of power, as opposed to a dilution of power with every generation. Rich families have a few kids that they lavish attention on, instead of a lot of kids that they can support, but who will someday fight over the economic empire you've created.

Even after Monotheism takes root and the traditional marriage is established, the aristocracy continues to only pay lip-service to it. Men of power are no more concerned with their own marital fidelity – after all, what's the point of being a lord when you can't roger a servant girl? Women in such families have subtle indiscretions with the help or acquaintances with the caveat that they must always preserve the illusion of sticking to the bounds of Marriage 2.1. As a result, there are plenty of dotted lines and questionable genetics in the family trees of the European aristocracy.

And all of this was the result of muffins. It was hard work for both men and women, but it took us from watching half of our kids die of starvation every winter to having a festive Yule celebration of the harvest, secure in the knowledge that you'd likely get to spring with about the same number of kids you started the fall with. Men worked in the fields, women worked in the homes, kids worked as soon as they were old enough to hoe or feed chickens. And that's how things settled out between 3000 BCE and 1800 CE, until the next big thing: the Industrial Revolution.

Someone went and invented the assembly line and messed up all the muffins.

Marriage 3.0, 3.1, 3.11, 3.2, 3.3, 3.4 and beyond: Yes, We're All Screwed Now.

December 19, 2011 | by Ian Ironwood | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



We last saw how Marriage 2.0 and 2.1 evolved from Marriage 1.0, thanks to the Agricultural Revolution. Now we will look at how Marriage 3.0 and its correlates evolved thanks to the next big change in techno-cultural evolution, the Industrial Revolution.

If Marriage 1.0 was about sex and security, and Marriage 2.0 was about control of real-estate, then Marriage 3.0 is about the control of money. You see, around 1850 or so people started making machines that did things far more efficiently and to a larger scale than every before. All of those juicy surpluses the Agricultural Revolution brought to you – particularly surplus Wool in the North Seas – led to the development of real industrial equipment. Which eventually led to Colonial Imperialism and a whole bunch of other nasty things, but at the root of it is the desire for women to wear warm, stylish and expensive apparel.

Wool from the North Seas countries (Scotland and the Scandinavian countries, specifically) was a highly prized commodity, a luxury good. It was warm, soft, and when it got wet it didn't make you cold. So wool became a luxury item, like silk and spices and coffee. And since those countries all have proud maritime traditions, they shipped their wool southwards, towards the rich kingdoms of Europe and beyond. Funny thing about real luxury goods: the further you ship them, the more you can charge for them. So the beginnings of Colonial Imperialism and the Industrial Revolution can be traced back to a desire for Northern European women to wear expensive silks and cottons and Southern European women to wear expensive wools.

Now, shipping wool is profitable, especially once you evict all the peasants from their rented lands and turn them into sheep farms (and your peasants go to Ireland to fight the Irish). But it's even more profitable to turn wool into thread and then cloth before you ship it – the value added by the manufacturing process makes it well worth the price. So the first industrial looms were built and eventually automated, which lead to a cascade of technological sophistication that spawned the Industrial Revolution. You should have learned that much in Western Civ.

But the other thing that the Industrial Revolution did was employ, for wages, industrial laborers. And while burly men were great for foundries and mills and locomotive factories, when it came to the delicate work with thread and fabric the smaller, more nimble fingers of women and children were preferred. So for the first time in history, in Britain and France, women were hired for cash wages as employees.

It took a century or so for the effect of this to be found. Before this women of the “lower classes” (anyone without an inheritance) worked, of course: in shops and stands, in inns and taverns, and as servants, and those positions only grew with the rise of the bourgeoisie in the 1700-1800s. But those positions were considered “temporary”, a way for a woman to support herself and her family until she got married or after she was widowed. Oh, there was prostitution aplenty, as well, but let’s not discuss that yet. We’re talking about “respectable” commoners, here.

But when women started being hired as factory employees and earning a regular wage, with the first cottage industries in Britain turning wool into thread and cloth, the first erosion to Marriage 2.0 and 2.1 began.

It didn’t really come to fruition until WWII, when in America and Europe large numbers of women were employed in assembly lines by the necessity of war. “Rosie the Riveter” became the slang term for a woman working an industrial job, and the four years America struggled in that war not only proved how resourceful the Americans were at mechanized warfare, it also proved that there was no inherent reason why women could not be employed in most of the same jobs as men were. It was a temporary social effect, as most women left the assembly lines and married their returning soldiers and went on to become 1950s housewives.

But some didn’t. Like my grandmother.

My grandmother worked at AC Spark Plugs in Flint, Michigan during the war, where she made spark plugs for tanks and airplanes for the war. My grandfather was off becoming decorated in both theaters in the Army. They eloped just before he went to Europe, and grandma piled up a decent savings while she worked. After the war they pooled their savings and bought a big house in the (brand new) suburbs and raised a couple of kids.

But my grandmother didn’t quit her job. She stayed at AC Spark Plugs until she retired. Between her income and my grandfather’s they had a very comfortable living and were able to raise their children in 1950s utopic fashion, Howdy Doody and all. My grandmother never let my grandfather forget that she was an active contributor to the household finances, and my grandfather spent a lot of time mowing the lawn. She still did all of the housework, he did all of the yardwork, and for the most part they had a Marriage 2.0, traditional model.

But things had changed. With her income, my grandmother had a lot more power in her marriage than my great-grandmother had enjoyed. The sex-for-security swap was badly damaged (although my grandfather never complained about the lack of sex, and even if he did I wouldn’t listen because, well, ew.). My mother grew up with a sense of entitlement, and while she was far from a feminist she had ideas about equality and how a marriage should work and the role of women that my great-grandmother never would have considered. My mother went to college, for instance, and there was never any question of whether or not she would get a job. It was assumed.

Secondly, the war had the effect of spawning true popular culture and “mass media”, exposing

millions to the idea of standardized consumer goods. Items developed for use during the war became post-war luxuries that the people of America had grown used to: Schick safety razors, SPAM, Tootsie Rolls, automobiles, all of the humble tools used to defeat the Nazis had a huge market available after the war. And a country tired of rationing and eager to start making babies was anxious to not only get a good paying job, but also buy Brillo Pads, Maidenform Bras, and Pepsodent. Even with the glut of returning servicemen, there was still plenty of development and jobs to go around.

Thirdly, WWII also marked a dramatic change in the demographics of America. Before the war we were over 80% rural, mostly living on small farms across the fruited plain. After the war we were predominantly urban, living in small towns and cities. You go where the jobs are, and the jobs during and after WWII were in cities. Once removed from the rural environment, however, it's difficult to maintain the same agriculturally-based culture your parents enjoyed.

With the economic impetus for Marriage 2.0 removed, the sex-for-security trade of Marriage 1.0 becoming weaker, and cash taking the place of land as a holder of value, it was Industrialization that forced the development of Marriage 3.0, not feminism. Indeed, feminism is a by-product of the Industrial Revolution, just as Marxism is, an inevitable social response to an economic change. Women invading the workforce in large numbers greatly upset the socio-legal environment, and regulatory reform reflecting this fact was as inevitable as the rise of feminists.

Add to that the revolutionary development of the Pill, allowing a woman to control her reproductive destiny reliably for the first time in history, and between the two a tectonic shift in Male-Female gender relations was also inevitable. Liberalized divorce laws, open access to contraception and abortion services followed as a matter of course. That was as inevitable and predictable as the rise of the Civil Rights movement two generations after the end of slavery.

Marriage 3.0 is an entirely different animal than the previous two versions and their variants. Let's break down the variants that have evolved out of the chaos and confusion, shall we?

For one thing, instead of being focused on the matter of producing children (1.) or conserving your wealth in real-estate (2.0), Marriage 3.0 is most often focused on the emotional fulfillment and security of the two adult participants.

In other words, "Cash".

Once again these variants can partially be broken down by socio-economic class. Let's start with the lower end and move up. Marriage 3.0 can be considered the single-parent family, the result of soft serial monogamy, therefore Serial/Single Marriage. After about 1975 or so, this became the dominant form of social organization among the working class, even as the working class also continued to struggle to keep the ideals of Marriage 2.0 alive. The prevalence of "out-of-wedlock" births early in life, combined with looser social mores and quick-and-easy divorce laws allowed even hastily-contrived "shotgun weddings" in the case of pregnancy disintegrate in a matter of years or months. By the 1970s divorce – once the exclusive province of the rich – had become as affordable as a new car.

With the ability of even a working class single parent (usually a mother or grandmother) to support a child without a second income and a substantially stronger social safety net than our ancestors enjoyed, Marriage 3.0 quickly developed into One Mom (or Dad or Grandmother), One (or more) Kid(s). The children from these families are rarely planned, frequently lack a strong dual-parent role model, often suffer from fewer resources thanks to a low-income, and in general struggle harder than other children. The focus in Serial/Single Marriage is not usually child-rearing, and children are often considered more a burden than a blessing in some of these families.

This is the fractured state of affairs lamented by social conservatives as being detrimental to the fabric of our society. While I have to admit that our society has been radically changed by the presence of these single-parent kids, I'd also have to admit that I know plenty of honest, self-reliant and self-supporting adults who were raised this way. Some have overcome huge economic and social hurdles to do so. Some were aided by grandparents or a succession of step-parents to along the way. But I cannot in good conscience argue that they turned out any better or worse than children from the more-traditional two-parent families.

Marriage 3.1, on the other hand, is the attempt to adapt Marriage 2.0 ideals to a Marriage 3.0 world. Prevalent mostly in socially conservative communities – rural, religious, and ethnic communities where the idealized allure of Marriage 2.0 still holds a powerful draw in particular – Marriage 3.1 tries to make the traditional nuclear family function in this brave new social minefield. That's difficult, since the forces at work on society tend to encourage people to split up even more than they encourage them to get together. But for a goodly percentage of folks in the West, they are trying to make it work by getting creative and adapting old ways to new times.

Marriage 3.1 is the Culturally/Religiously Based Traditional Nuclear Family, traditional Catholics, evangelicals who don't believe in divorce, religious communities like the Amish and Mennonites, unacculturated Islamic, Hispanic and Asian immigrants. People who have a strong religious or cultural aversion to Western-style divorce and a strong adherence to agricultural-style life-long marriage, in other words.

The up-side is these communities have strong filial ties that can extend generations and provide a superb safety-net for the growth and development of the children. The down-side is the prevalence of domestic abuse associated with these demographics and the personal frustrations of their children, who spend their lives trying to reconcile the ideals they were raised on with the realities of the post-industrial world. In some 3.1 communities the social differences of the filial culture are so great from the rest of the mainstream culture that the children are essentially kept socially ignorant, and cling to the traditional way of life for the simple reason that they cannot fit themselves in anyplace else.

For the sake of argument I will also include families comprised of typically Mainstream Americans who have chosen to marry outside of Mainstream America. Included in this group (call them 3.11, if you wish) are American men who marry brides from the Third World or Russia and American women who marry men from Africa, the Middle-East, Latin America or the Caribbean. These people are willingly aligning themselves with a foreign culture that usually has very Agricultural views of marriage (2.0, or even 1.0). Thanks to globalization and the reach of the internet, you can find love anyplace in the world now, and many folks in other countries will jump at the chance of a life in

America that an expatriate marriage can provide.

I've watched several of these marriages with great interest. Intriguingly, American men who marry foreign brides seem to fare better than American women who take foreign husbands. The clash of cultural expectations between Modern Mainstream American Femininity and Traditional Values Masculinity rarely survives . . . while foreign women for the most part are willing to put up with just about anything Modern Mainstream American Men are able to throw at them because it's rarely a worse life than they had back home. Being from America adds about +3 to your sex rank when you visit most third-world nations (+2 if you're female), and there are some men who pounce on an advantage they otherwise would never get.

While the children born into Marriage 3.1 families can have very secure environments and a strong family support networks, they also tend to be from larger families where there were fewer resources *per capita* for education and development of children. In some cultural contexts women are discouraged or prohibited from having a life beyond the home, much less an income. By happenstance or design, kids from 3.1 families face a social (and often economic) handicap when interfacing with the modern world that can produce a life-long sense of insecurity in some individuals. But then, hey, we all have baggage.

Conversely, Marriage 3.2 is the attempt to reconcile the traditional nuclear family model without recourse to religion or culture. Call it the **Domestic Partnership Model Traditional Marriage**. The gender roles for this marriage, despite their outward similarity to Marriage 2.1, are radically altered from them. It implies a dual household income from both parents and shared domestic and child rearing duties, as well as implied sexual fidelity and the possibility of divorce.

Those middle-class folks who get married and try to make it work The Way It's Supposed To, in other words, and successfully avoid the traps and pitfalls that befall so many couples early on. Marriage 3.2 usually involves two parents employed full-time, although it's becoming more common for one of the parents to take time off from work for a couple of years for child-rearing now. And with the post-industrial ability to make a good living from home arising in the 1990s, the distinction between "Stay At Home" and "Working" gets very blurry. And coupled w

Thanks to the ability of women to earn as much or more than men, fathers are actually getting the opportunity to spend this time with their kids. Having been one who did just that, a few years back, I can attest that the experience was far from emasculating and led – ultimately – to a far better understanding of my children. If nothing else, Marriage 3.2 has led to a closer childhood bond with children and their fathers – which only further dramatizes the missing father figures most Marriage 3.0 kids struggle with.

Marriage 3.2, untainted by divorce, is a rare bird these days. But there are couples out there who get it to work. It's further complicated by the new income imbalances that result from women actually having the potential to make more money than their husbands in a reversal of the sex-for-security swap that characterizes Marriage 1.0 and 2.0. While still a relatively new phenomenon, it has led to a unique power imbalance that we are just now figuring out how to deal with.

Marriage 3.2 is characterized by a sharing of domestic responsibilities as well as a sharing of income security responsibilities. Ideally, a disparity on one side is addressed on the other side, but due to the variety of employment situations and availability of domestic help-for-hire and other modern post-industrial conveniences sometimes power balances shift quickly and lead to stress on the system.

Marriage 3.3 is just like Marriage 3.2, but it is the result of divorce (or widowhood). Call it **Domestic Partnership Reconstructive Marriage**. It's the ubiquitous Step-Family that makes life in the 21st century around holiday time so interesting. Consider it Serial Monogamy Gone Wrong, or the victory of optimism over experience, Marriage 3.2 happens when two people have figured out their mistakes from their earlier failed relationships and have been able to keep a second (or third) relationship/marriage going for an extended period of time. It's important to distinguish Marriage 3.3 families from Marriage 3.2 families because the dynamics and "family values" are different. In essence, a child raised in a 3.2 family has a less likelihood of divorce than a 3.3 kid. That can be a make-or-break moment in that child's own adult relationships.

Both Marriage 3.2 and 3.3 have some strong advantages over Marriage 3.0 when it comes to security and child-rearing. In our post-industrial world, where Cash is king, two incomes can provide a far greater financial security and potential to build wealth than the 3.0 model. Especially in America, where issues such as health insurance are matters of employment, a single spouse's employer usually covers an entire family. In cases where one spouse loses employment, the first income can keep a family afloat in hard times – unlike the 3.1 families who are dependent upon a single income. These marriages can weather economic hard times better, then, than many 3.1 families.

Marriage 3.2 and 3.3 kids have an economic and social advantage over 3.1 and especially 3.0 kids. They're more likely to attend college, they're more likely to get the educational enrichment they need early in life to develop specific talents, and they have a greater chance of finding a lasting relationship themselves. They also have smaller families than 3.1 marriages, allowing for more resources to be spent per capita on child development.

Marriage 3.2 and 3.3 variants are usually based on the loose equality of the husband and wife. Touched by a kind of soft feminism, the goal is to strive for a more-or-less equal partnership devoted to establishing a home and raising children, ideally to the professional class. Since our economy now favors professionals in a way that allows women economic parity with men, this is far more approachable in reality now than in the past.

My own parents were 3.2-ers, whether they want to admit it or not. My mom and dad both made decent middle-class wages in semi-professional fields, and while my father almost always made more, my mother's salary was far from extraneous. Without both incomes raising three boys to maturity and giving them each a shot at higher education would have been a dubious proposition. The loss of either income would have sent us depressingly far down the economic ladder. And that additional income security of two parents made the rare times when one of them lost a job far easier to bear than my 3.0 friends in a similar situation.

A further variant is Marriage 3.4, **Companionate Marriage**, aka "DINK Marriage". (DINK: "Dual Incomes, No Kids"). Most often occurring in urban or suburban areas where the two principals either

don't want or cannot have children, in our society two adult incomes can allow a couple to live a reasonably secure and prosperous existence. When children and childrearing are removed from the equation, then surpluses for the household can be diverted into investments or amusements for the childless couple, allowing them to indulge in wallowing in their own internal baggage instead of creating some for the next generation.

Lastly, there's Marriage 3.5: **Perpetual Spinsterhood/Bachelorhood**. Or Anti-Marriage. This is an increasingly common occurrence, either after a series of doomed relationships or just because the individual in question gave up the possibility of finding a lasting partner. Included in this group are the Post-Divorce Spinsters, the Hopelessly Nerdy Permanent Fanboys, Widows who can't let their deceased husbands go, and – increasingly – people so married to their careers than including another person into their lives would be viewed as an unnecessary distraction. We'll be seeing a rise in this kind of un-Marriage in the next few years as 40-something women age-out of the dating pool and instead invest in cats and romance novels, and 40-something men give up on dating for a life of videogames, fantasy sports, internet porn and paid escorts.

I'm was *going* to add a Marriage 3.6 variant, "Gay Marriage", but in retrospect Gay Marriage is not functionally different from Straight Marriage, for the sake of this over-arching argument. I know lots of gay people, men and women. Some are parents. Some are outstanding parents in stable long-term relationships, who would be considered married in my state if our legislature wasn't filled with 3.1 atavists. Some are lousy parents with same problems and issues as straight parents, and the same inability to get their act together. With the serial monogamy and sexual openness practiced in our society, many of these folks have kids from "straighter" or more confused points in their life; some have adopted; and some have essentially outsourced the missing womb or penis and created happily little families.

I cannot in good conscience say that these families have any better or any worse chances than straight families of producing strong, well-educated productive members of society in their children. From my experience there isn't a functionally different aspect of gay parenting from straight parenting. Both give you plenty of childhood baggage. I would say that the outcome of the child depends more on whether they were raised 3.0 or 3.2/3.3 (there are damn few gay Marriage 3.1s out there, thanks to religious and cultural prohibitions against homosexuality) and what security and resources were provided for the children.

So that's the mix we have today: one entire class raised basically Marriage 3.0 with just enough working 3.1, 3.2 and 3.3 marriages around to give single people hope. The children from 3.0 families over-all have far fewer advantages than the others, and a combined income childrearing strategy has become the favored ideal.

So now most of us are shooting for the 3.1/3.2 ideal (Traditional Marriage, with or without a side of religion) and ending up getting side-tracked into a 3.0 situation. If we get lucky, we find someone who's insanity we can stand and move to 3.3 – or, if we hold out and are picky enough, we earn a 3.4 and spend our lives getting righteously laid in a succession of self-indulgent sports cars, or a 3.5 situation and a lot of free time to pursue hobbies.

It's a far, far more complicated situation than 1.0 and 2.0, but then again we live in a far more sophisticated world than our ancestors. We don't have to worry about famine, disease, childbirth and warfare killing us before we reproduce nearly as much, and we can survive to maturity and beyond without spending every waking moment coaxing another bushel of wheat from the fields and praying for rain.

And other factors have changed, too: money, for one. When actual cash instead of real-estate is used to calculate and conserve wealth, then owning huge tracts of land isn't the only way to get ahead in life. Monetization and specialization have contributed to a far more personally secure world in which to grow up, allowing us to focus on crap like Why My Marriage Isn't Working instead of Why My Family Is Starving. Monetization has allowed us to out-source the security issues that were once the responsibility of every householder, and provided an undreamt-of amount of security for women and children. Cash has let us harness the creative and vocational power of women, effectively doubling our economic workforce and the wealth it produces. The legal reforms ensure that women and men are treated equally under the law with respect to representation, rights, and obligations (the draft and anti-male alimony and child-support laws to the contrary).

Another big change is the establishment of paternity. A major factor in the obsession with fidelity and virginity in Marriage 2.0 was the attempt by the father to ensure that he was caring for his own biological offspring. Until recently that has largely been a matter of "by guess and by God" – unless the child was from a noticeably different ethnic stock than the father, this gave the advantage to women who got pregnant by one man and convinced another man to raise the kid as his own.

But now we have DNA testing to establish paternity beyond a shadow of a doubt. If a man questions the legitimacy of the child he is paying for, a DNA test is simple and inexpensive. If women have had the advantage due to liberal divorce laws, men have recouped some of that advantage by being able to establish definite paternity. When issues of child support are raised, technology has essentially afforded us a means to ensure that our resources only go towards our own offspring, except in some backwards jurisdictions. That kind of biological

But the fact is, despite this evolution into new types of marriages and family structures, in a generation you will start to see a real divide between 3.2,3.3,3.4 kids and 3.0 kids, and one that could become hereditary. But that's the world as it has evolved, and that's the one we have to deal with. Perhaps if we can successfully identify the realities of the situation and call them by their proper names we can make some head-way towards ensuring a better marital experience for everyone.

So what does Marriage 4.0 hold in store for us? More in a future post, once my crystal ball is out of the shop.

Alpha Move: First, Buy A Black Fedora

December 19, 2011 | by Ian Ironwood | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



I was skulking over at [Alpha Game](#) today, after getting my invaluable post on marriage 3.0 up, when I read this:

"If someone is looking to apply Game to his life, what would you identify as the most important change/action to take to get started?"

As usual, there were a lot of great Manosphere responses, mostly reiterating the absolute importance of fitness. I'm not going to contradict that, as there is too much truth to it, but I ended up posting the following response, and I think it's a darn good one. There are a lot of Betas out there, hovering on the edge of the Manosphere, eager to take their first step into a bigger, more challenging and more masculine world. But they don't know how to commit to it meaningfully -- not to their wives, but to themselves. It's all too easy to give up, whack off, and play WoW for the rest of the night. Let's face it: personal transformation is hard.

But there are ways to assist it along. One dramatic and often under-utilized way is by altering your visual appearance appreciably. If you're truly committed to the Red Pill path, and you're trying to activate a visual component, then the next best thing to growing/shaving a beard for a dude is this:

Buy a hat.



Not just any hat. Buy a black fedora, in your size, as good as you can afford. Why, you ask?

I'm *so* glad you asked.

When it comes to Game, merely working out and learning the intricacies of feminine psychology isn't enough. To truly master Game, you have to come to terms with your own masculinity in a culture that has, for two generations, punished everything about masculinity. 9 times out of 10 a dude who's investigating the Red Pill Road for the first time has been so battered and bruised by this environment that even working out and learning when his woman menstruates isn't enough to do the trick.

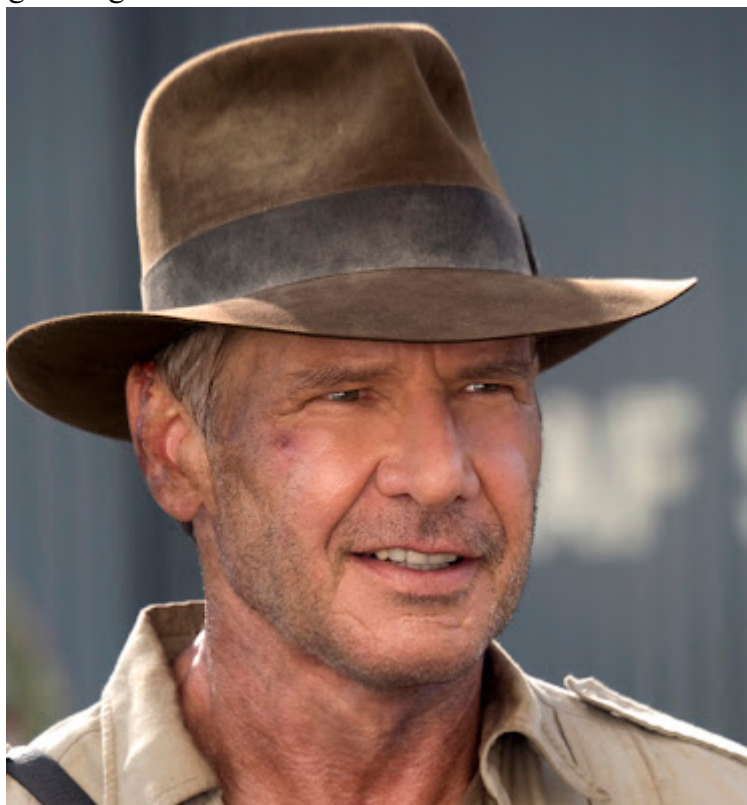
When it comes to personal transformation, sometimes an exterior symbol can be extremely potent in the process. Women understand this implicitly, and can successfully use the acquisition of a pair of shoes as a game-changer in their psychologies. The same holds true for men, but we rarely remember it. But it's just as true for us. Consider a military uniform, and how it transforms the behavior and psychology of those who wear it.

Same principal with a black fedora. First of all, they look good on anyone: it's a classic look from one of the last historical periods where unbridled masculinity wasn't merely tolerated, it was admired. Bogey wore a fedora. Indy wore a fedora. Until Kennedy took the Oath of Office bareheaded, it was considered a masculine tradition to wear a hat outdoors, and in its day there was nothing more macho than a fedora.

A fedora makes you look taller, and makes your shoulders look wider. It can hide your expression in a difficult situation. It makes you seem automatically more dangerous and threatening which will affect how others react to you when you wear it. A fedora can be worn in almost any formal occasion and most business occasions. The well-made straw model can be worn in summer or in warmer

climes without cooking your head.

But most importantly, a fedora gives you a tangible symbol of your journey you can literally put on and take off. When you're wearing the hat you are reminding yourself that you took the Red Pill, and any special treatment to women in your life is due entirely to either duty or your personal grace, not blanket obligation. It reminds you that you have the potential to be a Bad Ass, and to others you might actually seem frightening.



But most importantly it's a radical departure from the norm, and that's the kind of thing you can use to hang your metaphorical Red Pill hat on. A symbol you can wear that reminds you of your own personal aspirations is a magical helmet of macho. It's helpful in peacocking, if you're on the prowl, and it keeps the rain and the sun off you. Black is a power color, one that people notice and stay aware of. A fedora evokes a specific era and manner of behavior, the 1920s-1950s era, wherein men were made of iron and had guts of steel, whether they were facing G-Men, Gangsters, Nazis, or dockside thugs trying to take over the union. It was the non-military headgear of choice until Sean Connery made the dorky-looking Hornburg popular in Dr. No. But consider buying a black fedora, because it makes you more imposing and more noticeable in a crowd.

If you're in a relationship or marriage already and you're trying to have an affect on your wife or LT girlfriend, suddenly starting to wear a hat -- especially a powerful classic like a black fedora -- is bound to evoke some interest. It will at least attract some notice, it will certainly cause a comment, and it might even provoke a fight. She might say she doesn't like hats. That she doesn't like you in a hat. That you look stupid or silly in the hat. She'll use it nine different ways to try to shame you or shit-test you into submission.

But don't relent. Wear your damn hat. Because you're a man, you're dangerous, and everyone respects

a man in a fedora. If your wife doesn't right away . . . I guarantee it will attract the attention of other women. Likewise men will treat you differently, too. Sure, she doesn't like it -- but it's not her damn head, it's yours. You don't tell HER what to wear, do you?

But wear the damn hat. Even in your darkest hour, you have that symbol of masculine power to cling to.

"Ian, that Marriage Post was too damn long."

December 21, 2011 | by Ian Ironwood | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



I got no less than five emails from regular readers (and that means most of you) complaining about how long my three posts on the Evolution of Marriage were, and a request for a summary.

So here's the basic table. If you can see anything I missed, let me know. It's a work in progress.

Ironwood's Economic Evolution of Marriage

Version 1.0 Tribal Marriage (Subsistence economies)

1.0 Tribal Marriage \ Hunter-gatherer economy

1.1 Tribal Marriage \ Herder-Rancher-Fisher economy

Version 2.0 Grain Agriculturalist economy

2.0 Agricultural Marriage

2.1 Religiously Sanctioned Agricultural Marriage

2.2 Upper-Class Marriage

Version 3.0 Industrial/Post-Industrial economy

3.0 Serial/Single Marriage

3.1 Culturally/Religiously Based Traditional Nuclear Family

3.11 Hybrid Culturally/Religiously Based Traditional Nuclear Family

3.2 Domestic Partnership Model Traditional Marriage

3.3 Domestic Partnership Reconstructive Marriage

3.4 Companionate Marriage ("DINK Marriage")

3.5 Perpetual Spinsterhood/Bachelorhood

There. Got that?

Alpha Move: Be the President.

December 28, 2011 | by Ian Ironwood | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



There's an intriguing discussion over at [Alpha Game](#) concerning whether or not President Obama is Alpha or Beta. Since the Manosphere is awash in right-leaning folk, naturally the consensus of opinion was that he's Beta, or some derivation thereof.

I respectfully disagree.

I commented to that effect, by my analysis was too long, which suggested that it deserved a post in and of itself. So here it is, in lengthier form.

I can see the influence of politics on this discussion is going to skew any serious consideration of President Obama's Alpha-hood. But I've studied the man as he's made his rise, and -- politics aside -- he's an incredibly savvy bull Alpha, who uses the common perception of him as Beta to his great advantage.

Remember that his public and private lives are very much different. His public appearances are well-crafted and thought out to appeal to various demographics. A potent one is women voters, who supported Obama in droves in the last election. Consider that in almost all of the presidential elections the candidate with the higher Sex Rank won out. So he has subtly crafted a public persona that will appeal to several different layers at once.

He's an ostensibly happily married family man. After the sex scandals of the last two decades, his utter lack of scandal or appearance of infidelity gives him sterling appeal in the minds of mainstream American women, who fear a Clinton-esque drama that reflects their own poor choices more than cellulose.

Michelle is a strong Alpha woman who has a commanding presence in any venue. That appeals to the single career women who elevate her social rank when she's shown such deference by Oprah and other popular and powerful women. **Her faithful support of her husband provides him with a powerful Preselection buff, which raises his Sex Rank further in the eyes of American women. Add to that the bonuses he gets for his profession and education, his election victories, (let's**

face it) his race, and the innate power that comes from being POTUS, and he's got the entire XX chromosome community creaming their jeans. Even the hard core GOP women are secretly fantasizing about him and would never admit it.

(Want proof? Every porn parody featuring an Obama look-alike has done extremely well. Without telling tales out of school, let's just say that they sold really, really well in the Red States. 'Nuff said.)

And that's just women, who are a slim majority of the electorate and therefore invaluable. For men, he provides a balance of Alpha-Beta presentations, always tinting his rhetoric with skillful use of language that balances nuances of tone with semantic content to devastating effect. The male perception of him as father figure is likewise powerful. **His very public fathering of his daughters sends a potent message of "Handling His Business" to men who crave examples of good fathering without emasculation.** His daughters reflect well on him. Compared to the antics of the Bush girls, the Obama girls' respectable behavior and sincere respect for their father lends incredible subtextual power to his perception among men.

You may see his verbal banter as Beta, but then you're missing the point. By not publicly airing his marital grievances with his wife, he sends the message that he is a gentleman in his personal affairs, and that adds points to both genders' perceptions. The very clear body language that they display around each other may be coached, but it is effective. There have been very few occasions in which they appeared in public where there was any subtextual sign of tension between them. She has an open and sincere affection and admiration for him, which translates to even further esteem amongst men. The way he dresses (also carefully scripted) sends a confident, casual vibe regardless of the situation. The man looks good in well-made clothes, and he uses this to his benefit.

And he watches his negatives, too, just like any good Alpha. He's careful about who he pisses off, and more importantly he's careful about *how* he pisses them off. Even the vitriol can be traced to specific memes floated around the right wing blogosphere that *his* people have coaxed and nurtured through sockpuppets. Since you are judged as much by your enemies as your friends, Obama has taken care to use his very vocal foes as a successful foil for policy initiatives. While the Right sees the Tea Party as righteous fury from the public directed towards an unpopular president, the rest of the country views their increasingly wild and silly reactions to policy and rhetoric as petty and extreme. Obama has used that fact effectively.

This is a skillful Alpha move on two levels, because a) **extreme minorities don't win popular elections without stealing them** and b) the GOP primary model gives these extremists a larger-than-proportional influence over the final selection of the Republican candidate. **When you can help pick the man you're going to run against, you've got half the election in the bag. That's an Alpha move.**

And if you've got a higher perceived Sex Rank than most of the GOP field combined, you've got most of the rest of it. Based on Sex Rank alone, the only two candidates who have a prayer against Obama are Rick Perry and Jon Huntsman, and neither one of them are doing well enough amongst their own people to take the nomination.

Romney is pretty, but reminds women of their pompous ex-husbands -- he comes off as a tool, demographically. Gingrich? Old, unfaithful, old, wrinkled and old. He appeals to the WWII generation that's nearly died off at this point, and a few Gen Xers who remember the Contract With America as a key moment in their political lives. But his Sex Rank is low, low, low. he even alienates his allies. **By contrast, Obama took on his biggest in-house opponent and got her to work for him -- Alpha move.**

Bachman? She's "office hot", but she doesn't hold a candle to Palin's sex appeal, and when she opens her mouth she sounds like your batshit crazy sister-in-law. Ron Paul could actually give Obama a challenge, leveraging his grandfatherly, folksy image to improve his Sex Rank with the Silverback buff, but in the general election his extreme policies and the lackluster support of his party would torpedo him in the general election.

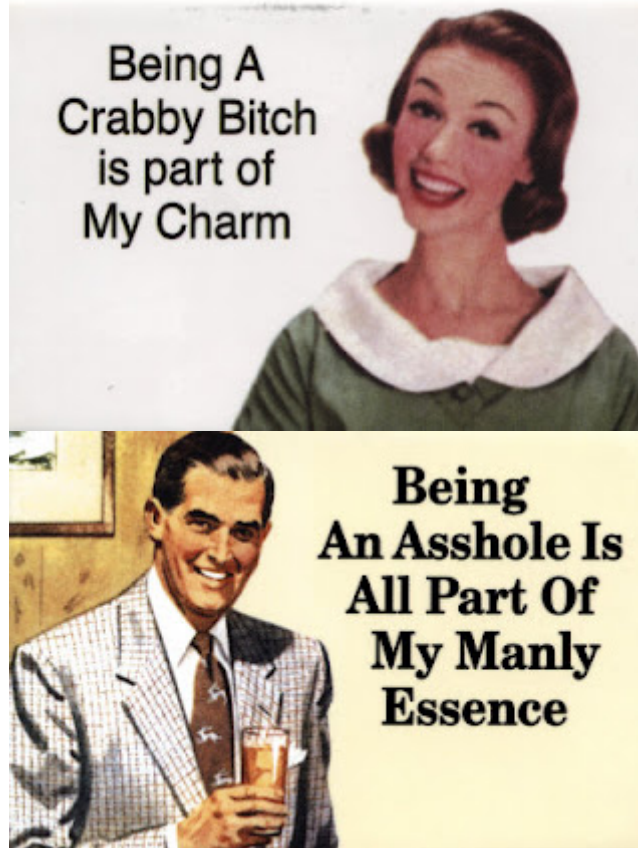
Just consider the anger you can feel in some of the comments. *Feel it.* **Some people hate Obama with a burning passion. But you don't waste that kind of energy on an ineffectual Beta.** Anyone who can arouse that level of emotion is Alpha, pure and simple. If you're seeing more Beta, or any other states, then that's because the POTUS wants you to see it. And he is fooling you by effectively manipulating your perceptions. You might hate him, but you're giving him attention, and that gives him a bonus to his Sex Rank whether you like him or not.

My call in the general election? Obama over the unnamed GOP candidate (probably Gingrich or Romney) by at least 6 points. And that's just looking at adjusted Sex Rank. You throw in the big campaign warchest and intact election machine left over from the last election, and Obama 2.0 is going to mangle whoever runs against him. Just sayin'.

The Rules Of Engagement For Fighting In A Marriage

December 29, 2011 | by Ian Ironwood | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

All couples fight. You can't avoid it. But you can choose *how* you fight.



I was at the esteemed [Athol Kay's blog, Married Man Sex Life](#), this morning reading about yelling in a marriage (spoiler alert: *don't do it*) and I ended up trotting out my marriage's **Rules Of Engagement** in the discussion. I thought they might be of benefit to some folks here,. as they have served me well for nearly 20 years. Indeed, as I recently said over at [Alpha Game](#), I feel that us Old Married Guys (OMG) have a duty to pass on successful marital strategies to the younger folk, before they invest in a lot of rented tuxes and divorce lawyers.

Mrs. Ironwood and I came up with these before we ever got married (we lived together for 6 years first. I was pretty sure I wanted to marry her 4 years into the relationship, but when you're planning on only marrying one girl . . . better to wait two more years and be sure.) . We had the help of a highly skilled marriage counselor, one of the very, very few I've known worth the money. These Rules were mutually understood and agreed-upon before we got married.

They are:

- 1) No yelling. Reasonable tones only.
- 2) No name calling. That's disrespectful.
- 3) Stick to one topic at a time. Don't fight about that thing you did last week.
- 4) No ultimatums. That's contrary to the spirit of the discussion.
- 5) No chase-and-follow. We handle our business face to face in our own home without involving other people.
- 6) No involving other people. This is between us.
- 7) No *ad hominem* attacks. That's rude and intellectually dishonest.
- 8) No kidney punches, i.e. hitting the other person's acknowledged weak spots. After nearly 20 years, we know where those are. If your husband/wife had an alcoholic parent, for example, comparing them to that parent would be considered a kidney punch.
- 9) No involving the children. This is a debate between adults.
- 10) No profane language. If you can help it.

That's the general guideline. Our friends think we never fight, but we do -- we just agreed to the rules ahead of time. And **NO YELLING** is the very first one. Yelling is a clear attempt to establish dominance without having won an argument. That's disrespectful not just to your partner, but to the marriage as a whole. Worse, when a man yells in an argument it demonstrates he has lost his cool. (Yelling at your children to get their attention, or increasing your tone to denote emotional emphasis of a particular point, is different than Yelling in a fight with your wife).

We've managed to stick to this set of rules for almost two decades, and it has helped us get through some dark times, even when the Rules worked against us, personally. And that's not to say that both of us haven't occasionally violated one of the less-important of the above rules at various points, including Yelling. When that happens, it's time to call a "time out" and walk away for some silent contemplation, marshal your resources, etc.. It stretches out the fight, but it's better than a trip to the emergency room.

Oh, and the unofficial #11?

Make-up sex. *Righteous.*

Alpha Move: Make the Bed

January 9, 2012 | by Ian Ironwood | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

No, really.

Mrs. Ironwood, in spite of many other wonderful virtues, tends to be a slob. She's not disgusting or anything, but she's firmly in the "why make a bed if you're just going to un-make it later, anyway?" school of thought. For years I didn't mind too much -- I'm a slob myself, and I've never been particularly fastidious.

But then it occurred to me that I was disrespecting my own art. The bedroom, for any married couple, is a place of special magic and reverence. That's where we spend our most intimate times. When I started on this journey, one of the first things I did was start making the bed.

Mrs. Ironwood didn't realize I was manning-up, specifically, at the time. She just noticed that when she got out of bed in the morning it was made up by the time she got back, prohibiting her from sliding back in, going back to sleep, making herself late and inconveniencing me in the process. The first time it happened she thought it was nice. The second time, she didn't comment. The third time she complained that she wasn't done with it yet.

"It's after seven," I replied. "Adults are up and getting ready for work now." She got up.

By the fifth or sixth time I did it, it was *really* starting to bug her. What was bugging her more was that I wasn't explaining *why* I was doing it, or pointing it out so I could claim credit in typical Nice Guy fashion. I just did it. Every day. And that bugged her.

Finally, after about a week, she broke.

"How come you're making the bed all the time, now?"

"Because it's where I sleep, and it's where I screw. When you walk by this bed, when you see this bed, you're going to see that it's made up, and you're going to know that I made it, and you're going to remember that this is where we sleep and where we screw, and that it is prepared and ready-to-go for that purpose. It is not a desk, it is not a dinner table, it is a bed, and we're going to treat it properly."

She didn't say anything to that, which was telling.

She watched me make it a few more days, always first thing in the morning, always right after she woke up. She even commented on how virile I looked shaking the sheets and comfortable out (hey, it's not wrestling a saber toothed tiger, but you do what you can). More importantly, I looked confident. I was making my bed. In preparation for sex. And she knew it.

There's an art to turning a fundamentally Beta activity (making the bed) into an Alpha move (preparing the arena for combat). And as the debate grows about whether or not you should inform

your wife of your developing game, and how much, I tend to fall on the side of obfuscation for greatest effectiveness.

But there's something to laying it out there for her: your expectations, your desires, your commitment to seeing them through, and her inclusion in the process, that builds a confidence that's pure Alpha.

You're stating your intentions on no uncertain terms. You're claiming your territory, defining your domain, preparing for action . . . and she knows it. Calling it to her attention means that every time she sees the made bed, she has a good shot at the tingle, and that's never a bad thing.

Oh, two weeks after I started? I came out of the bedroom and found she'd made the bed. While ostensibly it was the exact same action, from her it was a submissive move in response to my dominance. Subtle, but unmistakable. An appeal to her sense of femininity and her desire for order, and a fulfillment of her desire to be led within the scope of the relationship.

And if nothing else, I got her to make the damn bed.

Game As A Tool Towards Recovering A Lost Masculinity

January 12, 2012 | by Ian Ironwood | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



Over at [Alpha Game](#) yesterday morning I caught a great quote by [Vox](#), as he was advising someone on whether or not to return to a woman he'd lost pre-Game for a second chance post-Game. While that conversation was fascinating enough, the quote is what got me:

I appreciate the positivity from the non-predatory crowd. I would simply say that what I am attempting to do with Alpha Game is to apply the basic principles of Game more broadly to socio-sexuality rather than focusing solely on a particular subset of sexual relations as other Game bloggers do. My interest also tends to be more theoretical, whereas [Roissy](#) and [Athol](#), just to give two of the more substantive examples, are both relentlessly practical in their applications of Game to pick-up and marital relations, respectively. This is not a criticism of either of them in any way, as I both appreciate and respect what both men are doing in their tangential areas of interest.

His point is well-taken, and vitally important to the evolution of the Manosphere. Pay attention:

Right now, Men in our culture are divided into three groups. One is the group bravely trying to build a family in hostile conditions, against all odds, in the fulfillment of the traditional quest to be a Family Man. Call them the **Old Married Guys**. We're the ones at the far end of the spectrum, hacking our way through our individual relationships, counting our blessings, and despairing of what's happening to other men around us and to masculinity in general. Some of us have been divorced, some are bitter, some are hopeful. All of us have some unique and valuable insights to share with younger dudes. Some of us even are younger dudes, men who against all reason got married young and tried to start a family, and who have the wisdom to look to other men for advice and answers.

I would try to call this group the "Patriarchy", but that term has been maligned by feminists so long as to be tainted, on the one hand, and the fact is "patriarchy" means "ruled by the fathers", and let's face it: fathers haven't "ruled" in this country since 1970. So instead call them the **Patriologists**, "those who study fatherhood (and, by extension, masculinity)". While fatherhood isn't the end-all, be-all of masculinity, it's a

pretty potent defining characteristic.

But then again so are our dicks. The single dudes, whether single by choice, circumstance, or by divorce decree, are the second group. They're the ones taking advantage of the culture of promiscuity and running Game like it's a lotto system. The "PUA" and the "MGTOW", racking up notches and enjoying the tight, moist fruits of the land while spending their off-hours watching sports, playing fantasy football, and killing at HALO. These are the "peter pans" that the feminists created but can't stop bitching about. The "boys" who wouldn't grow up.

And obviously it's their inherently evil nature that makes them want to indiscriminately tap anything in a skirt, according to feminism, and not the fact that most of these dudes had absent or distant Beta fathers who were actively prevented from passing on the mature paternal wisdom that usually allows a young man to "grow up". Testosterone is a powerful force, after all, and left unchecked and untempered you get . . . well, you get what we got. We lost control of masculinity, and let it be defined and regulated by feminism. The result is not a *Patriarchy* - they successfully crushed that - but a "**Puerarchy**", or "rule by boys".

That's not to say these "boys" (some in their 40s) actually "rule". In fact, thanks to the wholesale diminution of masculinity in the last forty years, their chances of actually getting to the "halls of power" are slight. Despite the myth of male privilege they have largely eschewed the "successful self-made man" model - they don't want power any more. Money is better.. And who can blame them? The "rewards" for most of the dudes who make that run are usually divorce court, custody hearings, and a loss of faith in all of womanhood, so why take the risk? Internet porn, Game-driven hook-ups, and videogames make contemporary life for a single dude in the Puerarchy a kind of techno-Valhalla, if he can keep from damaging romantic entanglements.

For a few years there's been some acrimony between the first two camps over the definition of masculinity and the role of Game in it. Their goals are slightly different. The Patriologists want to see family life made less challenging for men, and re-claim some of the respect and legitimate prerogatives of mature masculinity and fatherhood, as well as improve their marital lives so that they get laid more. The Puerarchy wants to get laid more, too, but it doesn't see the advantage of being an OMG and often treats such men as either sell-outs or willing dupes. Both have very definite ideas about what Masculinity is. Unsurprisingly, both have an especial emphasis on Getting Laid, whether it's by their wives or a succession of hot young gullible girls. But don't discount the bonding possibilities of sexuality - we'll come back to that in a moment.

Then there's the third group: the Blue Pill dudes who don't have a clue. There the ones who bought into the idea that Marriage is an equal partnership between you and your soon-to-be ex-wife. They "respect" women, that is, they defer to them at every turn regardless of their own interests. They're the Chumps. The vast, vast sea of Betas who are the grist for the divorce mill. They have unrealistic expectations of marriage, not just because they've bought into the "Twu Wuv" one-itis meme to the point where they get blinded by pussy, but because they *really believe* in all of that "union of equals" crap without understanding that "equal" in that context means that their wives are *always more equal than they are*. Without good fathering, they don't know any better. There's no one left in their lives who feels comfortable passing along that kind of valuable information. Until the Manosphere.

And for that sacrifice, for which they believe they will receive the divine feminine favors (i.e., getting laid more), they instead find that their wives don't respect them, resent them, and eventually actively despise them for doing *exactly* what they've been told by women is what women *really* want. They put their own interests and issues at the lowest priority for fear of being accused of being a chauvinist or something. They're far more concerned with being *liked* and not *respected* by their women. Keeping the woman happy is their *primary focus*, whether it's her request for more security, more affluence, or more "emotional support" (that is, agreeing unconditionally to every thing she says).

They are, in other words, completely divorced already . . . *from their own masculinity*.

Between the Puerarchy and the Patriologists lie these true Beta Lost Boys. Despite their age and apparent maturity they will, indeed, remain “lost” to manhood in their hearts and their lives. They might become Adults, but they won’t ever be real Men. That’s because their self-loathing ideas about manhood and masculinity have been tainted by feminine and feminist critique for so long that they’ve abandoned all hope of controlling their lives, and have descended to merely managing their lives . . . and usually doing a piss-poor job of it. And an almost universal element of masculinity, across culture, is the idea that a fully-formed Man is *in control* of his life.

Those poor Blue Pill Betas are the ones who need the Manosphere the most. They need to be taught that it’s not just okay to be male, it can be *fucking fantastic* if you quit worrying about what women think and approach it from a masculine perspective -- ‘cause that Blue Pill perspective just leads to misery and depression. That’s the Red Pill message. **The Red Pill is nothing less than the attempt of Men in our culture to consciously revalorize masculinity.**

“Revalorize” is an obscure word, I admit. It was coined by Mircea Eliade, one of the great Religious Studies scholars of the 20th century, based out of the University of Chicago. He used it to mean taking a term, idea, or meme from the past and reconstituting the traditional with new and more useful meaning. In this context, the Red Pill revalorization of masculinity is vital and necessary if we don’t want to see the mistakes of the past four decades promulgate into our sons’ futures. Or our daughters: things are looking just as grim for our girls as our boys.

The current popular ideal of masculinity, ala the Blue Pill, is essentially “a person who just so happens to possess an XY chromosome and lives to serve women”. Bereft of all the “bad” masculine qualities (which also happen to be all the Alpha qualities women get their panties wet over) – honor, bravery, aggression, anger, stubborn determination, leadership, and yes, violence – Blue Pill masculinity leaves “good provider” and “has a functioning penis” intact at the expense of all the rest, and the latter isn’t even really required.

Now there are plenty of feminists who have *no problem* with this definition, and don’t think that seeing two generations of miserable men is too high a price for their trouble. They don’t want a new masculinity to include, well, *masculine* traits. If aggression and achievement are considered “masculine”, then they don’t feel like they can play with the boys properly. If they re-define masculinity to include a bunch of Beta skills and get rid of all of the Alpha skills, then they have an opportunity to control the balance of gender-based power in our society. Which is essentially what they’ve done for two generations.

The problem is, *it doesn’t work*. Not for men, at least, and not for our kids. When you allow women to define masculinity for men, you get what we have now: a generation of men largely bereft of maturity and wisdom, growing up without dads, with overbearing mothers who encouraged them to hate their own gender, and feeling shame and guilt about those natural inclinations towards traditional masculinity that inevitably arise. Particularly around sex and violence.

As a culture under the influence of feminism we have been taught since birth that men are all secret sexual predators one step away from brutal abduction-and-rape, and we should therefore despise all aggressive male sexuality or we’re essentially condoning rape. We’ve also been taught that men are all power-hungry despoilers or ignorant idiots messing up the world – that is, the world women live in – by killing and exploiting everything in sight at every chance. We’re the ones responsible for all of the wars (that we fight and die in). The level of guilt about this has been raised to such a high degree in an attempt to remove the violent impulse from men that it has left us with a bunch of unassuming Betas who honestly feel, in the depths of their hearts, that they are bad people just because of their penis, and nothing they can do – however much they try – is ever going to make up for that.

The intriguing thing about the evolving Manosphere is that the Patriologists and the Puerarchy, while they’ve been learning various aspects of Game from each other (because our common goal, to have more sex, is truly

universal) have also been revalorizing masculinity. Most of the essential nuggets of Game theory are re-hashings of old masculine paradigms long discredited under feminist dogma, after all. And while the two groups have been volleying Game back and forth, some of those poor Blue Pill Beta bastards have started to notice, hey, why are these guys having so much more sex than I am? What is their secret? Teach us, oh Wise Ones!

The desire and even yearning for the Red Pill is out there, but it isn't just about Game. Game is the vehicle, because Men are motivated by sex, and Game is about how to get laid. But the things that Game teaches us go far beyond managing our sex lives. Game informs our new definition of masculinity by returning to the essentials of our mating toolkit instead of talking about our feelings with our woman until she's so bored she's sleeping with the pool boy. Beyond that, it gives us a medium through which to pay respect to each other for our masculine achievements.

Hard-core Alphas in the Puerarchy can learn, for example, that getting married doesn't have to mean the end of your sex life and the beginning of servitude, it can become an empowering and richly masculine experience. Conversely, the Patriologists can learn from the Puerarchy that the apparent solid wall of feminist thought that seems to dominate the intellectual landscape is actually made up of a new generation of very, very fallible young women who are just as frustrated with the mess their mothers made of things as we are – and that in a relationship it's more important that your woman be attracted to you than that she like you.

But between them both you have a sea of Betas who are staring at the single dudes getting laid with a single text message and the OMGs getting laid like tile by their wives like it's a porn movie and running their stable households the way their grandfathers did, and they're starting to wonder: what do those guys know that I don't?

And that's the secret we need to tell them: the Manosphere means it's not only Good To Be A Man, once you quit deferring to the women in your life, but that it doesn't matter which end of the spectrum you prefer – both fatherhood and eternal hook-ups are two sides of the same masculine coin. They are not mutually exclusive. Nor is Game the end-all, be-all to masculinity, it's just the beginning. A man who learns Game (single or married varieties) and learns it effectively will soon find himself much-improved, spiritually, and that's not just all the sex talking. In a re-defined masculinity, Game is an essential tool, but it's not your only one. You need to talk to other men, have solid male friendships, enjoy a solid culture of masculinity by learning from the old dudes and teaching the young dudes, and accept in your mind that while men and women might be technically equal under the law, that doesn't mean we are the same. Our differences define us. Men have their own interests and issues, and we have just the same rights as women to pursue them . . . just as aggressively. We, not women, and certainly not feminists, are the ones responsible for defining what masculinity is in the 21st century.

And the most important thing the Betas need to discover? They don't need any damn woman's permission to take the plunge, swallow the Red Pill, and rediscover their own masculinity.

And heck . . . we're willing to help.

So if there is one thing I'd like to see the Manosphere accomplish, it's to inspire a Revolt of the Betas. Because if a significant portion of the men in the West were to learn Game on the way towards embracing our own masculinity, then collectively we might be able to improve things for all men. Once they are convinced to stop working against their own masculine interests, realize their own value in society, and give them the tools to recognize that, then we're going to see a lot more Red Pills going down the hatch. And that's a good thing for everyone.



Manipulation . . . or Management?

January 13, 2012 | by Ian Ironwood | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I was discussing the Red Pill philosophy with an old friend from High School in a bar the other night. He's a musician from Reno who's coming off of a bender, and is split with his wife. Great guy, if you can handle the musician-inspired flakiness. His wife couldn't, he didn't fight for the relationship, game over. It's never fun to do a *post mortem* on a marriage, but my friend was looking for advice, perspective and sympathy, and he wanted it from someone other than his Mom.

However, as I told him about the Red Pill and Game, and we re-hashed his relationship in those terms (revealing several important things about it he had never realized before) as is often the case when you discuss the Red Pill with a Blue Pill Dude, he got offended at some of the elements of Game as blatant manipulation, particularly in the context of a marriage. He could understand a certain amount of dissembling in the pursuit of pussy – he's not that bad off – but once in a relationship, he felt that “honest, forthright” communication in pursuit of an equitable relationship demanded no attempt at “manipulation”.

I thought about this a moment. Then I pointed out that I'd been with Mrs. Ironwood for twenty years, and his marriage hadn't lasted more than a few, and he shut up and started listening.

“You can't think of it as ‘manipulation’,” I explained. “When you're in a LTR, it's not a matter of a simple causal relationship, where you do one thing, and she does another. In an LTR you are acting, and she is reacting, but the continual nature of the LTR means that you aren't just getting a reaction, you are establishing a pattern of behavior. That's an important concept. You aren't manipulating your wife . . . you're managing your wife. Big difference.”

“I don't think she'd see it that way,” he said, skeptically.

“That's why you don't tell her that you're managing her, you just do it. If you have to discuss it in detail, then you've failed. That's like her telling you ‘I want you to be more spontaneously dominant – can we go ahead and put that on the schedule?’ Or her getting flowers. Or you getting a blowjob. If you have to ask, it doesn't count.”

“Why, that doesn't seem very fair to her?” Yes, he really talks this way. He's an actor, too. Everything out of his mouth is a performance. He's got entertainment skills like mad, but when it comes to the Beta security-building skills . . . well, did I mention he was a musician in Reno?

“Is it fair for her to bat her eyelashes and ask you to do something you really don't want to do, with the tacit promise of sex, and then she doesn't follow through?”

“Well, no, not really,” he admitted. “But I don't expect her to—”

“Perhaps your expectations needed to change,” I interrupted. “Hers certainly did. She knew you were a musician when she married you. She knew your ambitions and your potential for making

embarrassing stacks of cash. She knew all of this going into it, and yet her expectations of you changed.”

“Well, I suppose they did,” he admitted. “We were fine, I thought, and then suddenly she just starts being unhappy, I lose my best gig, foreclosure, bankruptcy . . .”

“Of course,” I agreed, sympathetically, and ordered another Jameson’s. “But consider that if she had felt strongly attracted to you during that rough patch, instead of resenting you and not feeling confident in your ability to bring home bacon, then she would have been loving, supportive, and encouraged you, not withdrawn, fearful, and already working out in preparation of finding her next dude.”

“You make a compelling argument,” he admitted.

“She’s always going to be happy, and then unhappy, and then usually happy again,” I observed. “All women go through cycles like that. As inconstant as the moon. So trying to make her happy, and keep her happy, is going to be a losing proposition, day-to-day. Without pharmaceutical intervention, she’s going to have biological cycles and hormonal cycles and work cycles and anxiety cycles all the time, and when they match up they can be a bitch. The only way you can mitigate it is by providing order and constancy in her life. You don’t do that by reacting to her every time the wind blows. You do that by being rock-solid, and when the wind blows managing the patterns she falls into so that no matter how out on a limb she feels, emotionally, she can count on you to provide an emotionally safe place to return to. If you keep dodging that responsibility in the relationship, then she stops being able to count on you, she loses interest, and you’re screwed.”

“But I don’t have a right to challenge her freedom and independence—”

“Why don’t you?” I challenged, myself. “We give up a measure of freedom and independence in a marriage, in exchange for security and interdependence. That’s the point: to make the union stronger than the individual constituents. Think of your marriage as a ship: you are the hull, she is the sails. If you are both the hull, then you don’t go anywhere. If you are both the sails, then you don’t go anywhere. Only by cooperating, embracing those ‘evil, nasty’ gender roles, and capitalizing on the strengths that interdependence grants us can we move forward.”

His marriage is doomed – we both acknowledged that – but he came away from that whisky-swilling, cigarette-smoke infused night of male bonding a wiser man. He’s still a Blue Pill Beta, for all of his musical charisma and stage presence, but at least he’s aware of the Red Pill, now. And he doesn’t see it so much as manipulation.

I went home and talked about this with Mrs. Ironwood a bit, and she agreed. Again, she’s aware of some powerful changes in me and the relationship of late, but she isn’t really well-versed in the whys and hows. But when I discussed the difference between manipulation and management, she reluctantly agreed that she occasionally needed to be “managed”, and that my firm stance on some issues gave her the freedom and flexibility to consider options without committing to a potentially dangerous course of action.

“Does it bother you, to know I’m ‘managing’ you?” I asked her in all seriousness. In another woman, this comment would likely inspire an evening’s tirade about disrespect and such, but one reason I married her is that she’s smart – crazy smart – and she doesn’t mind examining her own motivations and holding them to account.

Or mine, for that matter. She’s often been able to offer insights about what I’m doing when I have no idea myself.

“Bother me? Only when I think about it. Most of the time, I just think you’re being commanding and decisive. But you don’t ‘manipulate’ me at all. I don’t manipulate well.”

“But you don’t mind being managed,” I offered. She shrugged.

“Why should I? I’ve been managed in every job I’ve ever had. You learn not to take it personally, and focus on the good of the team.”

See why I love her?

“Follow Your Heart” . . . the Birth Of The Rationalization Hamster

January 18, 2012 | by Ian Ironwood | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I have a little girl, and I fear for her.



I rarely bring my kids into this discussion, but this is germane. I allow my daughter to indulge in a fair amount of status-building participation in popular culture (i.e. Disney) without letting her descend into a mindless obsessiveness that leads to feelings of entitlement and an inflated sense of self-worth that comes with, say, the Bratz dolls. Instead I put up with Selena Gomez songs and Wizards of Waverly Place. I can deal.

But while I’ve understood how Disney and other popular culture machines feed the pre-adolescent female mind with all sorts of chewy things that will later shape their reproductive journeys, I was going through old Barbie paraphernalia when I came across something that caught my eye.

The exact character and phrasing are unimportant. But I was watching one of their sub-par animated Barbie features, and a line came up that struck me. The gist of the message was that the Princess should, above all else, “**follow her heart**”. Even when it seemed like the stupidest, dumbest, most idiotic move on her part, the one that put her and her little woodland creature friends in horrible peril, the Princess should always “follow her heart” because that will lead to her *true* happiness . . . or at least away from unhappiness. After all, if you “followed your heart” you can’t very well complain about the consequences, can you? Your heart was driving. What’s a girl to do?

Now, I’m not slapping Mattel or even Disney, since I see their advancement of this ideal far more as taking advantage of existing cultural memes, as opposed to consciously shaping future consumer behavior at the pre-conscious level. In fact, as a marketer myself I steal liberally from their campaigns, because their techniques and fundamentals range from sound to brilliant. But they aren’t sitting around wringing their hands diabolically wondering what they can do to mess up the social

fabric. I've worked in a lot of marketing departments, and as good as Mattel and Disney are, even they aren't that devious. You don't set out to change or shape the culture, you just take advantage of which way the winds are blowing, because marketers are lazy. They simply go where the money is.

For boys, that means echoing traditional male tropes that feed masculine self-perceptions that, alas, often reach their peak participation level in the sandbox and never get to move beyond. Memes like “Build!” and “Dig!” and “Compete!”, but above all else, the ultimate masculine trope: **“Complete Your Mission.”**

“Complete Your Mission” is the thing every little boy, gay or straight, incorporates as a fundamental element of his identification with masculinity. **Men get things done.** It is one of our essential defining characteristics. Want proof? Back to children's television, where Bob the Builder enjoys far, far more popularity than mediocre stop-motion animation with crappy voiceovers deserves to. But you can't fault Bob's essential message: *“Can we build it? Yes, we can!”* Not just the creative ideal, but the determination to see a project through to its conclusion – “completing the mission” – is first and foremost. My sons were addicted to Bob.

Men do it all the time: in times of personal confusion or chaos, throwing yourself into your work or a large-scale project is better than therapy for most men. No matter how much of an utter loser you feel like, by completing your mission (whatever that might be) you are invoking a defining characteristic of a man. **Men get things done.**

But women *feel* things. “Follow Your Heart” is the feminine equivalent of “Complete Your Mission.” “Follow Your Heart” is the moral compass and default decision-maker in this meme. Without understanding how dangerous this vaguely-worded, purposefully-ambiguous statement can be to a developing young woman, we pump it into their brains at every commercial break: *“Follow Your Heart”*.

And that's how the Rationalization Hamster is born.

“Follow Your Heart” is crappy advice, actually. For one thing, how do you know which of the conflicting chorus of inner voices do you designate “your heart” – and how do you differentiate it from “your stomach” or “your gonads”? For a girl who is just realizing the powerful range of her emotions, asking her to “follow her heart” and actually know what that means is just dumb. Little girls don't have “hearts” to follow. They have a very limited emotional range which they have just started getting a handle on when they start hearing this crap. But by using “Follow Your Heart” as a touchstone for all of their other experiences, they empower their own justifications for pretty much any old crazy thing they feel like doing.

Add to that the sense of entitlement implicit with the other popular little girl meme, **“You Can Do Anything! (And We Expect You To Do Everything!)”**, and you have a recipe for a lifetime of unrealistic ideals, frustrated goals and impossible dreams. “You Can Do Anything!” and “Follow Your Heart!” conspire in the minds of our little girls to give them the moral leeway to indulge in any kind of bad behavior they wish and feel all the justification they need.

Leave your husband for a big-dicked pool boy? *“I was following my heart!”*

Leave your husband for an affluent corporate alpha shark? *“I was following my heart!”*

Leave your husband for . . . well, pretty much any reason save the truly compelling ones of abuse and neglect . . . *“I was following my heart!”*

EPL is all about this, the Rationalization Hamster writ large. Wife isn't happy. She doesn't know why, but she isn't happy, and her marriage is about the biggest thing in her life, so if she's not happy (and does it really even matter why she's *not* happy?) then it is *obviously* her husband's fault, because *her heart never lies*.

Never.

“Follow Your Heart” is a thinly-veiled excuse for selfish action without personal consequence. It provides the ethical underpinnings for any Hamster-inspired caper, from why she keeps going back to the same gym class with that particular instructor, to why she feels justified in asking for a six-figure settlement in the divorce. “Follow Your Heart” gives her tacit permission to use her own judgment to decide what's best for everyone, regardless of the objective facts of the situation. It's inherently solipsistic, and encourages a self-centered approach to life that leads to a deep sense of female entitlement.

Note it doesn't say “follow your conscience”, like Jiminy Cricket told Pinocchio, or “let reason be your guide”, or “follow the path of wisdom” or even “What would Xena do?” . . . it is a directive to allow your emotions, and your emotions alone, to dictate your course of action.

And emotions are notoriously treacherous things. Rarely do they lead us in the right direction, and when they do, it's often by accident.

I'm not saying that “follow your heart” shouldn't be in there, somewhere, but when I'm speaking to my little girl, I don't use those terms. I tell her ***“to thine own self be true”***, which is a little different. It emphasize her entire self, not the vague and inexact “heart”. That doesn't make her any less of a little girl, or any less empowered than her little friends. On the contrary, I'm hoping it keeps her grounded through the upcoming estrogen rush of adolescence. “To think own self be true” implies (at least in my household) plenty of accountability and responsibility. “Follow Your Heart” just doesn't. Just the contrary, it's about as big an invitation as is possible to avoid the moral consequences of accountability and responsibility in the decision making process. “Follow Your Heart” means never being truly Wrong.

And if you're not truly Wrong, then it can't be your fault. Can it?

And that, gentlemen, is how Rationalization Hamsters are born..

Maybe not the biggest burning issue in the Manosphere, but it's something you should be aware of.

After all, we don't tell our boys "Follow Your Dick!" do we?

They pretty much pick that up on their own.

Alpha Move: Initiate Sex. A lot.

January 19, 2012 | by Ian Ironwood | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



I always know that I've got a good idea for a blog post when one of my comments gets too long for the blog's limitations. This happened today over at [MMSL to Athol's answer to a question about initiating sex and making a move](#). So here it is, in expanded form, because it's worth another glance.

Actually, it's pretty fundamental to Game. Perhaps one of the most important aspects. But let's start with the initial question of whether or not you should initiate or wait for her to initiate.

It's interesting, once you get this down, just who is "initiating" becomes cloudy.

Athol's point about female sexuality being responsive to male sexuality is dead on, and that's a foundation of Game Theory. Especially within a marriage or LTR, once you understand this point instinctively you become far more aware of the subtleties leading up to actual initiation. And once you do understand it, and your wife begins reacting to you more regularly, then patterns evolve in which SHE will let you know that she's interested in you initiating sex through some small symbolic gesture, phrase or mannerism. It might be as mild as a playful dig or discussing someone at work's sex life, but if you carefully observe her behavior then you'll start to pick up on these cues.

That's one thing that the feminist revolution really messed up. In promoting the idea that women could initiate a sexual relationship and have sex without it having been initiated by men, it spread the erroneous idea to men at the time that since these fully-empowered, sexually active women could initiate sex without being condemned for it, that they would naturally start initiating sex roughly half the time.

That took a lot of pressure off of dudes, because the less they initiate, the less they get rejected. But after the novelty of early sexual exploration wore off and young couples had to face the intricacies of

a day-to-day sexual relationship in a long term relationship, men continued to expect the more aggressive sexuality of their woman's single years, i.e. she initiates sex about half of the time, whereas their women usually lapsed back into the monogamous pattern of waiting for their men to initiate, as Nature programmed in us. And when the menfolk just didn't, because they took the feminists at face value and backed off dominant tactics, frustration and anxiety set in on both sides.

The problem is that feminism has put such a stigma on male sexuality that women are brought up to both desire male sexual attention and fear it. That sucks for them. And we dudes were brought up being taught that aggressive sexuality -- which included attempting to initiate sex -- was inherently disrespectful of women, and that the proper thing for a good little boy to do was kiss your woman's ass until she decided she was ready to have sex with you (the Betaization), because to manfully initiate sex like your forefathers was an affront to the inherent spirit of independence and personhood of women as human beings, and yadda yadda yadda after that we just kind of stopped listening. We got the message.

Oh boy, did we get the message.

Between the fear of divorce, sexual harassment suits, and diversity training classes, the men of Generation X were taught to fear and respect female sexuality. They were also taught that women could initiate sex and not be considered sluts. In fact, they were pretty much instructed exactly what hoops had to be jumped through in order to have a pristine, politically-correct sexual experience complete with two condoms and a signed indemnification form. For all practical purposes, we were taught that Nice Boys didn't initiate sex . . . they stood there and waited for it to happen by the grace of womanhood alone.

Big problem with that, though. Sex doesn't work that way. Because it's pretty clearly understood that women are designed to be sexually reactive, and men are designed to be sexually proactive. Even Emily Nagoski the Sex Nerd, noted feminist scholar of human sexuality, is perfectly willing to admit this. She pretties it up by demanding that women tend to have "responsive desire", while men tend to have "spontaneous desire", but it comes down to the same thing: men are proactive about sex, women are reactive. If a man doesn't act, the woman can't react. She hedges her bets by pointing out the usual NAWALT argument that spontaneous and responsive desires are not gender-dependent and vary greatly from individual to individual -- all perfectly true -- but as my old physics teacher always said, "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong . . . but that's the way to bet." So if you want to qualify the statement, you can always get away with "Men, in aggregate, tend to manifest Spontaneous Desire more often and more easily, while women, in aggregate, tend to manifest Responsive Desire more often and more easily."

In other words, "In general, women don't start getting hot and thinking about having sex until a man comes along and gives them a reason to." That doesn't mean that she won't have lusty, nasty thoughts at any given hour of the day . . . but in terms of acting upon those thoughts, it's less likely even in this egalitarian day-and-age that she will initiate sex of her own accord without first being approached by a man.

An ironic point about Emily's post is that she pitches this idea as a feminist demand

for acknowledgement that women are different and special creatures by pointing out that she's tired of sex researchers using the language and standards of male sexuality to evaluate and judge female sexuality. And while her point is well-taken -- male and female sexualities appear to be very different in make-up and mechanism, and sex researchers have traditionally been male and used male paradigms for evaluating female sexuality -- it also undermines the feminist approach to sex in which male and female are theoretically equal in all important ways (which leads to the pragmatic result of women becoming more dominant in their personal relationships by default, as men ceded the initiative under the blistering attack of feminism on their masculinity).

It's a feminist axiom that men and women ideally enter into a marriage or relationship as an "equal" partnership. In the feminist marriage, there is no implied obligation or expectation of sex on either party's part -- under feminism, sex cannot be institutionalized in any way without damaging the independence of women as individuals. If it happens, it is by the grace of the woman to bestow it, regardless of the man's behavior, and she alone controls access to it by custom, if not by law. Any less than enthusiastic and willful participation by the woman is tantamount to a non-consensual tryst, goes the theory. In some extremes, she can even change her mind about her consent after the fact, and let the hamsters fall where they may.

But all of that lovely ideology falls apart when the rubber hits the well-traveled road. If biology demonstrates that women tend to have "Responsive Desire" -- and that is held up as a proud difference between male and female sexualities by one of the noted feminist researchers -- then it's really very difficult to argue any pretense that the goal of "equality" in a sexual relationship, especially in a marriage, is contrary to our biology.

That may make little difference to the "gender is a social illusion" crowd, who push to have gender concepts in general stripped away from our culture in the interest of fairness. But for the rest of us, the ones who are actually going out and trying to get laid, this is a vital and fundamental fact that cannot be ignored by pretending it would be better if we all just acted like it didn't matter to anyone if we were boys or girls. Because when you do that . . . well, you stop getting laid. Androgyny occasionally slips into our culture as a novelty, but when it comes down to it we persist in recognizing the pretty clearly-established fact that there are bigger differences between men and women than our choice of position when we urinate.

Just take a look at the phenomenon of "Lesbian Bed Death". It's a truism that lesbian couples in long-term relationships often just . . . stop having sex, even if they were fairly lustful at the beginning of the relationship. The "Reactive Desire" idea, applied in this sense, demonstrates that if two people who are both "reactive" are in a relationship, you get a lot of "so do you want to have sex tonight?" "I dunno, do you want to have sex tonight?" "I dunno, it depends on whether or not you want to have sex tonight?" "I could have sex, but it's totally up to you." "Hey, isn't there a This Old House marathon on tonight?"

Similarly, gay men in relationships tend to have a lot more sex than straight people or lesbians, especially in the heady days of their early 20s when testosterone turns every male into a horny slab of testosterone-poisoned sex-zombie willing to bang anything that doesn't run away fast enough. When both partners enjoy "spontaneous desire", you can bet that there's a whole lot more DNA flying

around.

So the science says women are reactive, men are proactive. Feminism says to ignore that and focus on human rights issues and universal deference and respect for vaginas, letting them do as they will of their own accord. After ignoring the custom that supported the science for three decades, and suffering a societal retrenchment of mating customs the likes of which human history has never seen before, eventually the damage got bad enough so that a couple of dudes said "hey, all that stuff about us waiting until the woman says she's ready for sex on her own? It's really all kinda bullshit!".

And then they went and developed Game, because they realized that if they, as men, didn't take responsibility for attempting to initiate sex 100% of the time, then they got a lot less sex. When you wait around patiently for the one in the relationship with "responsive desire" to suddenly generate interest in "spontaneous desire", then you're going to be waiting a lot. And then your woman will quit being attracted to you and start to cultivate other options. Welcome to Blue Pill Betahood, where they put the 'blue' into 'blue balls'!

Indeed, for most dudes in the Manosphere you can trace back their realization that they just took the Red Pill when they realize that the same sexuality that has been castigated and demeaned all his life is *evolutionarily designed* for him to try to initiate sex all the damn time as an inherent expression of his masculinity -- it's not a sign of a character flaw or a medically treatable condition. Dudes are horny, they try to have sex with girls, and that has nothing to do with their deeper political beliefs about the role of women and gender in our society. And once they realize that -- and accept that if they want sex, they and they alone are responsible for initiating and managing their sexual relationship -- then they can relax, safely ignore all of that crap about the politically correct method of coitus, and get his freak on like Nature intended by initiating sex without fear of judgement.

And yes, he might get judged . . . but the next step on the Red Pill journey is ceasing to give women the power of judgement over you. Yes, once you realize that to screw them you have to ignore what they say and pay attention to what they do, then what they say even about you gets a lot less credibility. Case in point: college girl I knew absolutely hated the whole macho Alpha image thing with a passion, to the point where she would confront jocks and d-bags in the college cafeteria about their alleged douchebaggery and lack of respect for women by these oversexed walking phalluses . . . and then at the end of the semester she was the FB of three dudes on the wrestling team who could care less what she thought about them. It wasn't her opinion that they were trying to get into.

So the best thing a dude can do is suck it up. Accept the fact that despite what our popular culture might be saying, in fact the female sex drive tends to be reactive, not proactive, and that you will have to put forth more effort than you'd probably like if you want to improve your sex life. Deal with it. Because if you wait for your reactive-desire wife or girlfriend to suddenly develop spontaneous desire, you're going to be there for a while. With blue balls. You have to step up and aggressively pursue a consistent strategy of seduction and pursuit or you're locked in Blue Pill Betahood until the divorce.

It's possible to be sexually proactive and not be a douchebag. Indeed, a lot of happily married couples with long histories figure out ways to do just that, and end up enjoying a long and lusty sex

life. The ideal Red Pill goal is to get to a place where your ability to initiate gets distilled down to a comfortable, easy-to-recognize signal that immediately dampens panties.

That's the beauty of Married Game, and the difference between it and Dating Game. In Dating Game, the goal is to establish a relationship that leads to sex with the least amount of effort and expenditure of resources as possible. Married Game's goal is to establish a pattern of sexual behavior in a relationship that encourages an interpersonal intimacy in which sex is not "if" but "when", with the least amount of effort and expenditure of resources as possible. In Dating Game you're hunting wild pussy. In Married Game, you have domesticated pussy available. But if you don't husband it properly by consistently and aggressively initiating sex with your woman (paying particular attention to her menstrual cycle) and giving her the opportunity to react favorably, then no matter how well the initial domestication went, you're going to have problems on your hands and more porn on your computer.

It can be hard. Once you take the Red Pill, and understand the realities of the situation instead of focusing on some theoretical ideal of sexual equality your relationship is supposed to measure up to, then you can accept the idea that **initiating sex is your responsibility as a man**, not your (plural) responsibility as a *couple*. If her sexuality is *reactive*, and you aren't being *proactive*, then she's going to sit there in neutral and start doubting her own attractiveness, and therefore the strength of your relationship, and that way lies madness.

So suck it up. Forget about how nice it would be if she just came in, dropped her panties, bent over and said "do me, please". Because the fact is, if you want to cultivate that kind of response the only way it can be done (without recourse to pharmaceuticals of dubious legality) is by cultivating a proactive pattern of sexual behavior in which you *do* initiate often and enthusiastically enough that she feels confident and secure enough to initiate sex herself without fear of rejection (which women handle and interpret entirely differently than we do) secure in the knowledge that yes, you do find her irresistibly attractive because why else would you be trying relentlessly to nail her all the time?

So suck it up and go make out with your wife. If you do it right, she'll forget all about who started it.

Just A Little Bit.

January 23, 2012 | by Ian Ironwood | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

"Inside every big fuzzy white boy, there's a little black woman screaming to get out."



That sounds like a loaded statement from six different directions, but in this context, it means something very specific. Growing up in the South gives one a musical heritage unparalleled in other parts of the nation -- the South was the birthplace for the majority of American musical forms, from folk to jazz to blues to rock to gospel to country. In different places the influence of a particular style of music can be powerful. Where I grew up, the defining style wasn't rock (though Chapel Hill had an impressive Indy rock scene), it was Blues. When I hit college I spent my drunk-and-happy moments crooning R&B standards in the back of a smoky bar. When I made my fumbling early attempts at seduction, my signature move was to put on a John Lee Hooker CD, eschewing the usual Led Zeppelin box set.

Of all my favorites to badly belt out, Aretha Franklin's Respect is one of my all-time favorites. I don't sing it well, but get four beers in me and stand me in front of a karaoke mike, and you may weep and you may laugh, but you will never forget me singing.

I bring all of this up because [Susan over at Hooking Up Smart](#) has an [outstanding post](#) concerning the role of Respect in a man's life. While the post itself is powerful, the comments are exquisite. You want to know what a man really wants, ladies? Read them, and you'll have their most sincere thoughts. If we every want to reclaim masculinity, Respect has got to be on the short-list of must-haves. For all the wounds feminists have dealt us, undermining our culture's willingness to respect masculinity and the men who wear it is amongst their most profound.

Respect. Find out what it means to me.

Respect.

Just a little bit.

Feminism Acknowledges The Problem Of Feminine Entitlement And Emotional Bullying . . . When It Comes To *Other Women!*

February 7, 2012 | by Ian Ironwood | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Just wanted to point this out, once again over at the other Sex Nerd, Emily Nagoski's blog.



The question is bullying, specifically *female* bullies. She starts, astonishingly enough, with this radical observation about early female social behavior:

Boiled down to nothing, the dynamics among girls are such that it's not okay to tell someone you're angry with them or hurt by them, because then you're "in a fight," and the other girl will rope in friends to side against you, she'll escalate your offences in order to maintain those friends' alliance, and they'll use that alliance to isolate and stigmatize you.

Eventually one of you will apologize, and whoever apologizes "loses." They capitulated. It's a zero-sum world where only one person is allowed to be hurt at a time, and usually that person is the one with greater social capital.

The alpha girls ("queen bees") of this scenario are characteristically uninterested in taking responsibility for another person's hurt feelings, insisting that that person is "too sensitive" or has blown everything out of proportion. She feels entitled to take revenge when someone hurts her, but judges and shames anyone who attempts revenge on her or even tries to communicate with her that she hurt them.

In other words, she is TERRIBLE at hearing that her behavior made someone feel bad, and

| *she has the social capital to punish the other person for saying anything.*

So, what can we learn from this? Besides little girls are vicious?

Quite a lot, actually. I mean, this isn't exactly new data, but it's nice to be acknowledged not just by a noted sex researcher, but by a noted feminist. And while Emily goes into quite compelling detail about how this behavior affects groups of girls, she doesn't say anything about how this type of thing manifests itself in male-female relationships.

So when you are a young man in a relationship with a woman -- say, a nascent feminist girlfriend during your freshman year of college -- and your social interactions go beyond flirtation and into the beginnings of a relationship, note the type of trap that you can fall into:

YOUNG WOMAN: I want a (Beta) male who will be sensitive, care and share his feelings with me. So, tell me how you *really* feel about me and our relationship, so I can feel that you are honest and have feelings for me.

YOUNG MAN: Okay, I feel dominated and emasculated by your pushiness, disliked and unwelcomed by your friends and frankly put-off by your general sense of entitlement. I only put up with your constant bossiness and snap judgements because you're hot and put out, but if you took the sex out of the relationship then mostly I feel like I'm your personal emotional punching bag, status symbol and errand boy, not a respected and valued person in my own right.

YOUNG WOMAN: What?! I made *you* feel bad? YOU BASTARD! What the hell is *wrong* with you? Why the hell did you have to pick a fight like that?

YOUNG MAN: Huh? But I thought you wanted to know how I felt?

YOUNG WOMAN: Of course I do! But you're not supposed to say I make you feel *bad*!

YOUNG MAN: But . . . But you *do* make me feel bad. I thought you wanted me to be honest about my feelings?

YOUNG WOMAN: That's not being *honest* -- that's you being a *whiny little bitch*! God, my roommates were right about you -- you're just a tool, aren't you? Just like every other guy. This is *just* like what happened on Valentine's Day!

YOUNG MAN: What was wrong with Valentine's Day? I spent a fortune, we had a great time!

YOUNG WOMAN: How could you NOT know what you did wrong on Valentine's Day!? Don't you ever listen? Are you just *stupid*? Why do I always end up with the stupid ones?

YOUNG MAN: I . . . uh . . . please . . . um . . .

YOUNG WOMAN: You just said that to make me feel like shit -- and that fucks up my whole *week*. You KNOW I have an exam next week, and now that you've made me feel like shit I'll probably flunk it. *Thanks*, you asshole. Oh, just wait until Karen and Amy hear what you did! Amy said you'd pull some bullshit like this -- she *never* liked you.

YOUNG MAN: I . . . um . . . what did I . . . ?

YOUNG WOMAN: Look, don't make it worse -- you already made me feel like complete shit about myself. How dare you? Don't you know what kind of stress I'm under? Do you know how bad you've made me feel? Look, just get the hell out, and don't come by for a few days. How could you say those mean things to me?

YOUNG MAN: But . . . what about how *you* make *me* feel? Can we talk about that?

YOUNG WOMAN: YOU ASSHOLE! Why? To give you *another* shot at emotionally ambushing me? I can't take this kind of abuse. Karen was right about you. Just get the fuck out, okay? And don't bother calling for a while. I'm mad at you. And terribly, terribly hurt.

YOUNG MAN: But don't you . . . don't you have anything to say . . . about how. . . ?

YOUNG WOMAN: GET OUT! What kind of whiny faggot are you, anyway? I hurt your feelings? WAH! How come I always get stuck with the overly sensitive emo types? Jesus, you make me ill. Okay, sure, maybe you take some of the shit I say the wrong way. But that doesn't give you the right to trash me like that. All right? You're such an emotional fucking basket case you probably don't understand that, but let me use small words: Get. The Fuck Over. It. Jesus, are you actually Gay? That would explain so much . . .

YOUNG MAN: Hey! Look! I'm sorry, okay? Let's just drop it. I didn't mean it. Everything's cool, all right?

YOUNG WOMAN (who sees an apology as victory): Oh, shut up and buy me some ice cream. And if you ever fucking try that shit again, I will fucking *bury* you, understand?

YOUNG MAN: Uh, sure. No problem.

See the issue? **When young women feel entitled to make each other feel like shit, making dudes feel like shit just comes naturally -- and we have virtually no defense against it.** Not at that age, and not under the influence of the Blue Pill.

(The above was a paraphrased summary of an actual argument I remember overhearing recently at a major university. No, really. I couldn't make this shit up.)

(NB: For a **Red Pill Version** of this dialog, I'd say it would go something like this:

YOUNG WOMAN: I want a (Beta) male who will be sensitive, care and share his feelings with me. So, tell me how you *really* feel about me and our relationship, so I can feel that you are honest and have feelings for me.

YOUNG MAN: I'll be happy to share my feelings for you properly whenever you're naked. Hey, whatever kind of foreplay you need . . .

YOUNG WOMAN: You're a pig! I'm serious!

YOUNG MAN: So am I. Hey, what's the story on Amy? Is she seeing anyone?

YOUNG WOMAN: You're not being-- *Why do you want to know about Amy?*

YOUNG MAN: Because if you don't stop trying to convince me I have a vagina, I'm going to need a *new girlfriend*. And Amy's always said that if I got tired of you, she might be interested in going out.

YOUNG WOMAN (who has been negged, dreaded and subjected to preselection with one sentence at this point): Look, I'm sorry, forget I brought it up. It would just be nice if you, y'know, told me how you felt sometimes.

YOUNG MAN: I think I just did. And now I'm feeling horny. Shall we explore our feelings?

You get the idea.)

Emily goes on to examine this behavior in a little more detail, including an analysis to determine just what can be done to prevent girls from emotionally beating up *other girls* (beating up on guys is apparently not a problem). She frames it in terms of figuring out why the female bully just isn't listening and comes up with 1) **because being told they're a bitch makes them feel bad**, and 2) **apologizing is seen as capitulation and failure to women**. Which trains every little girl in the West to see every apology she ever gets as a sign of her victory and success, even if an apology was unwarranted. And that helps convert them into perfect little entitlement princesses.

But then she gets to a *third* reason. Perhaps it will sound familiar to those who have been frequent visitors of the Manosphere:

3. For some people it genuinely does not compute, this notion that you're NOT actually allowed to do anything you want. Especially when you're popular. "I'm allowed to do what I want and if she doesn't like it, she can suck on it," is what feels fundamentally true to the alpha girl.

At last. *They admit it. Girls have an unrealistic sense of entitlement.* She's speaking of "alpha girls", of course, but the fact is that in a female social hierarchy, the entire point is for every girl to establish her place as close to the "queen bee" as possible. Every girl there feels entitled to position, rank, and perks for no other reason than she's a special little snowflake who's been told that she can do anything and she deserves everything. And if someone hurts her feelings, then the proper

response is to demand an apology and act out until she gets one, or causes such a big problem by an emotional outburst as to shame and embarrass the offending party.

What Emily doesn't admit, or even mention (probably because she's talking about the *important* stuff, the relationships between girls, not the *trivial* stuff, how they treat boys) is that when a young woman enters in a relationship with a young man, regardless of her social standing in the female hierarchy, after the flirtation and infatuation phases, more often than not ***the young woman in the relationship assumes the role of "queen bee" in regards to her boyfriend and treats him as a female social subordinate in their emotional dealings.***

And Blue Pill dudes just have little idea how to react to that apart from utter capitulation. Princess asks a baited question. Dude walks right into it, thinking he should actually believe her when she says she values honesty and wants to know how she really feels. Princess melts down, any criticisms turned back around on him, with counter-claims of emotional distress. Dude panics at the emotional display, seeks to appease unhappy Princess with whatever she wants. Dude apologizes, signalling (to her) that she has social dominance over him (as opposed to masculine culture, where a well-delivered apology actually can *enhance* the social position of the apologizer). Princess triumphantly offers a shit-test to reward Blue Pill Dude for his temerity to actually have hurt feelings and his weakness in apologizing with contempt. Blue Pill Dude fails shit test, capitulates, and drives Princess to Starbucks to listen to bad live music and publicly display his submission to her.

So when your feminist girlfriend told you she wanted a sensitive dude who shared his feelings, she meant only your POSITIVE feelings about her, no negative ones. Because in a relationship with a Queen Bee (and every girl in our culture seems to feel entitled to be the Queen Bee, so this is true regardless of the woman in question's social status -- even a low-status late-blooming girlfriend with her first college boyfriend) *any negative feelings* you have about her **and express** are essentially the same thing as physically assaulting her and starting an argument, in Girlspeak.

So when she says she wants to know what your feeling . . . **she's lying**. And she expects *you* to lie, too. And goddess help you if you don't.

Emily admits she doesn't know how to counter this,

I don't know how to do this. But if you're a person who has believed that you're allowed to do what you like and it's not your fault if it hurts people, understand that there are rules about what is okay or not in a fight

And then she enumerates a few common-sense things like "no name calling" and "no ultimatums", **completely ignoring the fact that girls almost always abandon "civilized" rules of engagement when they fight.** Indeed, she points out how devious and quick to violate rules of standard, civilized behavior they are *in the first paragraph*. Yet these devious, conniving young ladies who are utterly entitled and irresponsible towards each other are supposed to adhere to a strong code of conduct when "fighting" with each other?

She doesn't say. But she does end with something powerful and important. For the first time in my memory, a self-proclaimed feminist has agreed and essentially endorsed the entire premise behind the Red Pill:

*The social rules you learned in school or from your parents are not necessarily the ones that will serve you well in life. If you cling to those old rules because they are familiar, you will be trapped in the same pattern of relationships you've always experienced. If you are satisfied and content with those relationships, okay. **If you would like to improve your relationships, it's time to find some new rules to follow.***

Emphasis mine. Of course, she's discussing the need for new rules of conduct *between women*, she's not addressing the issues between the genders.

But if the social rules I learned in school and from my parents **included a strong dose of feminism**, the idea that men and women share an "equal" role in leading and guiding a relationship with the male always displaying deference to the female? If I see feminism conspiring to trap me (or my entire generation) into a destructive and dysfunctional pattern of relationships? If this pattern has led to a spiral of self-loathing, hypergamy, and misandry for the men in our culture, do we not all have a stake in changing this pattern?

Men, in aggregate, have seen their masculinity constantly under attack from feminism for four decades. Consider this in light of the above observations about female social posturing and relational dynamics. If feminism is the metaphorical "queen bee", and "she" feels "under attack" because we're complaining that they're making us feel bad, then what is the traditional, natural feminine response?

1) Feminism is uninterested in taking responsibility for what it has made us feel (that is, male views of ourselves and of women) because, like a Queen Bee girl bully, any complaints or criticisms are dismissed as our bad reaction to "losing male privilege", **because as Men our expressed pain and suffering undermines the feminist contention that all men are a privileged class of oppressors and that women are their innocent victims.** In Girlspeak, if men feel bad about themselves then instead of that being an important piece of emotional communication, it's viewed as an excuse to punish us for making *them* feel bad that they made *us* feel bad. It's *our* fault that we feel bad, in other words, and they want to punish us for it, not take ownership of it. Better to call us a bunch of crybabies than to own up to their responsibilities for our current culture. It's a classic emotion dismissing framework.

2) Feminism is telling Men that we are being "too sensitive" when we complain, usually by pointing out the millennia of suffering Women had to endure while Men walked the earth with god-like power and authority oppressing Women with their penises and their Patriarchy -- *so whaddya whining about?* **Feminist contention that MRAs and other advocates for masculinity who voice grievances with Women, in aggregate, are merely personally bitter and scarred from their experiences and are *not* representative of a wider cultural problem** (In other words, these angry, often divorced men are being "too sensitive" about lives ruined with hypergamy and gender-based social injustice, because it's still SO much better to be a boy than a girl in our culture) is a common

tactic used when a feminist is forced into a corner and held to account. The "too sensitive" response is doubly effective on men, too. With women, it's basically an invocation of shaming based on a woman being too Beta. But with men being "too sensitive" is almost always intended to shame and emasculate.

3) Feminism feels entitled to take revenge on Men for what they have done (made women feel bad about feminism's assault on masculinity, among a laundry list of other crimes). Despite proclamations that feminism is an ideology of equality, from the beginning it has exclusively been *women's* rights, not *equal* rights, that has motivated feminists to action and feminism to an academic pursuit. When one aspect of womanhood perceives itself under attack, the first instinct is to "gather allies" by expanding the frame of the issue to include all women, therefore making a single and distinct issue part of a large attack on femininity by "the Patriarchy". Once mobilized, **collective womanhood has no compunctions about "taking revenge" far in excess of the original issue, and gains support from non-feminist women by invoking a mutual distrust of All Men** -- male-punishing custody and divorce laws, for instance, and the pro-divorce hypergamy impulse. ("That's right, honey, *leave* his ass and take half if you aren't happy! He *owes* you! Serves those filthy men right!"). Women who try to take a stand against a consensus of sisterhood are included in the ostracization and revenge. *Just* like a Queen Bee girl bully does to the spunky nerdy chick who tries to stand up for what's right.

4) Feminism judges and shames anyone it sees as having tried to "hurt" feminism by *daring* to have hurt feelings attributed in origin to Feminism. And any attempts to try to hold Feminism accountable for its actions (male or female) is condemned with shaming language and harsh judgements and withering criticism calling into question every aspect of the critic's life without addressing the thrust of their arguments. **If someone tries to publicly call feminist ideology to account for, say, the high number of single-parent households in America, then they are shamed for being anti-progressive sexists atavists who haven't come out of the 19th century . . . not compassionate, concerned citizens of the 21st century who *observe a problem* and propose that maybe -- *just maybe* -- the fact that half a generation grew up actively estranged from a strong paternal, masculine influence just might have *something* to do with the sad state of our nation's youth.** Indeed any attempt to hold femininity to account for its share in the problem is seen as an attack and grounds for harshest judgement. Shaming and judgement are two powerful feminine tools, and under feminism they've been thoroughly weaponized.

In short . . . feminism is TERRIBLE at hearing its behavior made someone feel bad. And since it has enormous social capital left over from the 60s and 70s, it *doesn't hesitate* to strike back viciously at any critics. Feminism treats Men, in aggregate, like the usual girl bully Queen Bee does *anyone* she sees as a threat.

That's not Emily's point -- Emily's point is that girl bullies don't have any compelling reason to change their poor behavior, even though they should, because they're impacting the self-esteem of other girls and hurting their feelings, and hurting the feelings of girls is, of course, *always* wrong. But *my* point is that **feminism has traditionally displayed the same poor socialization in its manifestations as the very worst sort of girl-bullying, particularly in regards to men.**

But I can't argue with her over-all conclusion.

Time for some new rules.

Beta Move: Play Nurse

February 9, 2012 | by Ian Ironwood | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

One of the implicit aspects of marriage that men all too often gloss over is the whole "in sickness" part. But when your wife has a lousy cold, then think of it as an opportunity to do some Beta DHVs (yes, there are such things).



Hello, Nurse!

Here's a couple of tips:

- 1) Ensure she has the right medications for her symptoms. If that means you have to learn the difference between a decongestant and an anti-inflammatory, then so be it.
- 2) The softest, cushiest tissues money can buy.
- 3) Spring for the expensive cough drops. She's worth it.
4. Juice. Go ahead and get a lot. It's going to be a bumpy ride.
5. Soup. Homemade if you can, Campbell's if you can't. Put it on a tray and bring it to her in bed.
6. Sleep. Ensure she gets as much as she needs to recuperate. She will appreciate you MUCH MORE if you handle every possible detail, and her symptoms as well.
7. Entertainment. Go ahead and grab some mags and some DVDs. It will help keep her from getting testy and bored.
8. Attitude. Be cheerful. The last thing she wants is to feel like she's being a burden. When you start to think she's milking it, start easing her back into the realm of the living.
9. Doctor. If she needs it, make her go. Drive her if you must. And don't complain about the expense -- that's a DLV.

10. DON'T use it as an opportunity for seduction. Unless she's into that sort of thing.

Often we avoid our wives like the plague when they're sick -- but this is just an opportunity for resentment to set in if you do not care for her properly. What you DON'T want to do is have her use it to have endless relationship discussions out of boredom. Take care of her . . . but take care of your business, too.

Alpha Move: Give her chocolate . . . the *right* way!

February 16, 2012 | by Ian Ironwood | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



Okay, I know Athol and I and a whole bunch of other Manosphere guys are hardcore geeks and nerds (there is a difference, but only a geek would know it and only a nerd would argue about it). That's off-putting to some folks who don't "get" sci-fi and think it's all a bunch of ray guns and rocket ships. The fact is, the reason a lot of us geek out about sci-fi and comics and such is that they present more elegant and useful metaphors for the realities of our post-industrial existence. "Using the Force", for instance, when you are closing your eyes driving through traffic on the interstate, or "entering the Neutral Zone" when undertaking activity of dubious legality. The fact is, we use sci-fi metaphors because they are apt and elegant and they are a common point of reference for many of us who didn't do a lot of dating in High School.

That being said as preface, we come to the topic of today's post, the proper way to give your wife chocolate.

Mrs. Ironwood and I have been eagerly enjoying *The Big Bang Theory*, not only for it's witty nerdicisms but also for it's portrayal of a gang of misfit Betas, Sigmas, Deltas and Omegas attempt to overcome their terminal geekitude and find babes. When one actually does, his roommate Sheldon, an anal-retentive OCD genius theoretical physicist, has a hard time dealing with her feminine idiosyncracies. Instead of pitching a hissy fit, he handles the situation with masculine cunning. Observe:

(Crap, they disabled embedding, the bastards.)

I'll wait a moment while you first go watch this clip . . .

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qy_mIEnnIF4

. . . and then this one:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EWyZHSZf3TM>

Back yet?

When Mrs. Ironwood and I first watched this, we laughed so hard we almost peed.

And after that it became an inside joke. I started carrying around a small bag of candy (Hershey's drops, but any kind of small, easily portable chocolate candy will do) and whenever she did something I approved of, say, initiate sex, talk dirty, or verbally offer me respect for what I do, or some such, I'd whip out the bag and say "*Chocolate?*" and she'd laugh. I'd laugh. Funny.

But I kept doing it. After a while, it stopped being funny in one way, and started being funny in another as she acknowledged my conscious attempts to take control of the relationship and modify her behavior. Whenever I suddenly offered her a chocolate, it was a tangible and concrete sign of my approval, and a tacit rejection of the behavior she avoided. In other words, it made her unconscious behaviors I disliked conscious, calling her out and holding her accountable, while rewarding her for her efforts to counter them -- even if they were accidental. I tried to never do it ironically, always supportively. And after a while, I didn't even need the chocolate. I could just pantomime handing her one and asking, and she'd get the point.

Once again, little subtle, subtextual rituals can communicate volumes in a marriage. I'm not trying to demean my wife, belittle her or insult her intelligence. But I am making a point of letting her know that I am observing her behavior and such little things do not escape my notice or my memory (as she once thought they did). And lastly I am making the point that I would much rather lovingly offer her chocolate for good behavior than, say, get into an argument over negative behavior.

Yeah, I can use it to be an asshole sometimes. But she forgives me. Hey, I give her chocolate. What's she going to say?

Alpha Move: Stand Up Straight

February 18, 2012 | by Ian Ironwood | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



A lot of guys in the first few days of taking the Red Pill are at a loss about how to begin. They're still coming out of the Blue Pill stupor, and the task in front of them seems daunting. Some are so intimidated by it that they abandon it altogether. Sure, they can work out, but that takes *weeks* to have any significant visible effect, so they feel trapped. They want to see some instant results.

What the novice Red Pill man needs to remember is that the goal of Game, Married or Single flavors, is *not* necessarily to become an Alpha male (most of us are simply not equipped to handle full Alpha – and the drawbacks are almost as severe as the advantages), it's to *present* as an Alpha. *Big* difference. Even if you aren't chiseled out of granite and endowed with a big, bulging trust fund, **you can still use the subtextual cues of dominance associated with Alpha to improve your presentation.** One of the most subtle yet dramatic ways you can do this is through the simple expedient of **standing up perfectly straight.**

The customs associated with military life – our attempt to institutionalize the aggressive masculine Alpha – include standing at attention. Why? **Because standing perfectly straight, balanced on both feet, makes you taller and more intimidating automatically.** Slouching is for Betas, Sigmas and Omegas. Alphas have good posture.

Don't underestimate the effect of this cue. If you wish, try an experiment. If you are learning Single Game ala Roissey and Roosh V, then try an approach with your shoulders slumped and with you leaning casually. Then try another approach standing perfectly straight, shoulders back, head fixed firmly on one spot, with few if any extraneous movements. I think you'll find that there is a definite difference in result.

If you are learning Married Game, then make a slightly annoying, slightly unreasonable request of your wife or girlfriend slouched over, casual style. Then wait an hour and try a different annoying, slightly unreasonable request standing straight up, balanced equally on both feet, shoulders squared and facing her directly. Note the difference in reaction.

The secret to maintaining good posture is known to ballerinas and models the world over: you simply imagine a string pulling you skyward from the top of your head. It requires a little effort at first to maintain that posture, but with time and practice it becomes automatic. And you will notice a subtle but decided shift in how people treat you from this very simple change to your presentation. Standing up straight makes you taller (DHV), take up more space, and it makes people *literally* look up to you (well, shorter people). More, **your willful attention to your own presentation will increase both your confidence and your focus – both of which are essential to Game, and hallmarks of a mature masculinity.**

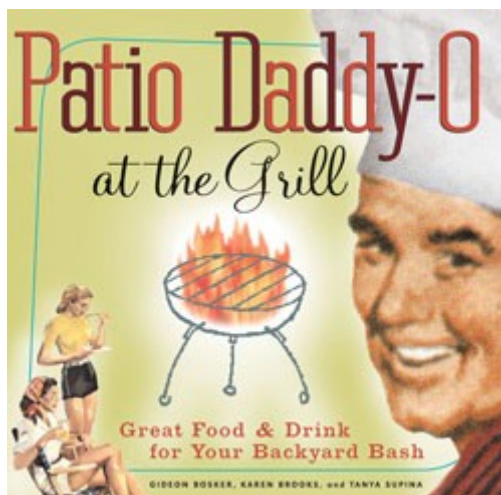
So stand up straight. Smile confidently and have good posture. No one else might be watching, but *you* always are – and if you can impress yourself, you'll impress the ladies. Besides, it don't cost nothin'.

Alpha Move: Iron Chef "The Kitchen is MY Domain"

February 19, 2012 | by Ian Ironwood | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I originally posted this as a [comment on the venerable Badger's site](#), but I thought it bore re-posting here:

A commenter basically said that cooking was women's work. I passionately disagree. Here's why.



While cooking has traditionally been done by women in agricultural and tribal cultures due to the division of labor, there is nothing unmasculine or inherently and irredeemably beta about cooking. Indeed, it can be an *intensely* profound exercise of male power.

Mrs. Ironwood can't cook. *At all*. Her brother and her male cousin were both adept professional chefs. She and her mother . . . well, they couldn't cook their way out of a refugee camp with Paula Deen helping them. My wife once washed pasta with *soap*. Two weeks after moving in with her, I excused her from all future attempts and assumed the duties exclusively. Indeed, I wrote into our marriage vows that I will "Feed her when she is hungry". She's utterly abysmal, due in part to her training in science, which requires exact measurements and such. ("*It's says 'brown the beef' . . . how brown? What shade of brown? AGHH!*" -- actual quote).

I, on the other hand, have cooking as a part of my family culture, with a legacy cookbook and everything. I've cooked professionally for years, and pursued it as a passionate hobby since my teens. The skill certainly got me laid in college -- there is great Game in cooking, if you do it right. The first time I cooked a full meal for Mrs. Ironwood, she dropped the fork, swallowed, and said "I want to have your babies." I'm *good*.

So when we cohabitated, I cooked. She didn't. When we got married, I cooked, she didn't. I do every meal, and I don't phone it in. I have demanded that she learn how to respect the food even if she doesn't know how to prepare it, and I've introduced her to all sorts of cuisines she likely never would have tried. My subtextual message was pretty loud: **FOOD COMES THROUGH ME! IF YOU WANT TO EAT WELL, KEEP ME HAPPY.**

Even in my worst Beta years, I was always Alpha in the kitchen. I could have a girlfriend in my kitchen and even assist, but if she started trying to take control, I'd throw a bitch *out*. MY DOMAIN. And if she didn't like the food . . . well, sure sign of poor relationship material.

Mrs. Ironwood loves everything I put in front of her. While her single girlfriends were eating Ramen noodles or "dating for dinner" or hitting McD's AGAIN, she was getting incredible meals every night. Serious DHV.

So, now that I have kids, and I'm running a family in addition to a relationship, the kitchen and meal prep is an even more important extension of power and order in my household. There's nothing beta in mandating when and what shall be consumed by the family, what is purchased at the grocery store and how much is spent. In a post-industrial world where cleaning and supplying has been largely outsourced or simplified, cooking (and laundry) remain the key components of housework left. Athol has spoken at length about the Game value of doing laundry, and I defer to his expertise on the matter. But the Married Game value of cooking is at least as high, and can be much, much higher.

And now that I have kids, I use cooking to make sure they have the Ironwood gene for culinary arts intact, and teach them my rules and my perspective on food. One child at a time is designated "kitchen elf" and acts as an apprentice and assistant. Each meal they cook comes with a lecture on where the food came from, nutrient value, portions, preservation, native culture, method of cultivation, and important historical and cultural points related to the food. All very nerdy, yes.

But my 7 year old can turn a pretty deft omelet. My 10 year old makes her own pie crust. My 12 year old can tell you far, far more than you wanted to know about all sorts of kitchen and food-related lore. We have enshrined "rules of the kitchen", from Rule No. 1: Sharp things cut, hot things burn to The Ironwood Rule: In this house, we garnish! My kids go to the grocery store and farmer's market with me, help with cleanup (with a little coercion) and are generally part of the cooking tradition.

Mrs. Ironwood has learned enough to be competent with very simple dishes, but I still like having one of the kids around to watch her, just in case.

Cooking is not exclusively a feminine province. Consider the scene from *Goodfellas*, when the mobsters are conspiring to cook pasta in prison and pay loving attention to each detail of the meal. In the rugged Pyrenees the Euskandulak gentlemen's "supper clubs" are all-male social opportunities wherein the local leading men of the community take turns producing fabulous meals for each other (and then go on to discuss smuggling operations or furthering the goals of the Basque Separatist movement with guns and bombs). In my own beloved South, there are teams of male barbecue enthusiasts who compete relentlessly for title and reputation. Last weekend I had the fortune to be on a Scout backpacking trip during which I ate expertly prepared venison and squirrel by a man who knew how to use seasoning and preparation to bring out the full, rich flavor of the meat.

There is nothing at all unmanly about food prep. Nor is it a demeaning or unhonorable task. Indeed, the idea that "men don't cook" for years gave women power over the domestic homefront. Now that division of labor is a lot less pronounced, there's no reason at all why a man can't be responsible for the food that goes in the mouths of his family.

It's a subtle Art, make no mistake. The comfortable dependability of food provides plenty of positive Beta, and your craft -- and eventual mastery -- of turning ingredients into delicious food provides a powerful statement about your dedication and skill, knowledge and creativity, all of which are Alpha.

But then it comes to presentation, and that's where the real Alpha kicks in. Anyone can cook, eventually. But if you really want to get the most out of the experience then I suggest you cultivate a bit of showmanship and cunning about how you present your food to the people who eat it. That doesn't necessarily mean that every meal has to be 5 star fare, but it does mean that you use attractive and appropriate settings to support your meals.

One advantage of living in a traditionally-oriented culture like the South is that there is a culture of appreciation around manners, etiquette, and the proper enjoyment of food. My table is My Table, and I set the rules. It's as much my arena as my bed or my desk, and I enforce those rules rigorously (though not always successfully) when we are eating. The rules are not decided by mutual consensus, or a vote, or anything other than the fact that it is My Table, the Captain's Table, and I alone am the arbiter of the rules there.

If they don't like it, there's peanut butter and jelly in the pantry.

So don't dismiss this very valuable avenue of alpha/beta power as inherently feminine or demeaning. That would be letting go of a potential masculine asset.

Besides, don't forget that far more women poison their husbands than vice versa. No need to tempt her. Just sayin'.

No, It Wasn't In Your Head: Ms. Dustybox Really *Was* Out To Get You

February 20, 2012 | by Ian Ironwood | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Wonderful post over at [The Private Man](#) about this [study](#) showing that while male teachers tend to grade boys and girls fairly, female teachers do, indeed, grade boys more harshly and downgrade them more.



We had an old spinster teacher in Middle School we nick-named Ms. Dustybox for obvious reasons. Very typical eager feminist-educating-young-minds-while-bitching-about-her-love-life sort of teacher. We all suspected that she hated boys and punished their grades accordingly, while giving generous passes and better grades to girls. She couldn't shut up about "equality", and it was her tired screeds in front of the classroom that first gave me the inkling that maybe feminist "equality" meant tearing boys down as much or more than building girls up.

So now we have this study that shows that, surprise surprise, female teachers grade boys more harshly. I wonder what the feminist response to this will be? HINT: It will involve blaming the men and the system, while absolving any women of any responsibility. Just a prediction, folks.

But this should encourage every parent out there to double-check their sons' schoolwork, and examine their grades for signs of gender bias. I know I felt discriminated against in High School and Middle School because of my gender, but I could never prove it. This might help level the playing field a little.

Anatomy of The Perfect Red Pill Date: Introduction

February 21, 2012 | by Ian Ironwood | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



I've been taking the Red Pill for a while now, and successfully Gaming my wife for over two months to spectacular success. A few days ago I decided to test myself: did I have what it takes to plan and execute a maneuver designed to up my SR (relative to my wife) dramatically? **Was I ready to pull out the Big Date?**

That question was answered for me when I quite unexpectedly got some money I hadn't counted on.

The life of a freelance writer is exciting, which means scary, which means poverty stricken. That's why I appreciate my day job so much, because then freelancing isn't how I pay the rent, it's how I pay for the luxuries and extras after the bills are paid. One of the vagaries of the profession is how long it can take you to get paid for a job. I just got some cash for one I did almost two years ago – so long, I'd forgotten I'd done it and was supposed to get paid. It wasn't an extravagant amount, but with our bills thankfully paid for once and no pressing need elsewhere, I had some capital to work with for a change.

So just how could I plan, plot, prepare and execute the Perfect Date with my wife without fumbling? That was the question I decided to answer. After all, I've been running Game for a couple of months, she's responded admirably, and our relationship has never been better – why push it?

Well, I wouldn't be Ian Ironwood if I didn't push it.

No good experiment is valid unless you know up front what a positive conclusion will look like. In this case, I was looking for five results:

- 1) **Increase just how attractive I was to my wife by increasing my sex rank to nearly overwhelming levels**
- 2) **Do so with a powerful series of Alpha moves softened with Beta sophistications to keep things fun.**
- 3) **Have an *incredibly* good time myself**
- 4) **Ensure she not only had a good time, but is so surprised and delighted by the wonderment I cause that she can't shut up about how romantic I am.**
- 5) **Get laid commiserate to the level of difficulty and resources consumed.**

And of course all of this is designed to strengthen our bond, our relationship, our marriage, all that good stuff.

As experiments go, it was a worthy one. And since I feel I have a duty to the Manosphere to share whatever successes and failures I have on the Red Pill path, I'm going to give you the play-by-play of the whole thing. Learn from my mistakes, learn from what I did right. And feel free to take credit for the latter your own self if you end up using my stuff – I don't mind.

PART I: PLANNING AND DATE PREP

This is the fun part: just what do you want to treat your woman to? What will entertain her and delight her and make her think of you in tingly terms? In my case, I recently got my teeth fixed, and I can finally eat steak which we've avoided for over a year since my dental problems arose. So for the dinner, I chose the finest steak house in the metro region – you know, the family owned one that's been there for three generations and it's almost impossible to get a reservation?



I called in a favor and got a reservation. Luckily I still know plenty of people in the restaurant business. It was a late one – 9:30 – but that actually worked to my favor. Still, that reservation determined the course of the rest of the evening. We had to be at the restaurant at 9:30 or give up our spot.

From there the rest got tricky. A quick search of the local music sites showed that all the cool stuff that was playing in town in terms of live music would all be starting at 9:00 – which would conflict with dinner. So live music was out.

While there was a Broadway show at the local performing arts center, tickets were sold out and my connections couldn't help. No show.

The movies that weekend sucked. No movies.

I was rapidly running out of conventional “things for married people to do on a Saturday night” fare – but that simply inspired me. I didn't want just “dinner and a movie” – that wouldn't inspire the kind of reaction I was looking for. So I got creative. An hour later, my creativity having failed me, I asked my 18 year old niece (lined up for babysitting for the occasion and sworn to secrecy) what she thought of as a perfect date. She thought for all of five picoseconds, and then said “*Shopping!*”

Oh, dear Goddess . . .



And apparently the Goddess heard my prayer and sent me inspiration. I figured out how to incorporate shopping into our date without a) me waiting in silent frustration while she tried on a bunch of stuff she knew she wouldn't like and b) holding a purse and rendering an opinion. I liked the idea so much that I built the rest of the date around it.

But first, I had to set things up. I stashed my suit in a garment bag in the back of my car. I cleaned out my car and gassed it up. Got a haircut. I ensured the Niece was on call to babysit. I knew that Mrs. Ironwood had a Girl Scout thing that morning, then a Cub Scout thing that afternoon. I also knew that Preselection is a powerful tool that I rarely employ in my Game, at least not directly. If I really wanted maximum impact for this date – and I wanted it to feel like an Atom Bomb of romantic lust – then using some unfamiliar elements would not only be more of a challenge, it had the possibility of amping up the rewards *significantly*.

So first things first: when my wife returned from Girl Scouts that afternoon, and prepared to take the boys to Cubs, I began my run.

I took my 10 year-old daughter to go see her first Roller Derby bout.

Because if you *really* want to make your wife feel jealous, the safest way to do so is to take your daughter out, just the two of you.

Next Time: The Pre-Date Date

Anatomy of the Perfect Red Pill Date: Phase 1 Preselection

February 22, 2012 | by Ian Ironwood | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Continued from the [Introduction](#).



Preselection, as most Red Pill dudes and Married Game aficionados know, **is the tendency to find someone more attractive based on the fact that a third party finds them desirable.**

I don't wear a wedding ring, for instance, because it makes me more attractive to single women because they figure SOMEONE thought I was worth a damn. Similarly, when a man or woman wants to elicit a strong and passionate response in their partner, a little flirting with a member of the opposite sex in front of their SO -- or even overhearing a member of the opposite sex say flattering things about your spouse -- is often sufficient to inspire a passionate reaction. **Preselection is a power-up for your sex rank.**

True Story: At a sci-fi event where I was promoting a book, Mrs. Ironwood chanced to be in the bathroom at the same time as two of my younger, prettier fans (I have old and ugly fans, too, BTW).

They had just met me, and I had been my usual charming self and flirted to the very boundaries of good taste -- Mrs. I wasn't around, no harm done. But when she overheard them talking about hot hot I was (!) and wondering to each other if I was single, I suddenly had my usually only casually-interested wife glued to my side for the rest of the evening. And minstrels will one day write epics about the humpage that evening.

But I digress. My plan was to incite a Preselection buff through the simple and safe expedient of a date with my 10 year old daughter. She's had a recent birthday, and I have been promising her a Daddy-Daughter date for a while. The day before my date I had found out that the season opener for our local Roller Derby league was that afternoon, and I had grabbed tickets. I surprised her with them that morning, and told her after she got back from Girl Scouts we would be on our way.

Mrs. Ironwood, of course, always loves to see me spend time with the kids (SR+1). But she had spent all morning with a hundred screaming Girl Scouts, and had to take the boys to Cub Scouts now.

"Aren't you going to finish--" she began, as we waited in the driveway for the boys to emerge in uniform -- never a short process.

"Done," I answered simply, referring to any number of chores on my weekly list.

"Do you think it would fun for all of us to go?" she asked, expectantly.

"Yes . . . but we aren't all going. This is about me and her." I was Firm. Good Alpha stance, tone said *my mind is made up and this is how it's going to be*.

Nostrils flare. "I spend all day with Girl Scouts and SHE gets a date?" she asks with a snort. "When do *I* get a date?"

I shrugged nonchalantly. "I'll see what I can do. Consult your schedule. Maybe if you play your cards right. Besides, you and the boys have an activity. This is *our* special time."

"Well, you and I'll Elektra have a blast!" she said, sarcastically, sticking her tongue out at my daughter. She gave me a few more nostril flares for good measure and opened the hatch for the boys. She looked me up and down -- I was looking GOOD. Black jeans, black sweater, black wool coat, black fedora, long black scarf. Just had my hair cut and my beard trimmed. Shoes were shined. I smelled good. Real good. She noticed.

"It's just not fair!" she grumbled one last time before giving me a peck, her daughter a jealous glance, and pulled away.

Preselection buff activated. Relative SR+2.

Daughter and I had a blast by ourselves -- I let her sit in the front seat in flagrant violation of matronly directive, I bought her a MASSIVE bag of blue cotton candy, I asked her about school and boys and Scouts and other Daddy-Daughter bonding stuff. She was eating up the attention. And yes, she had TOTALLY caught how jealous Mommy was, and that was the *coolest thing in the world*.

Ran light Game on her through the ticketing and concession process, but she was on perfect behavior as we learned the intricacies of racing around a cement floor on wheels as an acceptable outlet for feminine aggression. Daughter was enchanted. We went through the program and studied the rules and the players. By the end of the second bout, we kinda knew what we were talking about.

Meanwhile, I had to fend off the advances of several women.

I'm a decent looking guy in my 40s in nice clothes, no wedding ring, taking my daughter to a fun girl outing. I heard "Oh, is it your weekend?" at least five times. Older women, younger women, me sitting there with my arm around my little girl, looking all paternal, I felt like prime steak at a Weight Watchers meeting.

Interesting side note: Gentlemen, for a target-rich environment of women of all sorts -- but with PLENTY of the young-and-cute variety -- I cannot recommend Roller Derby bouts strongly enough. Once you peel back the thick layer of lesbians, what remains is no less than fertile territory. They serve beer, there are literally thousands of opportunities for approach, its a low-shield environment, and after a couple of active bouts most of these women had their blood up and would have humped any convenient leg. Just thought I'd put that out there. That is all.

Bought Daughter a highly-coveted T-shirt, got some free promotional stickers, took some pictures, saw some gruesome pictures of the various injuries sustained just last season (!), talked Daughter out of an expensive pair of skates by pointing out her feet were still growing.

But she was enchanted. Girls hitting other girls. Girls on skates hitting other girls . . . to the roar of the crowd. Now, I call my daughter (half-mockingly) "Princess" sometimes, but the fact is that she's more the Xena type, despite her pretty looks. My girl can take a hit. She's got feet that would make a ballerina faint -- the Ironwood tootsies have been huge for generations. But she'd make an outstanding Roller Derby girl . . . in eight years. When she has her own insurance.

But she did pick out her Roller Derby stage name: ***Kitty Katfight***. That's hers, now. She called dibs. Don't cross her, either.

We had a great time coming back, covered in cotton candy, the sun fading towards the horizon, Mommy and the boys already home from their field trip. My rank towards Daughter went up significantly, and then even more when I revealed the plan of The Big Date. I gave her the details. She thought they were impressive and said so. She offered a few suggestions. I took one, dismissed the rest, thanked her for her help. I got a "Best Daddy EVER!" for my troubles.

On the way home, I texted my wife:

YOU HAVE 45 MINUTES TO SHOWER AND MAKE UP YOUR FACE.

Next time: Phase 2 Extraction

Anatomy of the Perfect Red Pill Date: Phase II Extraction

February 23, 2012 | by Ian Ironwood | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Continued from [Phase I Preselection](#)



Within moments of sending the text, I got a call.

"What do you mean, *put on makeup*? Niece just showed up and told me to jump in the shower! *Where are we going*?" Stress, a trace of exhaustion, irritation . . . she's a little put-off by the sudden developments, and she doesn't hesitate to tell me. "You *know* I don't like surprises!" she lies. I can tell by her voice that behind the anxiety there's excitement.

"We'll discuss it when I get home," I said, simply.

"Well, what should I *wear*?" she nearly demands. As per usual, when faced with a potential crisis a woman's first refuge is her wardrobe.

"Those shoes you've been wearing to work will do. They're comfortable enough, aren't they?"

"For what? Rock climbing? Or a movie?"

"The night is young," I say, mysteriously. "No telling *where* we might end up." That pisses her off just right. In point of fact, I know *precisely* where we'll end up.

"Well, what about my *clothes*? What should I wear?" she repeats.

"I don't care. I wouldn't recommend absolute nudity, but beyond that I'm pretty open."

"That is absolutely *no* help!" she accuses. She paused. "What about . . . *underwear*?"

"I trust your judgement." She *hates* it when I say that.

"Ian, I *need some direction!*" she nearly pleads. I chuckle. Further confirmation of the efficacy of the Red Pill is not needed. She just summed up our relationship dynamic in a nutshell. Of course, she couldn't let me exercise that kind of power without trying to rein me in. "You know, you're being kinda a *dick* about this."

"We're going on a *date*," I finally admit. "That's all you get for now. I'll see you in about half an hour. We'll leave fifteen minutes after that."

"What about the kids?" she asks, forgetting that the Niece is there.

"We won't be bringing them. They've had their fun for the day. Their pizza will show up at 7:30. I've already laid out their meds. Niece has been fully empowered to administer beatings on an as-needed basis," I promised. "Get your ass ready. *Love* you."

"I *think* I love you too!" she says, annoyed, and hangs up.

"What did she say?" Daughter demands, impishly. "Was she *surprised*?"

"Yes, she was surprised. And she said pretty much exactly what I expected her to."

"She's gonna *love* it!" she beams, with a trace of jealousy. It's mitigated by the fact that I've confided in *her*, and not her two brothers, about the Big Date. They couldn't keep a secret from their mother if their lives depended on it. She, on the other hand, had no compunctions about being sneaky about the other woman in my life. Estrogen's not so bad, if you can play it off against itself.

We finish running a few preparatory errands before we get home. Mrs. Ironwood has, at this point, changed four times, the Niece reveals to me in a private moment. I find her in the bathroom working on outfit #4 -- something casual, jeans and a sweater. She looks nice, MILFalicious, even, and she's "beaten her face" into submission as well. It's not Wedding Makeup, but it's Dinner With The Vice President Makeup. Perfect.

"Are we going to be having our *picture* taken?" she demands, nostrils flaring.

"That is one possibility," I concede. I suddenly realize that I could have had us actually sit for a portrait at some point in the evening, a special Husband/Wife photo. I file it away for future reference. That's a High Beta move, but planning and executing it yourself would be a High Alpha move. In most cases, it is the wife that arranges and organizes documentary portraits. Knocking that responsibility off of her plate would be a huge SR buff.

"All right, I've had *enough* of this mysterious shit!" she says, whirling on her heel to face me, hairbrush held only inches under my nose and quivering dangerously. Her nostrils are at about Level 3, now. But she's biting her lip. Upset *and* excited. Just where I want her. "I've dealt with Girl Scouts all morning and Cub Scouts all afternoon on *my* Saturday, and I'm *exhausted!* I wanted to come home, crawl into bed, and pass out -- I was out in Nature today, building *bird houses!*" she complains. She's not a fan of Nature, being highly allergic to it. She takes drugs for it which allow

her to function, but she and Nature have feuded all her life, and she actively resented being confronted with it. "Where *the hell* are we going?" she demands. Borderline emotional explosion. Proto Shit Test. How I handle this will determine the outcome of our evening.

I don't shift my gaze. I count to five in my head to let the silence fill the air. Too many men rush into a response to a challenge like that, assuming that if they don't speak quickly, then their wife will think she's caught him flatfooted. This is different. **This is me preparing to Order the evening.**

The power to Order -- that is, to set initial conditions and ultimate expectations, as well as proscribe the method and manner in which an action or event takes place -- is one of the fundamental Masculine powers. I do not mean "order" in the sense of "*to* order (someone to do something)". I mean it in the sense of "*establishing* order". It's not an accident that the Captain of a ship's directives are called "orders" -- they "*order*" the ship.

One of the things about taking the Red Pill is that you have to accept -- nay, embrace -- that power, and when you recognize an opportunity to exercise it, you must do so decisively. Which is why I waited. I wanted *just* enough silence to let her know that what I was about to say was Important, and this little pause was a bit of showmanship to add credence and authority to my Order.

"Babe, you can go crawl into bed right now and I'll make sure you aren't disturbed until morning. Or you can get your ass in the car in the next ten minutes and go with me. But make up your mind and embrace your choice, because either way I don't want to hear *any* complaining about the evening, regardless of which one you decide upon. *Your* choice." That was it.

She could indulge her own body's need for rest (she was just finishing up antibiotics for her cold) or she could indulge her soul's need for diversion and entertainment. Three weeks out of the month it could have gone either way. This week she was ovulating, and I think that made a big difference.

She closed her mouth. She bit her lip. She let out a big sigh, and seemed to resign herself. "I'll be ready," she promised, tossing her hair unconsciously. I gave her a kiss on the cheek and a pat on the ass before I went to get ready myself.

Mission accomplished. **She had been presented with two -- and only two -- clear alternative endings for the evening.** One she was certain of. One she was utterly uncertain of. There were no details to discuss, no alternate suggestions, no other considerations . . . because she didn't have enough information, on purpose, to make them.

She had to either go to bed (alone) or she had to trust me and my ability to Order and Lead. One thing or the other. And once she was presented with those two, due to my manifestation of Order, she was able to select her choice and be content with it, for the moment. Yes, there was still Mystery implicit in the evening (she didn't know where the hell she was going) but there was also Confidence in my ability to steer us, predicated entirely on the firm, decisive way in which I Ordered her evening. So . . .

Activate Confidence In Leadership Buff: SR +1

"I *still* don't like surprises," she muttered as she finished her hair.

"Yes you do," I countered, cheerfully, and went to Order the kids around in preparation for the evening.

Then I got ready: modest amount of cologne, brush through my hair, toss the fedora, keep the scarf, nothing impressive. I had "impressive" in a gym bag in the back of my car. For all she knew, we were going to the mall for a Married People Budget Date Night. We do that probably more than most couples with kids, but it had been a while. She seemed to accept that's where we were going, relaxed into the idea of cheap pizza and beer on a Saturday night, and accepted it. In fact, she looked a little smug as she kissed the kids good-bye and unnecessarily instructed Niece about bedtime procedure.

I interrupted. "It's been handled," I assure her. "*Get in the car*. We're going to be late." Calm, sure tones, kept low on purpose. Inspires confidence. Inspires obedience.

"Late for *what*?" she asks, confused. How could we be late for beer-and-pizza? she's thinking.

"If we don't hurry, you'll never find out," I say, simply, and head for the car. She follows. She's back to "confused and irritated" again, but she **accepted my leadership**. I'm not about to let her question it now.

We get into the car, buckle up, and the first question comes, as casually as a slow ball over the plate.

"So . . . are we going out to eat?"

"There is food in your future," I promised.

"When?"

"About dinner time," I answer, unhelpfully.

"So where are we going now? A bar?"

"Nope."

"A restaurant?"

"Not at the moment."

"A concert?"

"No."

Silence. I can almost hear the wheels turning. Of course, they're so focused on the evening's itinerary that she isn't paying attention to other details. I'm kind of counting on that. I head towards the mall.

"Oh!" she says, as if it's dawning on her. "We're going to the Mall!" Well, yeah.

"For a little while," I concede. Of course, she thinks we're going to wander around, look at kids' clothes, sneer good-naturedly at the teenagers trying to look cool, before hitting Ruby Tuesday's on the way out.

"Good, Daughter needs new shoes."

"We're not buying kids' shoes." I say it as flatly as I can.

"Then what *are* we doing?" she asks, irritated. We're close enough, now. Might as well tell her.

"We're going shopping. For you."

"*Shopping?*" she asks. She knows I hate shopping. "Are you out of your fucking mind? It's Saturday night and you're taking me *shopping?*"

"Yep," I assure her. She looks at me like I'm crazy.

"Do we really have that in the budget?" she asks, hesitantly. I handle the bills. She knows that, and she knows that with three kids and a drive-by niece we have a lot of expenses. She also knows that I won't spend on frivolities when there are expenses to pay. And she doesn't know about my little freelance windfall.

"It's handled," I say, simply and confidently. "We're going shopping. For you."

"Oh," is all she can say after a few uneasy minutes. "I guess that's okay, then."

"I'm so glad you approve," I say with just a hint of snark as we pull into the parking lot. She's looking smug. Like she's got it all figured out: Mall, clothes, Ruby's, home by nine. It was seven-thirty now. What could *possibly* happen at the Mall?

NEXT: Phase 3 Power Shopping

Anatomy of the Perfect Red Pill Date: Phase III Power Shopping

February 24, 2012 | by Ian Ironwood | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Continued from [Phase II Extraction](#)



By the time we get to the mall, her mood has softened. She's accepted the fact that it's going to be a fun, romantic night, and the unknown element is undeniably exciting. I don't bother opening the door for her – we're still in "casual married people mode" but we do hold hands as we walk inside.

I lead her directly to the door of her favorite store. I've done enough research to know which one in the mall was most likely to be able to have everything she needed. She pulls me excitedly inside and starts to head for the clearance rack. She worked several retail jobs in college and she always goes for the bargains first.

I didn't budge, and when she tried to lead me away by the hand she came up short like a dog that's run out of leash. She looked at me, confused. I dropped her hand and fished out my wallet.

"Here," I said, handing over the card linked to my freelance account. "I'm not going in with you."

"*Wha—?*" Her mouth is open. Pricelessly adorable.

"You have exactly—" glance at watch "*exactly* ninety-four minutes to find and purchase attire suitable for going out to a five-star restaurant."

"*Huh?*" she replied, eloquently. Our conversation has attracted the attention of both of the store's sales clerks, who wander close enough to overhear.

“Ninety minutes. Five star restaurant. I want you to look *hot*.”

“But . . . but . . . where are we going?”

“It doesn’t matter if we’re going to McDonalds in the food court,” I assured her. “I want you to go buy a complete outfit, down to your unmentionables, and be dressed and ready to go in . . . ninety-*three* minutes, now.”

“Are you fucking *serious*?” she asks, shocked as she realizes that yes, indeed, I *am* fucking serious.

“Try to keep it under \$300.00,” I say, casually, as I kiss her on the cheek. “And try to be punctual.”

Then I turn on my heel and walk out. **No further explanation required.**

I stole one last peek before I disappeared around the corner, and saw Mrs. Ironwood excitedly explaining what her mission was.

You see, I *hate* shopping.

So does she, but she also understands how **shopping is not only a necessary aspect of professional womanhood (personal presentation is very important in her field) as well as an essential social requirement for female socialization.** She’s not a “power shopper” by any means. She eschews jewelry altogether (her father was a jeweler, once-upon-a-time . . . daddy issues) and she’s got weird feet, so she isn’t as mad about shoes as some women. That doesn’t mean I don’t have two-dozen pairs of her shoes in the bottom of my closet, but after talking to some other men, I *only* have two-dozen pairs in the bottom of my closet. If my wife has an accessory fetish, it’s purses and handbags.

But she *hates* trying to buy clothes. Like most women, she’ll try on a dozen things and usually settle on one of the first things she saw. But the entire process can take several excruciating hours and is, from a male perspective, hopelessly inefficient. This way she has a) a deadline b) a budget and c) a very specific mission, to get an outfit for a night out. Better for me, **I wasn’t subjected to said excruciating hours standing by in quiet Betatude, bearing her purse as a symbol of my subjugation.** I went shopping myself.

I have a lovely black suit, tailored, that I picked up at a going-out-of-business sale a few years ago. Classic cut, clean lines, and it’s suitable for nearly any occasion. But my dress shirts were *abysmal*. Believe it or not, most porn companies don’t require suit-and-tie for everyday business (and no, they don’t require raw-silk shirts opened to the waist and a couple of gaudy gold chains peeking through your chest hair, either – I usually wear jeans and a t-shirt). I hadn’t bought a new, nice shirt in ages. No funerals or court dates lately, and the last wedding we went to I was performing the ceremony and wearing a clerical collar.

It only takes me moments to run out to the car and grab the garment bag with my suit and shoes in it. I roll into Macy’s, feeling like John Travolta in the opening scene of Saturday Night Fever (minus the paint can). You can almost *hear* the disco music as I strut.

Back to the Men's Department – wouldn't you know, they're having a buy-one, get-one sale on shirts and ties. It takes me all of ten minutes to find a white shirt and a light gray shirt in my size. Another ten to find a belt and two ties – one blue and silver, one gray and silver. I look longingly at a brown felt crushable fedora, but it not only doesn't go with my outfit, it's far too expensive. I'd drop that kind of dough on a blocked black fedora in my size, perhaps. I let my own hamster spin for a moment, and then shut it down when I look at my watch. **I'm on a Mission.**

I pay for my stuff, spending about a hundred bucks, and then use the changing room to put on my suit. I go with the gray shirt and tie, as it brings out the gray in my eyes and that tends to inspire more romance than the blue in my eyes. More importantly, gray and black make me feel **dangerous and sexy**. I come out a few moments later and get appreciative looks from the dumpy older saleswoman and the horny old queen at the register. Admiration from both sides of the gender spectrum let me know I look *good*.

Self-Confidence Buff: Objective SR +1

If I went in as John Travolta, I come out as Frank Sinatra. I *own* the joint. I don't try to disguise the even more confident strut in my step as I cross the mall. I absorb a few more desiring glances along the way as I make my way into only bar in the mall.

Why a bar? I was dressed and ready to go, but there was still more than forty-five minutes to her deadline. I called to confirm our reservation while the bartender brought me a Jamesons on the rocks. Only one drink, but the smoky taste of peat-fired Irish whiskey is like an instant shot of masculinity in my mouth.

Side Note: Gentlemen, when approaching a bar to purchase a drink, know what you're going to order from the moment your foot crosses the threshold. There is no worse negative Beta presentation than standing in front of a bar with a perplexed look on your face while you mentally debate the merits of some chick beer with an orange in it or an apple-tini. **KNOW YOUR FUCKING POISON.**



You enter a bar, you walk confidently to the bar, cash or card in hand, you take up as much space at

the bar as you can to attract attention, you patiently wait while the patrons with bigger boobs than yours are served, and then you order your drink, decisively and resolutely. Make it simple: **a highball is about as complicated as you want to get.** For presentation's sake, stick to a single liquor on the rocks or neat. I usually recommend against beer on Date Night simply because of the awkward potential for gas. "Jameson's, Rocks," and a self-assured toss of your head should be all the discussion with the bartender you need. But it doesn't matter what it is, as long as you nail it and move on.

I nursed my drink for half an hour, checking with the sitter, checking email for the final time in the evening, and checking traffic on the way to the restaurant. Gotta love a smartphone.

At fifteen-minutes until deadline I finished my drink and went outside for a smoke. I was relaxed, I looked good, I smelled good, dammit, I felt good. I felt like James Bond in that suit. I tried to nurse that vibe, incorporate it into my presentation. Bond. *James Bond.*



I arrived at the store ten minutes early, on the off-chance she was ready. She wasn't, of course, but I got to spend that last ten minutes bantering and flirting with the two salesladies while my wife got dressed. They were positively gushing with how freakin' romantic *I* was and how lucky *she* was to have *me* . . . with her overhearing every word in the dressing room not twelve feet away.

Preselection Buff: Relative SR +1

PLUS, she got the undivided attention of two salesladies who had elected themselves her honorary handmaidens that night. She got to feel like a princess – a stressed, anxious princess trying to get her Spanx on before deadline, but a princess nonetheless. **The attention paid to her femininity by those two women helped inflate her own self-confidence, pushing up her own Sex Rank by at least a point.**

When she got out . . . it was well worth the wait. She looked *gorgeous*. A pretty white top with large blue flowers and yellow highlights, something that suggested far more cleavage than she was showing (or even has). Tight black skirt, knee-length, and black hose. With her work shoes, which I think are the most attractive on her, and her hair and make-up fixed . . . she looked good enough to molest right there and then. She had accomplished her Mission, and with three minutes to spare.

“Twirl for me,” I instructed, smiling, with just a little mocking in my voice. Instead of a snappy retort she swallowed and turned around. That skirt did amazing things for her ass. “*Outstanding*,” I pronounced, “you look gorgeous!”



Blush. I’ll take the point on that. “Thank you,” she says, demurely. “Oh my God, you changed into a *suit*? Did you *buy* a suit? Jesus, Ian, how much—”

“So much that you’re going to be feeling *very* grateful later,” I say, confidently. She blushes. The ladies behind the counter giggle girlishly.

“Well, you look **HOT**,” she says, putting lusty emphasis on the last word. I give the sales ladies a glance, and then strike an overly-dramatic GQ pose.

“What do you think, ladies? Am I earning my hourly rate?”

They assure me that yes, they would indeed rip off my clothes and hump me until we’re all sore, in politely-worded feminine code. Any doubt about the Preselection buff is gone. Mrs. Ironwood’s eyes are flashing and she’s biting her lip.

I’m about to hand them my credit card when I see a pile of panties towards the back. I stride over and very quickly select three pairs (to qualify for the sale price) that I like, two black, one nude, and that I think will be both sexy and comfortable – and yes, I know the correct size. I’ve done my

research.

“Add these,” I say, casually, and they do. Total bill is just under \$200. Even with her padding it a little with a few hosiery items. Mrs. Ironwood has done well.

“You’re buying me *panties*?” she asks, surprised.

I shrug. “Who says they’re for you?” I quip, as I grab the bags. I offer her my elbow, and she takes it. She thanks the ladies profusely for their invaluable assistance. She feels even more like a princess as we’re leaving.

“So you got me all dressed up to go to Ruby Tuesday’s?” she chuckles. “That’s *adorkably* romantic!”

“Yes, it would be,” I say, as I lead her firmly past the mall restaurant and out into the parking lot. “But I upgraded from ‘adorkable’ to ‘elegant’. Hope you don’t mind.”

“Ian,” she says, suddenly back on unsure ground. “If we’re not . . . where the hell *are* we going?”

“To dinner,” I say, as I open the passenger side door and help her in. She needs help, too. Between the Spanx and the skirt, she can barely walk, let alone mount a SUV.

“Are you going to blindfold me?” she jokes.

“We don’t have time,” I say, as I close the door. “We have a 9:30 reservation.”

That’s got her attention. Usually the only restaurants we go to where you have to make a reservation involve giant mechanical instrument-playing mice and really bad, over-priced kids’ pizza.

“So where are we going?” she pleads, excitedly. “And who the hell makes a 9:30 dinner reservation?”

“I do,” I say, smugly, as I slide into the driver’s seat. “And you make that late a reservation when it’s Valabar’s.”



“We’re going to *Valabar’s*?” she asks, excitedly – and no, before you Google it, that’s a made-up name. The name “Valabar’s” is from the classic Steven Brust Dragaera fantasy series, and it

describes a restaurant of surpassing excellence. I use it here to guard both my identity and its. **But when you hear “Valabar’s”, just imagine the swankiest joint in your town. *That’s the place.*** “Well why didn’t you say so?” she asks, reverently.

“Because that would have ruined the surprise,” I point out.

“Oh.” She thinks for a moment, and then grabs my hand. “Yeah, I guess it would. We’re going to *Valabar’s!*” she says, excitedly, and giggles. Yes, it’s *that* big a deal.

“We’ve got twenty minutes before we get there,” I say, casually, as I crank the engine. “Music?”

NEXT: Phase IV Music

Anatomy of the Perfect Red Pill Date: Phase IV Music

February 27, 2012 | by Ian Ironwood | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Continued from [Phase III Power Shopping](#)



When it comes to music on a date, conventional wisdom says that Classic Rock or edgy Hip-Hop is your best bet if your goal is damp panties. Personally, I find both a bit played-out, particularly Rock. While that sounds blasphemous, the fact is that rock music *is* overtly sexual, with the pelvis-motivating back-beat encouraging primal responses and suggestive lyrics that leave no doubt as to what, *exactly*, the artist meant. ***But there's no mystery in the slightest.*** No intrigue. No romance. Rock is as subtle as a submachine gun. Going to Rock music as the sound track to a date is *trite and unimaginative*. Hip-hop, likewise. And I *despise* Country music, no offense meant. But Rock? That's like buying a cherry-red Camero when you turn 40: it's effective but so clichéd it's painful.

Instead I turned back the clock and chose a selection of Big Band and Swing tunes, mostly with playfully teasing lyrics or sweet romantic music. Now, you might be thinking "*Gosh, that dude is White,*" and you would be correct; but regardless of skin-tone or cultural background, Swing music has a lot to recommend it.

I listen to Swing a lot, since I tote my kids around every day. Instead of blaring "Kids Bop" indulgently, like Mrs. Ironwood does, or letting them listen to modern pop music as the Niece habitually does, I prefer Swing music because the lyrics are squeaky-clean and the subject matter is usually straightforward "boy meets girl" stuff without any of the "*Baby Lick My Love Pump*" you get from anything produced after 1975. As a result, my kids now can sing "*Boogie-Woogie Bugle Boy*" and "*Chattanooga Choo-Choo*" and a wide selection of Louis Prima, Frank Sinatra, and Bing Crosby.

I'm sure it will come in handy for them one day. Don't ask me how.

There is a danger to playing Swing on a date, in that it reminds some women of their grandparents, which is not exactly “sex positive”. On the other hand, the low-fidelity sound and the full orchestrations can set a romantic mood better than candlelight and Quaaludes. Had we been going somewhere casual, I may have gone with Delta Blues, Latin, or even Funk, but for Valabar’s the evening called for something *classy*.

Side Note: For those who feel that video games contribute nothing to our greater culture, please note that my current fetish for Swing comes from playing a game called ***Fallout 2***, back around 1999 or so. One of the great all-time classic post-apocalyptic games ever made, it began with a Louis Armstrong tune and maintained a retro 1950’s feel throughout the game. More recently I played its much-evolved descendent, ***Fallout 3***, which features an in-game radio station which plays a small selection of classic Swing tunes. Since it’s customizable, players quickly added downloadable mods to the game, one of which was a delightful list of 1940s Swing music, most of which I’d never been exposed to in my Rock-saturated youth. Since that time I have explored the universe of Swing and come to appreciate it in a way I never would have expected. So credit videogames with at least *one* important contribution to Western culture.



My playlist was carefully selected to inspire the right mood without doing anything to disrupt it. I needed to stay away from the Andrews Sisters (whom I love but Mrs. Ironwood hates), but apart from that I had a lot of leeway. So here’s the list I came up with, some (but not all) culled from ***Fallout***:

1. Jazzy Interlude – Billy Munn (***Fallout 3***, a Swingin’ instrumental with an impressive fanfare, great way to start an eventful evening)

2. A Kiss To Build A Dream On - Louis Armstrong (The original ***Fallout 2*** theme song, as poignant and romantic a tune as you could ask for, sung by one of the most expressive voices ever)

3. Daddy - Julie London's version - the Entitlement Princess' themesong, played playfully to tease my ordinarily low-maintenance wife. She's about as opposite to this song as you could ask.

4. Jump, Jive & Wail - Louis Prima version, although Brian Setzer's is perfectly fine. A good, peppy sort of swing tune that makes you want to jitterbug.

5. Wonderful Guy - Tex Bernake & Margaret Whiting (Also from the ***Fallout 3*** soundtrack, and before that from ***South Pacific***. The perfect paen for a woman enjoying her man.

6. Nothing's Too Good For My Baby - Louis Prima & Keely Smith An outstanding, playful and romantic duet about how much fun it is to be married. No, really.
7. Way Back Home - Bob Crosby. The master of nostalgia sings one of the most nostalgic songs in history. Another fine *Fallout* tune.
8. Hey Girl - Louis Prima & Keely Smith Another playful, romantic duet.
9. Sing Sing Sing -Benny Goodman, sung by Louis Prima. The classic Swing anthem.
10. Gone Fishin' - Bing Crosby & Louis Armstrong. Another classic duet between two masters. And it perfectly described the escapist element of the evening.



The soundtrack got the evening's mood set properly: elegant, sophisticated, classic. The pre-feminist playlist helped get my woman's mind back to a mystical time when women were all demure and eager to be attractive and men were strong, quiet, and manly. The Fedora Age. It provided the appropriate level of phonic foreplay during our drive out to Valabar's.

We talked about a lot of things, held hands, and made out at the occasional stop light. And when we arrived, a few minutes before our reservation time, we had a chance to relax, smoke a cigarette, and listen to the kind of dreamy tunes that seduced our grandmothers and great-grandmothers, back when Nazis and Commies were the bad guys and divorces were as rare as jet planes.

It was nice, and Mrs. Ironwood made a point to compliment me on my excellent selections. They were like a long playful tease the entire way there, coupled with stolen kisses and brazen innuendo.

When I got out and helped her back into her coat, we even danced a moment in the parking lot before I took her by the hand and pulled her towards the barn-like structure that smelled so good.

Seduction Buff: SR +1

Next: Phase V Dinner

Anatomy of the Perfect Red Pill Date: Phase V Dinner

February 29, 2012 | by Ian Ironwood | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Continued from [Phase IV Music](#)



Dinner, of course, was the centerpiece of the evening.

I chose the restaurant (code named *Valabar's*) because it has a national reputation for both cuisine and service, it's ridiculously difficult to get into without reservations months in advance, and its specialty was perfectly aged and prepared Angus beef. I just got my teeth fixed -- it was time for a steak. And even though the prices would ordinarily put me into a coma, I had the money to order whatever I wanted for a change and not worry about the price. That, alone, gave me buckets of confidence. **Pep talks and creative visualizations are fine for developing Confidence, but try putting a fat roll of twenties in your pocket thicker than your dick and watch what happens to your attitude.**

We were a little early, so I took the time to make out with Mrs. Ironwood in the car, and then wait until she fixed her makeup. She was nearly purring. I offered her my arm and we went inside to check in.



The place was packed, and it's a large place, and it was 9:30 at night. But we only had to wait ten minutes. My wife (of course) took the opportunity to freshen up, which proved challenging in her tight new skirt, which left me hanging around the hostess stand with a pager and a stupid expression on my face.

Luckily, Valabar's has a walk-in humidor -- yes, it's *that* kind of place.

Now, there are few things more inherently manly than the smell of cigar tobacco in a humidor. It's right up there with Old Spice and jock straps when it comes to powerfully masculine aromas. I slid the door back and walked into the humid, sweet-smelling air.

I'll be honest, I'm not a cigar smoker. My experience is limited to bachelor parties and a few other special occasions. But I grew up in tobacco country, and the nearly cloying aroma of cigars is nostalgic for me. I surveyed the carefully-arrayed boxes, with phallic-shaped objects of conspicuous consumption laid out around me, and I felt compelled to indulge despite my ignorance. I chose something short, fat, and bold, about \$12 worth of cigar. It was far from the most expensive cigar there, but it was far from the cheapest, either. Just enough to give me the feeling and the flavor without making me reek like an old pool player all night. And, of course, I reserved it for after the meal. I didn't want to destroy my palate.

I had the clerk cut it and I was back on station before Mrs. Ironwood finally came out, looking relieved and put-together again -- and just in time for the pager to go off.



Valabar's is so large that we were handed off to three different hostesses until we got to our table. But when we sat down, the noise of the other patrons faded around us as we indulged in the homey-yet-ridiculously-tasteful ambiance. Our waiter appeared with bread, cheese, a pickle tray, and water, and we were off.

I wanted steak in the worst way. While famous for their Prime Rib, I sprung for the fifteen ounce sirloin.

Mrs. Ironwood looked up. "Why don't you order for me?" she asked.

My eyebrows shot up. "Really?" This was a departure.

"This is your show," she shrugged. "And what you order is always better than what I order. You're driving, you know what I like, you order for me."

I didn't argue. If she was going to place the reins in my hand, I wasn't going to let go. "All right," I said, surveying the menu. I decided that if I got the steak and she didn't, she'd end up eating half of mine anyway. She's right, I do order better than she does. I cook, she doesn't. I worked as a gourmet

vendor for five years. I'm a foodie. I selected the same steak I got, only I had it done rare, with a glaze of balsamic vinegar and Roquefort cheese. Twice-baked potatoes on the side. House salads before hand. No appetizer, because I wanted to enjoy my steak and still leave room for the desserts for which the place was justly famed.



I also bought a bottle of wine, and spent more than I ever have before. I know just a little more about wine than I do cigars, but you can't work the specialty food business without picking up a few things. I found a California Zinfandel I'd heard about from someone, and asked the waiter about it. He made a counter proposal, based on our meal, which actually was ten dollars cheaper than mine. **Never hesitate to ask the waiter's opinion, but don't be afraid to ask for options, either.** I was feeling affluent, not wealthy.

Now, how do you pull this off without looking like an utter cheapskate?

"What would you say the *best valued* wine to go with our meal would be?"

That "best value" is politely acceptable code for "don't rip me off and I'll be generous with the tip" in fine dining language. Because I knew that the man was familiar with the wine options because you just don't get to walk in off the street and start waiting tables at Valabar's. I'd even been to one of their employee information sessions, back when I was trying to sell them stuff. The waiter knows that there are several equally outstanding options to go with any meal, and while he's more than happy to sell you a \$100 bottle with your steak, if you ask him he'll be just as agreeable selling you a \$50 bottle that's almost as good. And since our palates just weren't developed enough to really appreciate the \$50 difference, the extra would have been wasted on us. **A good fine dining waiter is far more interested in ensuring a perfect experience than he is padding the bill,** if he's smart. Ours was smart.

He brought the bottle out for my inspection, uncorked it with professional efficiency, and poured a splash in my glass. This is the part where you can look like an idiot, if you don't know what to do.

As the gentleman in the party, it was up to me to approve the wine before it was served. I truly enjoyed splashing it around to see its legs, inhaling the deep, spicy aroma of the red, and allowing a small aspirated sip to spray over my tongue before I let it was luxuriously around my mouth, gaming my taste buds with gay abandon.

It was the most expensive wine I'd ever bought . . . and it was worth every penny.

Wine is an expensive habit to get into. When I ran a specialty coffee roastery, I noted that half of the people in high-end coffee are there because it's too expensive to play in high-end wines for most people. So they get into coffee but hang out with their wine friends like they're ashamed of the Demon Bean. At some levels, a wine habit is more expensive than a cocaine habit. But I could see the allure. If I am every ridiculously filthy rich, yeah, I'll waste my money on fine wine. Life is short.

"That is exquisite," I told the waiter, and offered my glass to the Missus. Her eyes shot open. She isn't a wine aficionado either, but she comes from a long line of wealthy alcoholics, and she knew quality even if she couldn't appreciate it. She nodded eagerly for the waiter to fill her glass.

We picked at the pickle tray and played footsie under the table. There was a time when I had found good conversation difficult even when it was just my wife and I. **But "awkward" rarely gets you laid (and when it does, it usually proves problematic later)** so I tried to forget the formalities of the occasion and plunged in with casual confidence.

I made the rule at the beginning of the dinner: no discussing the children, our work, our respective to-do lists or our anxieties. Conversation was limited to happy fun things, wickedly dirty dream vacation plans, gossip, and thinly-disguised innuendo that had us both well-aroused by the time our meals arrived.

I'm not going to describe the meal in detail, because words can't do it proper justice. I will say that the balsamic vinegar/Roquefort glaze was fucking orgasmic, particularly with the wine. And I was glad I got us each the 15 oz -- when you know you're going to end up taking some steak home from Valabar's, you do your best to ensure that you're taking a LOT of steak home from Valabar's.

We didn't say much while we were eating, because it was just that good. I managed almost half of my steak, and she finished over a third of hers, but despite our efforts to pace ourselves, there was just no way. I called for boxes and a dessert tray.



It was well past 10 pm at this point, but I was feeling just a hint of a buzz from the wine, and had a mood for something sweet before I proceeded toward seduction. One reason why Valabar's is so popular is that they had *nine different desserts* on their tray, each one baked by magical elves and designed to make grown women leave slug-trails of lust in their wake, so rich are they. When faced with such a momentous decision, my wife's eyes began to glaze over. If I didn't intervene, it might be a long night.

"We'll take the double chocolate mousse cheesecake," I said, "and the strawberry sorbet for the lady. Two coffees with cream."

Mrs. Ironwood was perplexed about my decision -- I hadn't consulted her in the slightest, which was a departure. I shrugged. "You told me to order for you. I figured you meant dessert, too."

"All right," she said, doubtfully. "But I wouldn't have chosen the sorbet."

"I know," I assured her. "That's why I ordered it." And it was. After 20 years, my wife's food selections have become predictable.

When they came, I was vindicated. As good as my chocolate mousse cheesecake was (and how could it have been bad?), her dessert was better. The freshly made strawberry sorbet was complimented by diced candied orange peel, grated candied ginger, and a shot of Chambord lovingly poured over the top. Mint leaf for garnish. She made cum noises the entire time she ate.

I only ate half of mine -- I knew we'd want the rest later, and I had plans for that cheesecake. I finished off my coffee while the waiter brought me a box and the check. I tossed my credit card out casually without looking at it. I had a pretty good idea what it was supposed to be, and when he returned with my card and the slip, it was within a couple of bucks. I added a 25% tip for outstanding service and then rose to help the Missus with her coat.

"I don't think I can walk," she moaned.

"Do you think you can dance?" I asked. She looked horrified.

"What? What do you mean?"

"I mean, if you want to, I can arrange for there to be dancing," I said. I had a contingency, a club on the other side of town that was hosting a Mardis Gras party and a Zydeco band that played until 1 am. Mrs. Ironwood looked appalled at the thought.



"Jesus, Ian, I just ate *half a cow!* And my feet hurt. If you don't mind, I'd rather just go home." We found out later that she had been nursing a broken heel, unbeknownst to her. So it was probably a great idea we didn't go dancing. I preferred her unspoken proposal.

"Home it is," I agreed. I hadn't wanted to go dancing, either, but I wanted to have it as an option. I also wanted her to be able to say "*. . . and then he wanted to take me dancing, but I just had to have him instead!*" to her best friends in the post-date *post mortem*.

On the way back out to the car I lit up the cigar. Mrs. Ironwood leaned into it to inhale. "It reminds me of my grandfather," she said, happily. "Only once or twice a year, but usually at Christmas." A good memory. I enjoyed smoking it for five or ten minutes, and then when I stopped enjoying it I let it die.

"Damn, that thing stinks," she said, as we drove home. "But I'm glad you did. You earned a cigar for tonight!"

"So you had fun?" I asked.

"Did I have fun? Best date *ever!*" she proclaimed. "And now we get to the best part!"

It was late. The highway was deserted. No cops in sight. I headed home at 70 mph.

NEXT: Phase VI Sex And Stuff

If women don't 'need' a man these days, how come all I hear is "Where have all the good men gone?" from feminists and single mommies?

March 20, 2012 | by Ian Ironwood | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I was intrigued by venerable [OMGBadger's](#) post over at the Badger Hut today, looking at the [intriguing and oft-touted meme that Women Don't Need Male Providers anymore](#). While I encourage you to examine his analysis yourself, I did have a few thoughts about it, vis-à-vis feminism.



The fact is, this is one of those “both yes and no” questions. Yes, women can, technically, exist in our society without a male provider assisting them – and I think that it’s only proper that they can. **In a post-industrial society there is no valid reason for any adult human being with a basic education to not be able to support themselves.** As a matter of fact, I’ve stated this over and over recently to my 18 year-old niece who hasn’t *quite* bought into the concept.

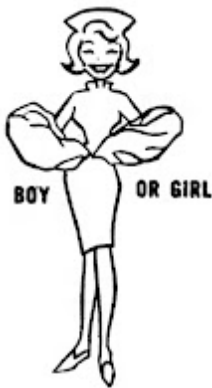
But there is a difference between being able to support yourself at a subsistence level and actually thriving in our society. As Badger points out, women tend to do better, personally, in two-income households. As a single woman in a blue or pink collar job, the cost of basic living expenses and the “feminine supplies” implicit in being a girl (cosmetics, health-and-beauty, twice as much underwear, birth control, feminine hygiene supplies, 8.2 assloads of shoes), there is precious little left with which to advance either the poor girl’s education and training or her standard of living. **Call this the “Laverne and Shirley” mode.** As a young single woman you have a job that pays for your basement apartment and food, and you work part time for pizza-and-beer-and-gossip-mags money. This is “*subsistence living, industrial style*”.

Add even a *single* child to this equation and suddenly you’re in poverty.



Luckily (for women) there are plenty of service jobs that pay slightly more than the blue/pink collar jobs out there. **As long as a young woman pays for all of her necessities and is thoughtful and careful about her spending, she should be able not just support herself, but to gradually improve her standard of living and/or invest in her education.**

Of course the number of young women who understand budgeting and saving and investment – not to mention thoughtful and careful spending – is so statistically small so that what usually happens (according to a veteran financial planner friend of mine – I *got* nerds) is that the young lady in question racks up a lot of debt early on and ends up using up most of her expendable income in finance charges.



Add a kid to this equation *without* a second income, and you're back to the Laverne and Shirley subsistence-level, or worse.

For dudes, it's a little easier. For one thing, our basic living costs are lower. Not only do we not have all of the expenses associated with having a vagina, listed above, but we also don't tend to indulge in the kind of shopping that breaks a lot of our female contemporaries. A 25 year old dude will often have a quarter of the wardrobe that a woman the same age does. In addition, according to my financial planner pal, dudes are more likely to start saving earlier, and tend to hold a lower debt threshold. It helps that after their main expenses are paid their capital tends to go towards consumables, technology, and transportation (beer, videogames, cars).



This is the Puerarchy, that happy land where you work hard, come home, drink beer, and play videogames with your buds all week, and then sarge the bars on the weekends -- Valhalla, in other words. The occasional addition of a girlfriend will reduce a dude's expendable income, of course, but thanks to hook-up culture the cost of dating *without* a commitment has gone down dramatically. Saving and financial planning is also more important to a dude than, say, a 70% off sale at Lane Bryan. Of course he might turn around and spend \$300 on comic books, but . . . hey, some of those are worth something.

I know a dude I went to High School with who skipped college, turned his tech skills into a full-time data management job at a hospital, and by the time the rest of us were struggling to graduate and living at home, he had moved out of his shitty apartment and bought a house. At 23. By 25 he cashed in his equity and appreciation and upgraded. **I don't know of a single female peer who showed as much financial initiative.** Indeed, three of my wife's friends from HS had filed for *bankruptcy* by the time they were 25.

So being a woman who can make her own money is *great* . . . as long as she doesn't care about her own future or want children. You go, girl!



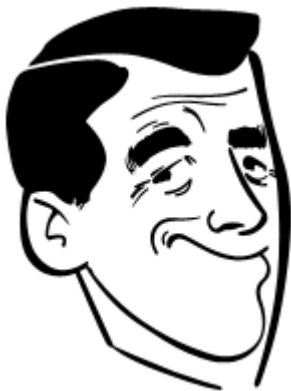
Of course, if you *do* want kids . . . well, without a dude in the picture, it's gonna get *expensive*. Even with a dude, it's expensive. But without one, the problems become more than just things you can throw money at. A woman in my neighborhood tired of not finding Mr. Right and ended up adopting a little girl from overseas to fulfill her maternal urges. Without additional assistance she has to pay for a housekeeper, before and after school care, yard crew, home maintenance and repair service and a part-time nanny . . . and sees her precious bundle of joy about *nine hours a week*, because she has to work plenty of overtime to afford her lifestyle.



Sure, it's a personal choice. That's fine. **But a woman who has a child without a second income (much less a second parent) not only suffers economically, she also affects the development of the child.** I'm not going to argue that a one-parent household can't produce competent, capable adults, because I know that it can. But the penalty paid by these families is steep, and the kids are the ones who suffer with that legacy. I see all sorts of kids in my community, from school to scouts to my children's friends. It doesn't take a genius to realize, once you've been interacting with them for a while, that there is a definite difference between how the two-parent kids act and how the one-parent kids act. I'd even go so far as to say that socially and culturally, all other things being equal, the two-parent kids tend to perform better.

But what about the feminist dream of the strong, hyper-capable woman who can be a full-time career woman who is also a successful mother and (possibly, if she feels like it) wife? Do these women exist?

Yes. I'm married to one. **And she couldn't do *half* of the shit she does if it wasn't for my support and income.**



My wife makes good money, and on paper she should be able to afford to care for all three of the Ironwood kids without any help from me – she's brilliant and very, *very* good at what she does. However, despite her high earning potential, she could not manage the children and the household at their current level without me. Or at least not at our present standard of living. **That second income is a substantial factor in our budgeting. And that second pair of hands is**

vital in the rearing of high-quality, championship free-range children.

I've seen the Mommies who try to do it all without a man in the picture. It's sad. Divorced or never-married, it doesn't matter what kind of career these women have or how successful they are, even if they get Susie to soccer on time and manage to pay for camp they are often unhappy, miserable wretches who end up taking out their frustrations on their kids. They should be enjoying the rich bounty of endless horizons and personal fulfillment through their careers while effortlessly raising non-violent, non-sexist, productive little members of society untainted by the evils of patriarchy, according to feminist ideology. Take the bicycle away from the fish, and it will swim just fine, right?

Only that isn't what's happening. If I was a betting man, I'd say that in nine out of ten cases these single mommies -- divorced or never married -- would prefer to have both financial and practical assistance in raising their kids, even if it meant putting up with lackluster sex and a few annoying habits to do it. Hell, most of these women would walk over hot coals at the possibility of a reasonably decent date, let alone a marriage proposal. The guilt of feminism has worn off of the prospect of a professional career, and these women -- capable, intelligent women -- are seeing the stark reality underneath. Feminism isn't empowering anymore. In the Middle East and Africa, perhaps, it's about women's civil and human rights, but in the West? Feminism is what persuaded them that they didn't need the men who (in many cases) would have been happy to have a larger role in their kids' lives (in those cases where the father was identifiable . . . Ecstasy is, apparently, a hell of a drug).

Men were supposed to respect their career aspirations and factor their career goals into their own, equally, according to feminism. Not drop you after a second date when they realize that you have to work 70 hours a week to afford your condo and your crappy car. Feminism said that men were supposed to value you as a colleague at work (eventually) and respect you for your contributions, not see you alternately as a hateful bitch in competition with them or a potentially easy lay. Feminism told them that the sisterhood of women everywhere is a powerful force that should help propel them from languishing at the bottom of the corporate ladder to the top with their mentorship and assistance. It didn't mention the part about female subordinates using the power of their position to socially bully your entire department, claim credit for your ideas and continuously sabotage your own efforts at success. That was supposed to be what men did.

They struggle through and suffer on because they have kids who depend on them and they are good moms, despite their issues. And each, not surprisingly, will rise to defend feminism if you dare attack it as a potential source of their problems. **Feminism, to them, means never having to take any shit from a man . . . while the rest of their life shits on them in giant bucketloads.**

It means they *never* have to go back to cooking and cleaning for a man (although they do enough of it for themselves and their kids), never having to ask a man's permission to buy anything (although there's precious little money left over to buy anything) and never having to have sex with a man if they don't want to (although quite a few of them will admit that they'll have sex with a date out of sheer boredom, even if they don't like him much, because to do otherwise would imply that they aren't sexually-active adult women who can make their own choices about their bodies). It means

never having to worry about their father hitting her kids (although she desperately wishes *someone* would straighten them out, because they sure as hell aren't listening to *her*). It means never having to bow to her husbands wishes about where the family goes on vacation, which neighborhood to live in, or what car to buy (although vacations are nearly non-existent, they live where they can afford to on one salary, and they drive whatever car they can afford to keep alive -- especially since NOT ONE of them to my knowledge knows anything about automotive repair, so they go to expensive mechanics for even simple repairs or routine maintenance).

They are, in other words, by-god FREE from the tyranny of male oppression! They have slipped from the surely bonds of the Patriarchy and have created loving families on their own, without a man! **They are living the feminist dream of being a professional career woman AND a mother, with no good-for-nothing-but-child-support father around.**

That doesn't mean they don't have complaints. Their top complaint? It's not about the glass ceiling or how hard it is to be a woman in a male-dominated workplace, or any of the traditional feminist memes, as you would expect.

It's "*Where have all the good men gone?*"

They ask me *constantly*, anxiously, rhetorically and practically, because I know a lot of dudes.

Unfortunately, I don't know a lot of dudes interested in a middle-aged mother of two who works 70 hours a week and pays for a gym membership but never goes. I mean, why would they be? But these single mommies keep asking me, and if I don't have a specific answer ("Oh, *there's* one over there! *Careful* . . . don't move to quickly. And be careful how you handle him. If his wife smells you on him, she'll reject him from the nest.") then they ask me in general terms. "*Where have all the good men gone?*" they ask, relentlessly, like I'm hiding the answer. **They want to think that there's a secret cave where the good men get lured, and there are thousands of big-dicked billionaire Alphas just waiting to be freed from their underground prison, or something. They don't want to heart the truth, at all:**

"Where have all the good men gone?"

"Feminism chased them away. And now they don't want to have anything to do with you anymore."

"Where have all the good men gone?"

"They got tired of getting divorced every time you thought you could do better."

"Where have all the good men gone?"

"Feminism taught them that 'good' and 'man' were mutually exclusive, so they bugged out."

"Where have all the good men gone?"

"They're marrying girls from the Ukraine and Korea and Argentina and Poland now, because those women don't get divorced because they're 'not *haaaaaaapy*'. In fact, some are just happy -- and grateful -- because they have a husband and a chance to raise kids here. Aren't you happy for your international sisters for fleeing their repressive cultures?"

"Where have all the good men gone?"

"They see what a desperate, self-delusional red hot mess you are a mile away, and they throw their loser drinking buddies at you in an act of supreme sacrifice while they spirit themselves away."

"Where have all the good men gone?"

"They want to start their own families, not inherit someone else's mess. They certainly don't want to be step-dad to a brood who has never had a father present before, nor do they want their fatherhood constantly over-ruled by your motherhood."

"Where have all the good men gone?"

"They're all around you, you're just too convinced of your own value to accept anything other than perfection, and any man so equipped would be smart enough to avoid the tar pit that is your life."

"Where have all the good men gone?"

I could answer it over and over a hundred different ways and never repeat myself. **The litany of feminism's cultural violence against men and masculinity is impressive.** No matter what you tell them, however, they won't believe you, not if the answer has anything to do with them -- *because they are never the problem.* It's *always* the fault of men. Men don't like older women, men don't like single moms, men don't want to commit, men don't want to be supportive, men, men, men, blah blah blah. Men suck, if you're a single mom. Just ask one. She'll tell you in gory detail why men are just awful, patriarchy is bad, and how all anyone wants is youth and beauty and sex, sex, sex. If you can find anyone willing to even try to get that far.

But curiously the glorious feeling of fulfillment she gets from having a J-O-B and being able to support herself without being dependent on a man is, somehow, just not filling the hole in their lives they need filled. For whatever reason the envy that 1960s-era feminist held for men who seemed happy in important executive positions -- "running things" -- just doesn't seem to be all it was cracked up to be. Women are in executive positions now. "Running things". Yet they never seem to have the same level of satisfaction or security in their work that comparable men do. **The power and importance that feminism said women could just reach out and grasp turned out instead to be responsibility and obligation. They're making the big paycheck, now -- so why aren't they happy?**

"Where have all the good men gone?"

You've heard the question yourself. Someone else will ask you again, out of desperation, disgust, or

genuine confusion. When they do, choose any of the answers above, or try this one: "*They prefer a woman who needs a husband more than a fish needs a bicycle.*"

Just don't be a smart-ass and answer "*To go live with the few good women*". Take my word for it.



Really.

"It was on SALE!": The Myth of the Vagina Tax

March 21, 2012 | by Ian Ironwood | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I swear sometimes this blog just writes itself.

Over at Jezebel this morning there was an article entitled "[Turns Out Being Born a Woman Is a Major Financial Mistake](#)", by Cassie Murdoch. She points out some of the differences between how much it costs to be a girl, compared to a boy, and she is outraged -- outraged, I say! -- that in this enlightened age of equality, equity, and fairness it still costs more to be a women. Despite having twice as much underwear.

This is hysterical. Literally.

Oh, I'll grant that outrageous gender pricing in healthcare needs to be reformed, and there are other institutional inequities in our system -- but I'll start paying more attention to that when my daughter has to register for selective service.

But as to the rest . . .

I'm a professional marketer. You want to know why women pay more for everything?

They *insist* on it.



"I got mine for only \$59.95, marked down from \$100.00!"

"You lucky bitch! I only paid \$12.95 for mine at the discount store!"

Female buying habits are so predictable as to be formulaic. When given a choice between two products of rough equivalence, female buyers will almost always choose the higher-priced product

based on the notion that a higher cost means higher value. It's the same impulse that convinces you that the sweater that was originally \$70 but sold on sale for \$25 was actually WORTH \$70 . . . and not the \$12.50 it will be at the end of the season.

Women are the perfect consumers -- men won't put up with higher prices for anything but baseball cards and sports cars, but one of the surest ways to increase sales for women is to mark it up and mark it down.

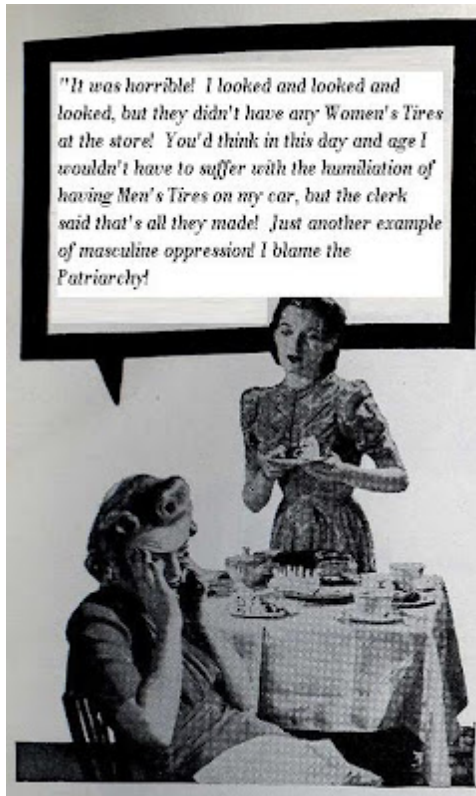


"I don't mind paying extra if the box
says it's worth it! Boxes don't lie!
And gosh darn it . . . I'm *worth* the extra expense!"

Consider feminine hygiene products. Given a choice of the exact same product in two different presentations at two different price points, women will consistently select the product with the prettier box and the higher price. It's like a dog and a bell.

Ms. Murdoch wants to know if pink ink is just more expensive. It's not. It's *profitable*.

And who is spearheading all of this nasty gender-based consumerism? You can blame . . . **women.**



How Pink Tires Were Born

Once there was *one* household product for both men and women -- deodorant, razors, etc. But in the 1970s feminism insisted that women needed special consumer treatment, since women made the majority of the purchasing decisions in the family. And since **women are far more brand loyal (that is, they will continue to purchase a brand of product even when a comparable product is available at a cheaper price)** the corporations ate it up.

Whole divisions arose to cater to women's specific consumer needs. Women are a marketer's wet *dream*. In advertising you have to convince men that a purchase is both prudent and thrifty. With women, you merely have to invoke anxiety about social ostracization ("Your girlfriends will talk about you if you don't buy this"), their innate craving to feel desired ("People will like you and want you more if you buy this") or change the packaging ("New! Same Great Sponges . . . Six NEW Colors!").

Anytime you have to run two campaigns for the same product, that costs money. And of course because they were marketing to women, advertisers and marketers naturally employed women to interpret and create the campaigns -- and of course almost all of these women had been forged in the feminist tradition. Surely they had entered the industry with a mind of changing popular perceptions about women and advertising, back in the 1970s, addressing the needs of the modern woman, not the anxieties that had motivated her mother. But did these female marketing execs try to cut women a break? No. Marketing is about making money, not enacting meaningful cultural change. A marketer, male or female, who can't sell a product at a profit is a pointless expense. And these ladies knew their market. Knew it enough to brutally exploit it. Since women will pay and pay and *pay* beyond all reason, if you hit the right buttons, it was profitable -- and a **lot of feminist female marketing executives in the mainstream were as happy to fleece their sisters as the cosmetic industry was.**

So all of this crap about a "Vagina Tax" is *hysterical*. It's one of the biggest examples of the Rationalization Hamster at work I've ever seen. Seriously, ladies, *take some responsibility*. Do your due diligence the way male consumers do. Buy generics. Do without if it's not sold at a discount. Forget about style and fashion and fad and stick to the basics. Refuse to accept a higher price or a lesser-quality product . . . *if you dare*.



*"I looked in her purse in the lady's room
-- generic tampons! I wonder what other kind of
twisted character deficits she's hiding?"*

Apple proved how much women are suckers for slick marketing. Sales slump, no one wants their computers . . . so make them *pretty*. Put them out in *colors*. Same computer, same software . . . but it's in **PINK!** It's so *CUTE!* I couldn't RESIST! And it was 10% OFF so I saved a *bunch!*

So when it comes to the issue of the Vagina Tax, and why it isn't women's fault at all that they are being so unfairly treated, I have but one thing to say:

Ladies, on behalf of the entire Sales, Marketing, and Advertising industries, I *humbly* thank you.

Ian Ironwood, Esquire

Alpha Move: The Cold Cash Move

March 22, 2012 | by Ian Ironwood | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

This one is a *little different*.



Most Red Pill dudes understand implicitly the role that money (security) plays in courtship. It's the simplest way for a man to buff his Sex Rank -- billionaires get some play. Now most women will insist that it isn't actually the money, *per se*, it's money as a sign of success, ambition, yadda yadda yadda, whatever their Hamster tells them to say to keep from being perceived as a money-grubbing golddigging bitch -- fair enough. The fact is, most women *aren't* money-grubbing golddigging bitches, far from it. **Money is just a simple metric to measure potential security in a mate. But that doesn't mean that money doesn't play a role in their sexuality.**



Mrs. Ironwood is a case in point. She was raised in relative affluence, thanks to an ancestor of hers inventing a popular over-the-counter drug and cashing in. She lived in the "Old Money" part of town (although to be fair, since her family's fortune was post-Civil War and pre-Depression, it's technically counted as "New Old Money" -- that's just life in the South) and went to a private middle school and was a debutante and did other affluent things the extravagance of which now embarrass her. I count myself fortunate among husbands in that my wife actively dislikes jewelry, thanks to a father who gave her far too much far too early to make up for being . . . well, her dad. The only jewelry I've ever given her was her wedding ring. Her *ears* aren't even pierced.

Of course, after her parents' divorce and subsequent financial implosion, the money went away, not that she really missed it. I met her a few years later when she had just turned 19 and was living in a student slum and working as a receptionist, donating plasma to make rent. Good times.

But thanks to her upbringing, she has no desire for ostentation or status symbols or any of the other crap her peers seem to be invested in. **Money doesn't impress her, save as resources to be devoted to her children and her family.** I found that intensely arousing, and an important quality in a wife.

Better, people with money don't impress her, and I've seen her snub millionaires and corporate CEOs to have a chance to speak with an Auschwitz survivor. Money, as an abstract construct, just *doesn't impress her*. One of the many things I love about her.

However . . .

A year after we had moved in together (around 1992), while I was still in college, I sold my first published piece. To be fair, I'd sold it three years before, it was just taking forever to run through the process. But in early 1992 my first book came out, right after I met her. Much to my delight it did well -- in fact, it hit the New York Times Best Seller's list. And after riding that particular DHV for all it's worth ("*Yes, Mom, he isn't just a loser Liberal Arts major -- he's a New York Times Best Selling Author!*" = GOLD) a month or so afterwards I caught a second wave. **My royalty check came.**



Now, understand that in 1992 I was making about \$15,000 a year in temp jobs, waiting tables and under-the-table stuff while I struggled to finish up my two bullshit majors that had no hope of finding me a job. I had lived with my parents through most of that to save money, and I was driving a crappy old Vega station wagon (the first vehicle John DeLorean ever designed, BTW).

Suddenly I had a check in my hands for a sizable portion of my annual income . . . **and I had earned it with the power of my brain.** Mrs. Ironwood was certainly impressed. And she was 19. Do you know how an impressed, in-love 19 year old woman expresses herself? Physically. Noisily. And with great eagerness.

Yeah, it was like *that*.



But here's where it gets interesting. After arranging to buy a new-to-me Mustang (another story, and a lot more sex) I secretly took out \$2500 from my account in cash. In \$100 bills.



That money was destined to be spent -- I had bills to pay. But I wanted to try an experiment, perhaps one of the earliest Red Pill experiments I ever did. I went home to find the future Mrs. Ironwood doing something or other, and I pulled her into the bedroom. And then without a word I stripped her naked. Then I reclined her on the bed. **Then I started laying \$100 bills across her skin, all over her naked body.**

I was testing a theory of one of my all-time favorite sci-fi authors, Robert Heinlein, who had mentioned in the *Notebooks of Lazarus Long* that *"Money is the best aphrodisiac, but flowers work almost as well."* I was young, goofy, and had just written a NYTBS novel -- I was at the apex of my mid-20s cockiness. And I wanted to see if the future Mrs. Ironwood, considering her affluent upbringing, would respond with anything other than *"Ick! You don't know where that's been!"*, which is what I expected.

What actually happened was very different. **I witnessed the incredible sight of her rolling around in \$100 bills in a state of sexual excitement that I had, at that point, never before seen in a woman.** She was a lusty babe when I met her, but put her on a bed of \$100 bills and she writhed like a slut in heat with the fleet in town. Minstrels will one day write songs about the intensity of that crazy afternoon of sex. At least one neighbor complained of the noise.



Afterwards, when we talked about it, she revealed that yes, indeed, **the sight (and smell) of that much cash had a quite unexpected erotic effect on her**, one that had embarrassed her, but one which she understood in part because of her affluent upbringing.

She explained that the boldness of the move -- *"It was pure Bull Alpha!"* -- **combined with the fact that I had made the money out of my own talent and skill and imagination** (also, she admits 20 years later, combined with the fact that she was a super-horny 19 year old girl with a nerd fetish) had taken the usual excitement about a visible sign of security like the cash and magnified it in her brain. It was the ballsiest, nerdiest power-move she'd ever seen. Damp panties, natch.

I wasn't just demonstrating my ability to provide security, she explained, I was doing it in a bold and deliberate display of nerd power, as primal as beating my chest. This was MY money that I had earned . . . and of all the women in the world I wanted to writhe around naked in it with, I had chosen *her*. She was aroused because even though she knew the money wasn't hers, **the fact that I trusted her enough to roll around naked in a pile of my dough was just too hot to resist.** This was me waving my intellectual dick around, she explained, as dominant a move as I've ever done. She still has fantasies about that afternoon, she tells me. Hell, so do I.



A friend of mine (single, successful player) has a similar trick, a move he plays when he's on the road sarging for fresh poon in states he doesn't live in. He sits at a bar and orders a drink and just starts playing around with five \$100 bills -- oragami, bar tricks, etc. He doesn't spend it, he just plays with it. And before the night is over, he's gotten *huge* attention (doesn't hurt that he's not bad looking, either) from women. I've watched him fan out his money and lightly trail it over a girl's face, and then follow it with the line *"Have you ever had five hundred bucks rubbed on your nipples?"* with an innocent expression on his face. One of the best closings I've ever seen. He's occasionally lost a hundred or so, but considering how many times it's paid off, the Hooker Math is more than adequate. The thing is, he's not even giving the money to the chick -- he's just showing it off in a cocky, playful, masculine way . . . the kind of thing that drops panties.

So if you want a quick, surprise Alpha buff, **and you can afford it**, consider this move. It's best if the money is something you earned or won with your manly skill-set (it doesn't work as well when she knows you just took it out of savings) but any naked display of wealth like that, particularly with an aggressive and cocky presentation, is a serious DHV. If you can't afford \$100s, then consider \$50s or even \$20s (NOTE: a big pile of change on the bed DOES NOT WORK FOR THIS and it can get pennies stuck in unusual places. You've been warned.).

Oh, and before you ask, **I asked Mrs. Ironwood's permission to share this with y'all**. She hopes you won't think less of her for it.



And what she doesn't know is that I'm planning a reprise of this move in a few months when I get a big pay-out from one of my successful Kindle books. Only this time I'm thinking 50 \$100 bills instead of 25.

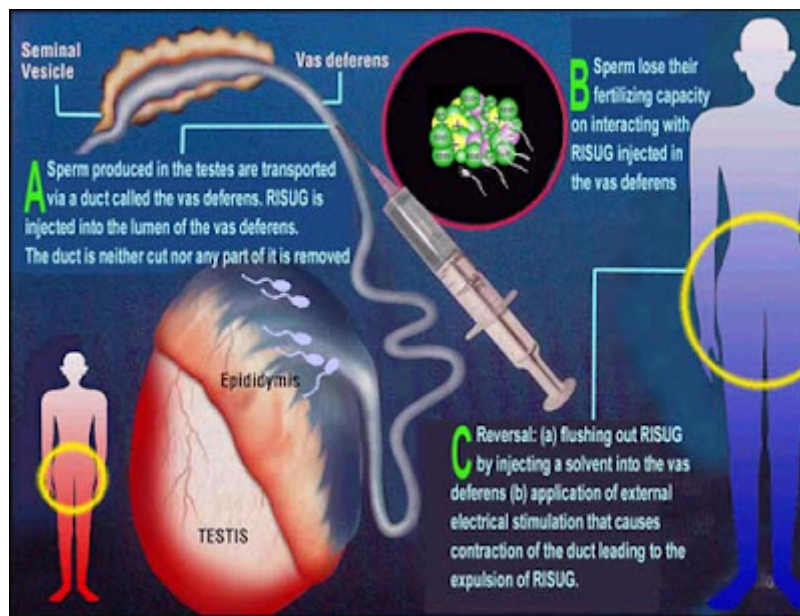
It's been twenty years, after all. *Inflation.*

Male Birth Control: It's Here, And It's A Game Changer

March 28, 2012 | by Ian Ironwood | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Oh, my.

I stumbled across this link today, and after I read it the world wobbled the way it does when my relatively straight-forward idea of how the future is going to play out gets challenged. Like this.



Quite simply, it is a male birth-control procedure, essentially a temporary (10 years) vasectomy that can be easily and cheaply administered and easily and cheaply removed.

And it's going to change everything.

Most people don't realize just how profound the change was when a large segment of society got access to reliable birth control the first time. Simply put, this wonderful biochemical gift enabled female hypergamy and plenty of lusty evenings without worrying about the possibility of pregnancy.

That allowed married couples to limit the number of kids they had and devote more resources per capita, thus improving the next generation's socio-economic circumstances. Or it allowed your wife to go sleep with that dude with the 12" pecker next door and not get knocked up. Either way, it was an official Game Changer, like industrialization, digital technology, or liberalized divorce laws.

Of course, with the assumption that the woman you were doing was, indeed, on birth control and took it like a responsible adult has led to many unplanned pregnancies. Indeed, it's always been the ambitious girl's fall-back plan: find some rich dude, fuck him, get pregnant, let him support her and the kid so she doesn't have to work so hard. Sure, it sounds shallow and conniving, but I've heard plenty of women (and some die-hard feminists -- I shit you not) declare that as their plan. And with abortion legal, it really puts the male in question in an unenviable and untenable spot. Sure, a woman has a right to choose to become a parent -- and I'll support that to my dying breath -- but if a dude wanted to skip that part, he was pretty much at the mercy of the mother in question, and had to live

with the result of her decision no matter what his opinion was. As a dude, your best cover is a condom, and they are not (as my brother discovered) 100% effective. Especially not if the woman in question is deceitful enough to "slip one past the goalie".

But no more.

With this procedure, you could get your 15 year old testosterone-poisoned son "temporarily fixed", teach him Game, and turn him loose on the unsuspecting female public with a box of condoms and you don't have to worry about grandchildren until he's 25. Hilarity ensues.

What happens when every dude in High School is suddenly shooting blanks? A drop in teenage pregnancy, for certain, but a sharp rise in pump-and-dump spectaculars. And girls won't even have the pregnancy scare to fall back on. They're going to have to work and compete for male attention among the boys, who won't be nearly as terrified of sex anymore -- and dudes who know Game will know how to exploit that.

As soon as this clears clinical trials, I'm looking into it for my sons. If I can get them the HPV vaccine, then this seems a no-brainer. I want grandkids, of course, but I want them in the proper time when my kids can properly support them. This way, I can ensure that won't be until they have decent jobs and have played their way through the Puerarchy.

But it's not the teenage girls who are going to have it the worst. This is going to hit the 30-something-and-only-five-eggs-left women who use one-night-stands as a last-ditch effort to get pregnant. I know two such who went that route. In the future, no more.

The other group this will hurt, in the long run, are feminists. If men can ensure that they are infertile until they desire to have kids, then the onus of reproduction AND relationships suddenly goes back to the male, in a startling shift of power. You'll see wives begging their husbands to get un-fixed so that they can have a baby, and men deciding to wait until they're ready. That's going to put some stress on some relationships, of course, but it's also going to remove the power of women to dictate to men when, where and how they are going to have kids, and who pays for them. And feminists (at least the current Fourth Wave crop) are going to go fucking bananas about this, when they realize that.



It should be fun to watch.

The End Of Hypergamy? Not So Fast . . .

March 30, 2012 | by Ian Ironwood | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

One of the things that sucks about blogging is that there are often too many subjects about which to expound going on at one time. You simply can't write about everything. Thankfully, the Manosphere is a gloriously churning maelstrom of vigilance, and you can count on one of your Manosphere brethren to watch your back on important issues. And, in this case, one of the Manosphere sistereen.

Honorary Manosphere pundit Susan Walsh over at Hooking Up Smart had a lovely piece today examining Liza Munday's contentions in her new book, The Richer Sex. I encourage you to check it out. Susan dissected the overtly feminist work with admirable Red Pill perspicacity, and in particular recognized something that Ms. Mundy apparently has not: Men aren't terribly thrilled with what they have lost due to the rise of female earning power.

I want you to read the whole post, but of particular note is this astute observation Susan makes:

Apparently, Mundy describes the cheerful male helpmeet greeting his frazzled wife with a glass of wine at the end of the day at least half a dozen times in the book. It sounds more like Mad Men in reverse than a plausible scenario for American married couples. I also find the reference to manly pursuits extremely patronizing and hypocritical - is this the enlightened version of the 1950s sewing circle?

Why no, no it is not. Thank you, Susan.

The Red Pill truth of the matter is that women who "marry down", whether you use income, class, or education as your metric, take a very real hit to their social status by doing so. Women in aggregate are highly judgmental, and as they continuously seek to establish their place in the social hierarchy of women, after determination of marital status and childbearing status, the status of the woman's husband is often factored in even before her own professional success is taken into account.

I happen to have grown up in a very science, technology, and medically-oriented burgh, and I spent most of my 20s, as I was hacking my way painfully through college, working in offices because I have more sense than to work construction. I was a male clerical worker (mostly temp jobs) for nearly ten years. I got to work in every kind of office a major metro area has to offer, from insurance to medical to computer to pharma to the local public school system. I was a regular cubicle hound for years. So I got to witness the female social network in action, up close and personal, over and over again.

I was fortunate enough to work under some crackerjack female managers, as well as some real screachtards. But as I evaluated the power centers of each new job (a vital step for a young male in the

minority) I began to notice some interesting patterns.

For example, I once worked in one of the medical departments for a university hospital, directly under one of the most competent managers I've ever had. Dr. X had two advanced degrees, loads of professional accolades, and a generous salary, not to mention perks and honors that come with such a position. But Dr. X was married to a very intelligent man who was pursuing a MFA in creative writing . . . and had been for over a decade. He had also yet to publish anything.

Now Mr. X's non-existent teaching salary was about what Dr. X made in her first quarter. He was a "house husband", even though they employed a housekeeper. I met the dude at two different functions, and he was the consummate Beta: intelligent, caring, deeply concerned for community affairs and very supportive of his wife's career . . . but behind his back the line of shit that got talked about him was impressive. "Golddigger", "Gigolo" (the first time I've ever heard that term used to refer to a husband that way) and other epithets were whispered, and sympathy for "Poor Dr. X" about her loser hubby who wouldn't get off his ass and get a real job were gossip-fodder all night long.

He was just the kind of sensitive house-husband Liza Mundy was speaking of when she was talking about the new "acceptance" by men of their new roles. Mr. X was viciously emasculated, and Dr. X was professionally damaged by that. And with no children involved, the level of loathing by these women was intense. Despite their sympathy for the good Doctor X, the other women who controlled the department severely discounted Dr. X's leadership abilities based almost solely on her (to them) poor skill in selecting a mate. She "married down", and that put a negative spin on what was an otherwise robust career. Mr. X was "holding her back", "dragging her down", and she was "carrying him". There was even open speculation as to whether or not she would be open to the possibility of an affair.

Let's contrast that to Ms. Y, another mid-level manager I worked for in the private sector. With two masters degrees and a decade and a half of experience in her industry she was at about the same professional level as Dr. X, but Mrs. Y was married to an entrepreneur and developer. He had even used her money to start his company and get his first few projects going. He was just shy of a bachelor's degree, but his high-profile projects pushed him into social circles he likely wouldn't have been privy to, otherwise. Ms. Y repeatedly used Mr. Y's company to look for sales prospects, and *vice versa*. When Ms. Y needed sponsors for charity events or promotions, Mr. Y's company was there, and when Mr. Y's company needed corporate sponsorship for something, she made sure her company got behind it.

Add in one terribly cute adopted baby and you have a real Power Couple. And that's the only way a woman can survive the stench of "marrying down" on her career.

I put up with this myself, from time to time. Yes, Ms. Ironwood out-earns me, even at her state job, and has limitless potential to pile up dough in the private sector some day. Me, I've about maxed out my salary potential as a copywriter, and the only way I can increase my income is through freelance or writing books. Since that's an option, I'm not intimidated by my wife's success -- I've been telling her for years I'm worth tens of millions in potential intellectual property rights. But if I hadn't had my very first submission get published and hit the New York Times Best Seller's list, making me a by-gods Author instead of a poor college student with a day-job, it would have been a different story. That was enough of a status-boost in my community to make us a "power couple", not a career woman with a husband who

did something creative or something while he took care of the kids.

Look at the reaction to Demi Moore's highly-popularized union with Ashton Kutcher, compared to the Brad Pitt/Angelina Jolie couple. Demi's image was hurt (except among cougars who were hungry for some validation of their own middle-aged lusts for young flesh) by her pairing, whereas minstrels wrote epics about Brangelina's relationship. Being a Power Couple energized both of them, whereas Demi was brought down in status while Ashton went up.

I know, I know, comparing celebrities to real people is just wrong. But it illustrates my point: not only have men not accepted their "new role", neither have women. Because in the judgment of the female social matrix women who cannot attract a superior mate to themselves are themselves downgraded, regardless of their accomplishments.



***Women now account for the majority
of higher-educated workers.***

And that doesn't even get into the profound alienation that men feel about the whole idea.

Understand first that men naturally compete -- with other men. That's been the gold standard since the Time Before Writing. What we competed for wasn't important -- it was the competition that mattered. That spirit has been enshrined in competitive sports and other endeavors in every human culture. Men compete. Against each other.

But with industrialization and a flood of women entering the workforce back in the 1960s and 1970s, and then the next wave of professionals and information-class female workers in the 1980s and 1990s, men were faced with the uncomfortable prospect of competing with women for jobs, not men. And they considered the competition unfair. While three decades of corporate culture in which women were not only involved, but were actively working to promote and advance other women (when they weren't sabotaging them to get ahead) has given us a fairly workable set of social and legal rules regarding the workplace, that doesn't mean that men have embraced the idea. Hell, some barely accept it, and others

refuse to work with women at all, becoming self-employed rather than deal with a female superior.



Women have made significant gains in the workplace, particularly in middle management. This has *not* translated into higher feminine happiness. Nor into attractive mating possibilities.

Indeed, men have not embraced the idea of women in the workplace the way that feminists wanted them to. Not at all. Feminist ideology stated that once there was legal and cultural parity between men and women in the workplace, then both could compete for the same jobs based on merit, from a level playing-ground. Once women started moving into positions of power, men would naturally come to respect them for their leadership abilities and follow them just as well as they would follow a man.

In the Feminist Utopia, a strong, independent woman was valued by the men who were her subordinates. And if they didn't have respect for her, then that was due to their sexism and chauvinism, not due to the faults or flaws in the female executive in question. Laws and cultural diversity classes would be brought to bear, forcing men to acknowledge and support the superiority of their female superiors, while a sisterhood of career women mutual supported and mentored each other to break the glass ceiling, take control of the corporate state, and eventually re-shape the world in their image with the happy obedience and willing cooperation of their re-educated male colleagues.



Women have long complained about men not doing a fair share of housework. Now that housework parity has been achieved, professional women are finding that they are not as attracted to a domestic house-husband as they would have thought.

Didn't quite work out that way.

Feminism missed a lot about this. And one of the big things that they missed was the fact that men don't like competing with women -- and when they are forced to, they rebel. Since the law and corporate culture prohibit an active rebellion without retribution, men take the road of the Puerarchy, and go subversive.

It's not an organized subversion as some feminist speculate -- there is no vast, right-wing anti-feminist cabal who has a 10 year plan to put every woman in the world back into dependence on a man. Or if there is, no one has invited me to it yet. No, resistance to female authority and female competitors happens because when placed in a competition with both men and women, men often discount the women out of the equation. They can justify this because of the "advantages" that just being female grants their colleagues.

And this helps explain one of the reasons why young men are so reluctant to marry: they no longer view women as equal partners or even potential subordinates in a relationship. Faced with highly-competitive females at work who are operating aggressively in competition, these Guys (hard to call them Men until they get made Men) it becomes that much harder to drop the competitive nature of intergender relations long enough to do more than hook up -- and certainly not enough to wed.

Women are *scary* to these guys.

They often have power over them (middle management seems replete with single women in their late-30s and early-40s who have devoted so much to their careers that they're still single -- and will likely die that way), they always have the power to hurt them just by suggesting you said something inappropriate, and they can use unfair advantages of flirtation and even affairs with senior management to advance their careers . . . while being publicly appalled about such things. After being challenged at work all day, forced to compete against women, the allure of a "dude's apartment" complete with beer signs, videogames, and non-stop internet porn seems like Valhalla.




Anecdotal evidence tends to suggest that men with female superiors feel less compelled to achieve, and are over-all less ambitious than their male-led peers. Some ambitious men studiously avoid female-led positions due to the unlikelihood of getting a future raise or promotion and the higher likelihood of sexual harassment charges.

Consider the raunchy Comedy Central show **Workoholics**, focused on three stoner loser roommates who work in a cube farm for a ball-busting bitch of a (pointedly single) female executive who regularly dominates, emasculates, and berates them. It's a paen to the Puerarchy.

Do they respect their successful and aggressive female manager? They *fear* her -- but any loyalty due her is *purely* based on her very low expectations of their performance, not because she has earned it in their eyes. The **Workoholic** Guys *endure* work, they *tolerate* their boss, but they have no ambition to achieve because they know such ambition is often singled out and punished. Besides, why go to all that trouble if you're just going to get your legs cut out from under you again? Better to go home and grind on **Halo 3** for nine hours straight before whacking off to porn, passing out, and then getting up and doing it again the next day. They rarely even make the effort to meet girls, much less pursue them. And trying to impress them with false expectations of future potential is just too damn hard to do convincingly.

Relationships? They get enough of that shit at work.

The Guys are certainly not eager to jump into a marriage with a woman -- they saw what happened to their fathers' generation, and things are looking even less rosy now. They're content to pursue their personal interests at home, keep their damn mouth shut at work, and most don't have more ambition than to stay employed for the next decade.



**All Dressed Up,
No Place To Go!**

While most college-educated women still say they are actively planning on getting married "at some point in the future", the likelihood of that happening after age 25 goes down by roughly 3% a year until Age 30, and then 5% a year after that. By Age 35, her chances have fallen to around 47.5%, and by Age 40 they plummet to less than 30% by some estimations!

Yet Women Still List Marriage As A Priority Goal More Than 50% More Than Men In Their Peer Group! OOOOPS!

Meanwhile, the Girls (the Guys' female contemporaries) are discovering that the same dudes they eagerly compete with at work have zero respect for them "as women". That is, they don't want to date. They want to have sex, sure, but the Guys don't want to invest anything into a relationship with a Girl from work. That's just asking for trouble.

At first that works out fine for both, as both are fully immersed in hookup culture, complete with friends-with-benefits and booty calls. But as a few years go by and the early 20s become the mid-20s, the Girls quickly get tired of the hookups and start to pursue "real" relationships. Only they are being frustrated by the utter disinterest that's being shown in them.

That's highly frustrating to a generation of women who were taught -- incorrectly -- **that the road to masculine respect and admiration was through career success.** And it is -- *for other men*. But while a dude will certainly look at a woman's career and earning prospects as a plus, in most cases, if they are too much over his own then he's going to lose interest quick -- we know what happens when

you go down that road. No one wants to have to ask his sugar mama for beer money. Past a certain point, career success actually starts hurting a woman's prospects of finding a marriageable mate. And without one, her future in the increasingly female-dominate workforce is very limited. She might break the glass ceiling, but if she doesn't have a husband then despite four decades of feminist propaganda the female social matrix discounts the woman's status dramatically.



So how does the Feminist Utopia deal with marriage, then?

According to standard feminist ideology, marriage, when entered into at all (it being an essentially oppressive custom of the fallen Patriarchy, after all) is to be no less than the perfect union of equals . . . though in practice any marriage where the man actually takes any leadership role is usually condemned in feminist circles as atavistic. Despite that, feminists are themselves locked into the female social matrix. If they don't "marry up", then they get accused of bagging a "Nigel" (as in "*men are horrid creatures who have oppressed women for centuries, using their superior strength and position to dominate us -- but Nigel doesn't believe in all of that, do you dear?*")-- what the Manosphere refers to as a White Knight or a Manigina. Nigels are the epitome of the sexless submissive Beta male -- just the perfect kind of mate, according to feminist ideology.

Only feminists *despise* Nigels. It comes across in every post about them in feminist discussion groups. They betray their own ideology with their loins, and often leave poor Nigel by the side of the road after a few years in pursuit of the Alpha cock they've starved themselves for. Feminists may say they love Betas, but they're voting with their vaginas . . . and eventually some of those dudes, embittered by their rejection, find themselves in the Manosphere.

From a feminist perspective hypergamy isn't a problem -- it's a solution. Rejecting inadequate males after using them for resources (emotional support, sperm, additional revenue) in favor of a higher-status male is in itself status-building in feminist circles -- basically what that horrid ***Eat, Pray, Love*** woman did. Hypergamy proves their personal superiority to their first husbands, and even to their second husbands.

So the idea that Hypergamy is going to vanish now that women earn more than men is just bullshit, any more than the idea that men stopped objectifying women in the workplace just because of sexual harassment laws. No matter how many happy, smiling Manginas Ms. Mundy exhibits as proof that men have "embraced" their new testicle-light role, the rest of us *know* it's Blue Pill bullshit. Men, as Men, are rejecting that role and going their own way, marrying down themselves or not marrying at all, or marrying third-world brides with more traditionally Agricultural Age concepts of matrimony. That's the factor that Ms. Mundy hasn't examined. The rejection of the American Working Woman by the American Working Man, unless the matter of children is involved.

Some feminists see this as a plus -- the idea that a man and woman should need to be married in order to support each other flies in the face of feminist rhetoric about independence. Dr. Emily Nagoski, noted Sex Nerd, has proudly trumpeted the fact that she and her romantic interest don't "need" each other (which makes any talk of marriage just seem silly), they stay together because they "want" to. They love each other, and love alone should be enough to establish and maintain a relationship, independent of economic concerns. Or, as one sarcastic feminist commented,

*Yeah, God forbid she actually stick around because she **LIKES** the dude or anything. Can't have that.*



*"Sure, let's get married, I can afford it!
But the moment you stop amusing me, Mister, your ass
is in divorce court! Ain't love grand?"*

Well, no. No, we can't. Why not? **Because men, in aggregate, *don't* want that kind of marriage.** Its one based on their ability to be entertaining, and once that stops, the relationship is OVER and they know it. Or, as I responded to the above-sarcastic feminist:

Well, that is kind of the point.

Most men view marriage as a life-long commitment that may possibly include reproductive rights, certainly involves combining finances and financial security, implies certain legal

and ethical obligations, certainly includes a sexual component, not to mention establishing an entirely new family built around the compromises of blending your individual family cultures. His wife will be what socially defines him and will be how other men in his masculine culture will judge him.

And you think that a man should make a decision and establish a commitment that weighty based on your willingness to “like a dude”?

What happens if you stop “liking” him? You leave? Take his kids? Half his stuff? Because you “just aren’t happy” or “I love you, but I’m not in love with you”, and “I settled prematurely (!)” or any other EatPrayLove rationalization? Because you met another dude you like a little bit better? I mean, is it any wonder that older women are discovering that men in their brackets are more than a little “commitmentphobic” . . . because actual commitment to a marriage has been pretty thin on the ground for the last forty years.

Yeah, Goddess forbid she stick around because she actually made a COMMITMENT to a dude or anything. Can’t have that.

To which she replied, basically,

Why turn down money in the family because it’s got girl cooties on it?

Because it's not about the fucking money. That's what they don't understand. They want to *think* it's about the money, so they're the first to say it's NOT about the money, that the money doesn't matter. And it doesn't, but not for the reasons they suspect.

Men look at resources and wages and earning and success *very differently* than women. **Women feel that they should enjoy the same prestige among men that a man would get for that level of success** -- but men aren't giving it to them, and they're not getting much more from other women. Why? **Men see wages and income and professional success as a means to an end: to attract a high-quality mate. Women see wages and income and professional success the same way . . . only men aren't attracted to security issues the way women are.**

It's like the metrosexual dudes who think if they look pretty enough and smell good enough and lack hair in all the right places, they'll find Ms. Right. The problem is that **as much as women enjoy good-smelling dudes who look pretty, good looks are not the primary motivator of their sexual attraction cues. Money and security is.** That includes emotional security, of course, so a successful career woman may indeed find a man who fulfills that emotional need (she doesn't have a financial need) . . . but the moment she

marries him, the power and sex balance has been broken. He needs her for financial security and she needs him for emotional security, but emotional security isn't a recognized metric among the female social matrix.

But the sarcastic feminist won't recognize that. She maintains **"There's nothing about economic security that makes people have to act like jerks."** Of course, the caveat is that she means that **"there's nothing about economic security that makes MEN have to act like jerks"** -- no doubt if it's a woman who is suddenly demanding economic security from a man in the process of divorce, she's entitled to whatever she can squeeze out of him, as per standard feminist practice.

If a woman happens to be a SAHM and wants more control over the household income, her husband will be labeled a "jerk" or worse if he doesn't grant it by feminists. But if a SAHD wanted to control the finances of the household, assuming a much wealthier wife, then he's labeled a "controlling loser jerk" and conventional wisdom says "she can do better".

Hypergamy, alive and well.



There is one bright bit of sunshine from this gloomy picture, though. Thanks to the new economic parity between men and women, I think we'll see some punitively unfair divorce laws overturned a more and more high-profile wives get divorced by their less-well-earning husbands. After we see a few female execs get taken to the cleaners by their boy-toys, we'll see a feminist cry about further divorce reform to "protect the right of a woman to generate and control her own capital" or something like that. Predatory husbands who Game these old broads and then dump them a few years later for half their fortunes will change a few

tunes. Perhaps enough to even begin to approach fairness in divorce laws.

But as far as Liza Mundy's contention that men are learning to accept and embrace their new roles, despite the implicit emasculation involved?



"Oh, shut up about your 'lost masculinity' . . . it's not like I was going to let you use it anymore, anyway!"

Don't count on it, Cupcake.

The Great Hamster Manifesto: *"It's A Trap!"*

April 27, 2012 | by Ian Ironwood | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

I'm taking a quick break from the Masculine Powers series -- don't worry, the next installment is in the pipe. But I wanted to take an intermission.



I never tire of Jezebel's take on dating and sex – it's quaint and entertaining. Today there was quite the rant from regular contributor Lindy West, presented as a "dating manifesto".

Allow me, on behalf of the Manosphere, to respectfully rebut.

Ms. West is saying, basically, *"Girls, quit torturing yourself to make yourself pretty because all men want to do is fuck you, and if you capitulate to their stupid whims about being fuckable then you'll miss out on the chance to find a "real" guy (as opposed to all of the manufactured copies, apparently) who likes you for you and doesn't want to fuck you unless you want him to fuck you first. Oh, and he'll spend all of his money on you and let you get fat and not mind one bit."*

Anyone see the error in logic in this idea? Let's break it down, shall we?

First, let's look at her basic premise, from the article:

"No matter what or who we (hetero) women are, we are always too *something* for men. Isn't that

just fucked? Because to be "too" something implies that there's a *something else* out there to aim for."

Well, *yeah*. When your gender is part of a polarized dyad requiring social interaction as a prelude to reproduction, then your ability to mate ("have an emotionally fulfilling long-term relationship" in feminist-speak) is *by definition* **dependent** upon the desires of the other gender, regardless of your personal feelings on the matter. If it wasn't then all of those overweight male Omegas in their mom's basements would be getting laid as much as the studly Alphas, on the strength of their great personalities alone.

But the cruel fact is that women's desires don't run to the miserable and unsuccessful tub of lard, sadly. So it should be fairly obvious that yes, men have a say in just what they find attractive in (hetero) women. And if women are frustrated with the idea that they are always "too something" for men, then let's examine just why that might be.

When feminism stormed the barricades in the 1960s and helped push through liberalized divorce laws, it was reacting in part to the fact that since WWII women have been able to support themselves without dependence on men. Thanks to industrialization and urbanization there was no need for the old Agricultural Age division of labor anymore. Women could make their own money, thank you, and they didn't need to marry to sustain themselves. In addition, they got almost complete control over their reproductive systems, allowing them to indulge in sex without the consequence of accidental pregnancy. Those two factors were empowering enough in the minds of feminists to re-write the traditional marriage contract – upon which dating and courtship behavior were based.



Fair enough. You ladies can marry whom you chose, divorce them when you get tired of them, and don't have to worry about whether or not he can support you, because you can support yourselves. You've struck a blow for feminine liberty and independence, allowing you to pursue happiness and a bulging 401k just like any man. You can push aside the cold calculations about how much a prospective mate might earn or how successful he is in favor of finding that perfect emotional

connection that blossoms into pure, blissful romance, complete with True Love and Happily Ever After (neither of which, if I recall correctly, are mentioned in many feminists manifestos). **Good for you.**

However, by forging ahead with this revolutionary plan feminism failed to take a few important factors into account. Firstly, **it missed the fact that men have brains and feelings and emotions and desires and drives too, and that those are FAR DIFFERENT from the drives, emotions and desires of women, at least in terms of priority and intensity.** Feminism indulged in classic psychological projection when it inferred to two generations of Americans that if women would just do what they wanted to, men would just *naturally* accept it, regardless of how it affected them or whether or not it was in their best interest, and then fall meekly behind women by being supportive and loving, until it was time for their wives to divorce them and trade up.

Indeed, West even points out that

“Fundamentally, men are attracted to the exact same thing in women as women are in men: Confidence. Self-assuredness. Agency. Knowing who you are.”

And that’s true as far as it goes – **but it doesn’t go very far.** West projects what *women like in men* on what *men like in women*, and she gets it maybe 30% correct. Because men *do* like confidence and self-assuredness . . . **but they like femininity more.** *Sexualized* femininity. We always have, and we always will.

Further, as so many 30-something spinsters are starting to discover, much to their terror, **men are not turned on or attracted to your resume, your earning potential, your romance novel addiction, your devotion to Glee, or the cute names you gave your cats.** All of those things that West says a woman should cultivate instead of beauty and attractiveness, those things that make her a “real” woman? Here’s a newsflash: *they aren’t inherently attractive.*



Now for *some* women who really *could* care less if they ever have a boyfriend for longer than two months, that’s no big deal. **They have developed themselves into fully realized people, with no more need for a man than a fish for a bicycle.** They have self-selected out of the mating pool, the dating pool, and the gene pool, and for all practical social considerations they are no more or less the equivalent of gender-light drones with a predilection for non-fat yogurt (because they like the taste).

These lucky women have eschewed the evil patriarchy's plans to sexually subvert feminism by wisely keeping their legs closed, their cats well-fed, and their dreams of love safely buried. I have the utmost respect for these women – they are taking West's advice and are bagging True Love and Happily Ever After for a slow, secure, lonely decline into dotage. These are the women who have truly arrived in the Feminist Utopia, the women who, as West advises, “have to quit defining ourselves solely in relation to dudes.” Congrats, ladies: *you've arrived!*

But for a few other women, who *can't* quite seem to get rid of the idea that an intimate relationship with a man might be a good thing, **y'all are screwed.** Because if you keep following advice like West's, then you'll become the lady described above *by default.*

Let's keep reviewing where she's going with this:

| “Any man who is a person wants to be with a woman who is a person.”

While I can't help but feel a little thrill that West is willing to concede that **men can actually be persons**, as opposed to, y'know, just MEN, this is an utterly simplistic and singularly unhelpful piece of advice. Yes, men do want to connect with women on an intimate, emotional level (which we also understand is a Big Deal to women, in aggregate). But before we feel comfortable doing that, we want to know if they're going to be able to fulfill our sexual desires, **because just as a deep emotional connection is a primary Big Deal to women, an entertaining sexual connection is a Big Deal to men.**



What? *You didn't realize that?*

Really, ladies, sex is a *major* priority for a dude, and if there's no chance of sex or sexual attraction, it doesn't matter what you name your cats or who you think is going to get knocked out of *Dancing With The Stars* next week, ***you've already missed the cut.*** Does that sound harsh? Oppressive? Sexist? Chauvinistic? So sorry. Now you know what it feels like when a dude hears “*so what do you do for a living?*” knowing that if he doesn't wave his metaphorical tits around and they aren't big

enough, *he's* missed the cut. Women, as feminists who look at romance, sex and love often tell us, have standards. Standards that shouldn't be lowered, out of respect for themselves and their self-esteem.

But y'all really don't like it when you find out that Men have standards, too, and that some of y'all really just don't measure up to them. Oh, some of you do – at first – and a *very* few of you are doing outstandingly, but the rank-and-file office drones who felt a career was more important than babies, y'all are working at a severe handicap to begin with. You have placed yourselves in the “strong, independent woman” category and then wonder why no one emails you back on Match.com. **Because feminism told you that men liked strong, independent women, and if a man didn't, then he wasn't worth loving.**

Only it didn't work out like that, did it?

This is the brutal fact of feminism, ladies: *it lied to you.* It has become the Great Rationalization Hamster, handing you darn good reasons for why you are so miserable, and guess what? ***Feminism says it isn't your fault!*** That's what West's piece says. It's **not your fault.** It's teh Mens.

Sure, men will lie to you about how hot we think you are, how interested we are in what goes on at work, and whether or not we'd ever leave you if you got fat and bitchy, but we rarely lie to you about anything *important.* We're quite clear about what we like – it's no mystery. **But feminism lied to you about what we would do when you went and altered the balance of power in the dating realm. Feminism thought it had a lock on what men *really* wanted without, apparently, consulting any actual *Men* about the issue.**

Look at what kind of man West *says* is going to find you:

“Attraction isn't intellectual, it's involuntary—and if men *really* only wanted to squirt their penises inside of silent supermodels, then regular people would be extinct. But look to your left. Look to your right. Regular people in the house!”

That is, “*there are gullible Beta dudes all over the place willing to lower their standards for a chance to sleep with you and fake the Happily Ever After thing!*” Only West can't *quite* bring herself to say that, because then she would have to acknowledge the reality of the situation, that the “regular people” who just happened to be male who these “regular people” who just happened to be female want to mate with *are fed the fuck up* with what the regular female people have put them through for the last few decades. I mean, **if men were happy with the way the feminist male-female paradigm was working, then there wouldn't be a need for the Manosphere.**

Yet here we are.

And West can't resist taking yet more misguided potshots at teh Mens – after calling us liars, she decides to soothe our hurt feelings by **emasculating us if we don't capitulate to feminist whims about who we *should* want to fuck.**

“...because confidence is also the opposite of helplessness, and a lot of men (insecure men) need women to be helpless, because helpless people aren't in charge. And people in charge want to stay in charge. And the people in charge are men. (To be clear, I'm talking in broad, sloppy, systemic generalities here—not saying your dad is secretly trafficking lady-slaves from Belarus or something. You know what I mean.)”

Gosh, that's noble of you, Ms. West. So teh Mens are insecure and need women to be helpless, right? Because we want to re-establish the patriarchy and get y'all barefoot and pregnant again? Because we can't *handle* strong, independent women and we're *afraid* of them?



In reality . . . not so much.

The *real* fact is, Ladies, that women's sexuality *in aggregate* (and I hate to use broad, sloppy, systemic generalities here, but...) is designed by Nature or evolution or God or whatever to be *reactive* or *responsive* in nature. Women tend to have *responsive desire*, most of the time. Men have *spontaneous desire* most of the time. No, really. This feminist sexologist says so. And while she qualifies her theories by making all of her statements gender-neutral (“*some people* have responsive desire, *some people* have spontaneous desire”) the plain fact of the matter is that **most women have a responsive desire as the basis of their sexuality, while men have spontaneous desire.**

And the problem with *that* is that it challenges the whole ideological basis of feminist theory when it comes to sex and gender relations. **Women, feminism says, are naturally sexual creatures who have every right to enjoy their sexuality to the fullest extant possible,** and rightly so. But it also assumes that male and female sexual desires are (pardon the expression) *equal* in composition and expression, and that's very much pre-WWII scientific thinking. Feminism has assumed that men want the same things out of our sexual and romantic lives as women, and anything beyond that is blatant, oppressive Patriarchy, not the healthy exercise of (whisper it) *masculine sexuality*.

Feminism says that men and women should approach each other sexually on a level, equal playing ground. The problem is, that equal playing ground is a myth, it doesn't exist, and it can never exist while we remain slaves to our own biology.

It wouldn't be the first time a powerful 20th century ideology fell when its fundamentals were challenged by the reality of the world, or else we'd be living in a Marxist Worker's Paradise by now, Comrade. Feminism wants to cling to the beautiful humanistic ideal of *all* people being equal, which is great when it comes to the law and civic responsibility and such, but when feminism further says that women's issues are *more important and of greater weight than men's* (and there is no place where this is more pronounced than on the subject of dating, sex and romance) then it has lost any intellectual credibility it may have had. **When feminism uses its ideology to validate the idea of the eternal feminine victim and the eternal masculine oppressor without acknowledging the underlying differences in male and female sexuality which may underpin these memes, then feminism goes from being a noble attempt at humanistic equality to a gynocentric ideology dedicated to promoting the exclusive interests of women, regardless of the consequences.**

If West's bitter cry against teh Mens and their nasty penises seems filled with irony, that's because it *is*. The current perspectives of men in the dating world were informed first and foremost by *feminism*. It's the environment in which we grew up, the standard by which our entire lives were judged. **If it's painful that men in aggregate are now recoiling in horror from everything associated with feminism, then you can assume it's because we feel deeply wounded by it.** After all, feminism has done very, very little for the lives of men (outside of hypergamous divorce and bitter custody battles, the systematic denigration of masculinity and fatherhood, and the overt war on men and male sexuality...but the easy pussy is nice). But it *has* affected us, in a very negative way, and *y'all are just going to have to take that into account in your Happily Ever After calculations.*

West continues,

“because attraction is involuntary, admitting genuine attraction to the people we're really attracted to relinquishes a huge amount of power. It's terrifying. And when the people you're so terrifyingly attracted to don't even *give a shit* about you? QUICK, TELL THEM THEIR CALVES ARE TOO HEAVY.”



Of course that goes for dudes, too – if an Omega or a brave Beta screws up the courage to ask an

attractive woman out and gets scorned, it really *is* terrifying. Soul-crushing, even. Suicides and lone-gunman tragedies have sprung from the font of such rejection. So the perfectly normal, natural, and appropriate response for men in that situation is *to distance* themselves from the source of the wound and *objectify the person who wounded them so badly*.

Sorry if that makes us seem “insecure” in your eyes, but as West pointed out *attraction is involuntary*. We dudes like hot women, pretty much universally. When we get rejected by them, then pointing out their physical flaws is the moral equivalent of a woman telling a girlfriend “he looks like an axe murderer, anyway” after being snubbed by a dude.

And which would *you* prefer to be referred to as, “thick calves” or “axe murderer”?

Since West can’t realistically argue in favor of women *lowering* their personal standards, she goes the other direction and discredits the idea that *physical attraction really matters* to dudes:

“All the faux-evolutionary excuses people give for modern beauty ideals (gigantic boobs means more milk for cave-babies! A tiny waist means a bigger uterus!) are garbage.”



That’s it. *Garbage*. Evolutionary biology, the incredible amount of work that has been done by biological anthropologists and sociologists, anatomists and sexual psychologists, all that grant money and books and brilliant ideas about how men and women got to be men and women . . . *garbage*. The evidence she cites?

Third-wave feminist Naomi Wolf’s book *The Beauty Myth*, the premise of which is “that “beauty” as a normative value is entirely socially constructed, and that the patriarchy determines the content of that construction with the goal of reproducing its own hegemony.”

See? That evil ol’ patriarchy, at it again. **Teh Mens.**

The problem with this theory is that ignores something fundamental to the “beauty myth”: **the role of the Female Social Matrix in the construction of this “myth” that dudes are attracted to attractive women.** Even those lucky ladies who have checked out of the dating game still dress up and wear make-up and do all of those other things that they complain are supposed to attract men even though they aren’t trying to attract men. They do it out of a sense of social pressure, not from their male colleagues but from the intense pressure of the **Female Social Matrix.**



The Third Wave feminist argument is that the only reason women *have* to do that is because they are, indeed, still fighting the patriarchy’s powerful hegemony. But the cold, obvious, and plainly observable fact is that after forty years of heavy female involvement in the workforce, including their ascension into management roles in business and power politics, if women wanted to change the dominant female culture *away* from catering to the Female Social Matrix, *they would have already.* Just like if trickle-down, supply-side, low-government involvement policies made everyone rich and prosperous, then the Bush II years should have been the greatest economic expansion in American history.

Only . . . *not so much.*

Feminism doesn’t want to acknowledge the power of the Female Social Matrix because then they would have to *take responsibility* for it, and that betrays the essential foundation of feminism: “*It’s not our fault!*” and they can’t have that. Instead they rationalize the powerful pressure that women put on each other as a result of the *evil patriarchy*, and that excuses pretty much anything without all of that pesky accountability. *Go Great Hamster, Go!*

This is where Game comes in. Those who have taken the Red Pill recognize immediately Ms. Wolf’s hamhanded attempt to summarize **natural female attraction to men:**

“Here is what I will cop to in terms of our primordial human standards of beauty. To bag an early-man, you probably needed:

1. Most of your limbs.

2. Minimal open sores.
3. A baseline level of health and robustness to be able to care for a child and/or defend it from lions."

Talk about **high standards** . . . basically she's saying "*if you're alive and have a functional vagina, you're gonna be a catch to the primitive mens!*" All ideas of beauty and attractiveness follow from that basic premise, apparently. **And if that's the basic assumption that feminists are using in trying to date, I suppose that it's no wonder that they're railing against the unfairness of it all.** Aren't dudes *supposed* to think you're hawt just because you got ladyparts? Regardless of whatever else they're attached to? *What the fuck is THEIR problem?*

And then West goes *here*:

"We, as women, go our whole lives believing this lie that all we have to do is to stop being too fat and too flat-chested and too bitchy and too uptight, and then the perfect dude will finally love us forever."



Well, at least she gets *that* part right. That IS the lie. Because the Perfect Dude's standards are going to be much higher than "skinny, boobs, laid-back and polite" (although that isn't a bad place to start). As any serious student of Game will tell you, **the actual standards the Perfect Dude uses to decide if you made the cut for the "love me forever (until I get bored and divorce his ass)" category are far, far higher than women, particularly feminist women with delusions of allure, ever want to admit.** (Hint: they rarely include "feminist activist" in the criteria--ever known a feminist to celebrate twenty-five happy years of marriage?) And this is where West finally decides to at least *mention* the Female Social Matrix that is the *real* evil she's railing against:

"But chasing that stupid phantom doesn't make us necessary—it makes us disposable. It makes us

powerless. Because we're not people anymore, we're holes. Miserable, back-stabbing holes."



That's right, ladies. That's the Ugly Secret. That's the gift of the feminist utopia: once feminism and industrialization gave you a means to support yourself independently - thus removing the requirement of a husband for procreation and support while simultaneously turning potential suitors into mere professional business competitors - once your willingness to make "a permanent commitment" turned into serial monogamy fueled by hypergamous divorce, once you had *total control* over your reproductive freedom, while empowering you to become centers of power and influence in society in general, **feminism placed you in a position where *your only real value to men anymore as a woman was your sexuality.***

You want the Happily Ever After and the True Love, and boo-hoo when you can't find it on your doorstep, but the sad fact of the matter is *y'all* killed that, not us. **When you made yourselves independent worker drones competing for the same income as we, with no desire to form a lasting, working interpersonal partnership, you pretty much made your vaginas the only reason to engage you in any conversation beyond office gossip.**

West's suggestion – **that you give up on the idea of love and a commitment with a quality man in favor of self-indulgence and a fear of "settling"** – is a noble one. Of *course* your feminist sisters want you to do that, because **within the frame (and according to the rules) of the Female Social Matrix**, if they can convince you to do that, they have therefore *decreased competition* for the few decent males out there... and all in the name of Sisterhood.

Red Pill folks know *exactly* what's going on here, of course: it's **the same female-sabotage used so often within the Female Social Matrix**, like when a girlfriend helpfully suggests that cutting all of your hair off will make you "cute", or that you should dump your boyfriend because he isn't good enough for you (but two months later he's suddenly good enough for *her*). It is the Female Social Matrix, not the evil patriarchy, that makes them "disposable", "powerless", "miserable, back-stabbing holes."

West quickly compounds her misdirection with this:

“There's this dumb, deathless stereotype that women only chase men who don't need them—but, um, that's because *everyone* wants someone who doesn't need them.”

Again, Ladies, recognize the Great Rationalization Hamster in your feminist sisters. **She's trying to get you to rationalize away your desire for the Perfect Dude by telling you that if you *pursue* the Perfect Dude, you're just hurting yourself and all womankind.** She's trying to tell you that you and your peers aren't *really* trying to get the hunky billionaire with the kinky BDSM silver tie fetish, you just want a nice Beta dude who will dote on you and not mind how fat you get.



Only it's not a “dumb, deathless stereotype”, **it's an easily observable fact that we've all seen over and over again.** It's been a staple of the human condition going back into prehistory, from what our myths indicate. But she's not quite right: it's mostly women who want someone who doesn't need them. Men need to be needed. It enhances their masculinity. If you don't need a man . . . you probably won't get one.

THAT'S what West is *not* telling you (because she either doesn't know, doesn't want to believe it, or doesn't want her readers to know): **most men really do want a woman who *needs* them, without being *needy*.**

Important distinction.

Men don't want “helpless”, despite West's hyperbole. Helpless *sucks*. Helpless equals “high maintenance”. Helpless might be attractive for its *vulnerability* (to which we are, indeed, attracted) but if that “helplessness” is sustained over time then we know we're going to spend our relationship wiping your ass for you, and we certainly don't want that. “Helpless” means “flaky”, and to the 21st Century man, Ladies, “flaky” is the new “fat”.

There is a whole continuum between helpless and hyper-competent, and as men we both expect and understand that you probably fall somewhere between those two extremes. We don't want you “helpless” so that we can rule your every thought and action -- and West does a disservice to you by putting it in those terms. We want you to need us, or we don't see much point in a relationship. That's different from wanting you *helpless*. Feminism has *always* done that, encouraging you to

develop the skills

Lowest Default Setting...talk about "respect" for Redshirts

May 15, 2012 | by Ian Ironwood | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

John Scalzi, science fiction author, president of the Science Fiction Writers of America, film critic and frequent blogger, hefted a post out there this morning and inadvertently splashed the Manosphere.

The post is a way to explain to the -- *apparently* -- thick-headed, ignorant, and entitled Straight White Males who rule the world just where their place is. The post is entitled ***Straight White Male: The Lowest Difficulty Setting That There Is***, and begins like this:

I've been thinking of a way to explain to straight white men how life works for them, without invoking the dreaded word "privilege," to which they react like vampires being fed a garlic tart at high noon. It's not that the word "privilege" is incorrect, it's that it's not *their* word. When confronted with "privilege," they fiddle with the word itself, and haul out the dictionaries and find every possible way to talk about the word but not any of the things the word signifies.

So, the challenge: how to get across the ideas bound up in the word "privilege," in a way that your average straight white man will *get*, without freaking out about it?

Being a white guy who likes women, here's how I would do it:

Then Scalzi goes on to make an actually quite compelling metaphor in which being Straight, White, and Male is the lowest difficulty setting on the game The Real World . . . because, apparently, that's the only metaphorical system we stupid dudes are left with any more. Fair enough. Now that we're not going to college or getting married or getting jobs like we used to (back when Straight White Males were being castigated for there being too many of us in college, in "bad" marriages where we oppress our wives, and in positions of authority in the workplace), perhaps video games are about all we have left.

He did manage to pull back on the throttle of disdain towards the end of the piece where he conceded that, yes, Straight White Males didn't have any more control over the game settings than anyone else. But then he stopped there, and ended (a little patronizingly):

So that's "Straight White Male" for you in The Real World (and also, in the real world): The lowest difficulty setting there is. All things being equal, and even when they are not, if the computer — or life — assigns you the "Straight White Male" difficulty setting, then brother, you've caught a break.

Well, maybe so. If you look at it from one perspective. I mean, despite his somewhat snide tone, Scalzi's point is well-taken -- but it looks at the nature of straight white male privilege without

looking at its attendant deficits, and automatically posits that the "advantages" of straight white privilege always outweigh those disadvantages. Sometimes "catching a break" is the fastest way to the bottom. But far beyond that, it misses the reason *why* we dislike the term "privilege" when it is applied to us. Here, slightly expanded, is what I replied:

It's not that we (straight, white, male) nerds can't understand the concept of privilege (Latin, essentially, for "private law") and how we're benefiting from it, I believe. It's the fact that yes, **we didn't have any more say in the "character" we were issued by the computer than anyone else, and we get tired of other players grouching like we did.** No matter how good or how bad we do, our character class/race is used as a justification for why we are, somehow, inherently at fault for our stats, and therefore should shoulder the blame of most of the rest of what is wrong in the world. I'll cop to straight white male privilege and how I've exploited it as much as anyone else would in my position, **but I didn't cheat to get that stat**, and having people constantly act like I did and use it as an excuse for their own deficiencies is **tiresome and intellectually dishonest.** Being Straight, White, and Male doesn't make me an inherently evil, unjust, selfish or immoral person any more than any other sociographic racial stereotype would.

Thanks to our ancestors building Western Civilization and all, we get to deal with all of the great guilt associated with being Straight White Males -- the Conquest, the Crusades, the Trail of Tears, the Holocaust, Hiroshima and Nagasaki, all of these are laid at our feet as the price of our "lowest difficulty setting", yet few of the perks associated with Straight White Male privilege make it down to the rank and file in ways that make up for the negatives in a big way. Oh, it's nice not being stopped by the cops or shot by the cops for my race, don't get me wrong -- but when you get your pink slip at work and everyone expects you to go home and load your guns instead of filing for unemployment because you're another angry, privileged Straight White Male, well, it's a bit of a bummer.

Psychologically, that leaves you with two options: acceptance of your status, and developing some method of dealing with the guilt that being socially privileged forces upon you, like philanthropy or serial monogamy, OR check out of the cultural matrix that imposes both the privilege and the guilt upon you. A movement known as Men Going Their Own Way (MGTOW), is advocating Straight White Males abandoning those roles of ever-increasing social and financial expectation/privilege/guilt here in the West and pursue more fulfilling interests off the grid or in exotic foreign lands where you are merely one of many minority populations. And as game strategies go, it ain't a bad one.

I mean, when you're stuck with the lowest default setting and you have no way to correct it, why not abandon the Big Quest and indulge in little side-quests off in the hinterlands? You have just as much fun . . . and no one can call you a loser if you aren't playing the Big Game. The women are pretty, feminine, and don't leap to divorce except in extreme cases. A reasonably well-educated Straight White Male can make a decent living doing all sorts of things in a third world country -- and have a lot of fun while he's there. Why go tromping off to Mordor when you can hang out in a distant village with exotic barmaids, intriguing ales, and the potential for adventures beyond the Divorce Court and Weekend Dad modules? You're still racking up experience points, you're just on a different server. One where being a Straight White Male is seen as a good thing, not grounds for Reasonable Suspicion of Oppression.

Hey, it beats enduring the 'privilege' of socio-racial guilt — what *else* are we supposed to do?

And hell . . . why *should* we put up with that? If we're just players, too, then we play for our own amusement and benefit, pursuing our own interests. Here I thought we were the heirs and caretakers of a five thousand year old civilization our ancestors created . . .

So here's a new strategy for the "players" in the "party" of the Straight White Male, when confronted with these assumptions of privilege and ignorance of the weaknesses of the class in our fellow players: walk away. Log off. Do not engage. If other players aren't willing to extend your character the same basic respect they'd give a passing half-troll because of your difficulty setting, then they aren't worth playing with . . . or supporting. Walk away, go away, go your own way, and log on to a more productive server. The players you leave behind will likely be unhappy, but . . . well, it's *your* freakin' account.

And if you aren't having fun while you play, *why play?*

ADDENDUM:

Someone pointed out to me that Scalzi's new book is called *Redshirts*, which I find kind of ironic. His condescension towards Straight White Males, who seem to be the majority of those who buy his books and the related videogame products, seems a little counterintuitive under the circumstances. He basically seems to be saying:

"HEY! STRAIGHT WHITE NERDS! You've got it easy and you need to quitchyerbitchin and being assholes because even though I wouldn't have an internet to hawk my books over if it wasn't for two generations of you doing what you do, you should feel properly ashamed of who you are and what you get out of life because compared to everyone else you have had it all handed to you on a silver platter! Adopt the proper servile role AT ONCE or risk the displeasure of the collective!"

It's not that I take issue with his analogy -- it's a fine one. Or even his assertion, that being straight, white, and male gives some of us some inherent advantages in some situations -- I *get* that. I also get that just being born in the US gives you ENORMOUS advantage towards being born in most of the rest of the world -- **yet it was *only* toward the Straight White Males that Scalzi leveled his verbal blunderbuss.** He didn't ask for *all* Americans to admit that they had it easier Difficulty Level than everyone else in the world. **He focused on the easiest portion of the population to bash and get away with it: Straight White Males.** His base, in other words.

So that begs the question: just how does John Scalzi *see* the bulk of his audience? He seems insistent that SWMs aren't doing enough to admit that they have some advantages, and persistent in his assertion that they are, as a class, too limited in scope to even realize the dreadful damage that they are doing by not actively working to undermine their own self-interest -- essentially his entire post is a admonition for Straight White Males to do their utmost to selflessly reduce what little advantages that might linger from their ancestors' long, evil plot to build Western Civilization.

But the problem with Scalzi's piece isn't his metaphor or his condescension: it's their implication. SWMs must be properly silent and guilty for who they are, or they're assholes. Expendable. If you're straight, male, and white, then if you don't make a big show about how you being straight male and white gives you goodies that no one else gets but you feel just terrible about it . . . you're an asshole. Expendable. That's the gist. Work for the greater good against your self-interest. Sacrifice what you have and all your ancestors gave you in the interests of a fairness that never gets achieved and a population who only increases how much they despise you with every concession that's made. Over 50 years of systematic attacks on "Straight White Male Privilege", and you'd think the number of calls for us to give up for the greater good would have produced more respect and less noise about how evil teh Mens were. In the perfect Blue Pill world, Straight White Men are the lowest of the lower in the social sense. Utterly replaceable, utterly indefensible, utterly expendable on the alter of social justice.

Redshirts, in other words. John Scalzi seems to be saying that if you don't take a fist full of Blue Pills every morning and begin your day by obsequiously kissing the world's collective ass, then you're just a redshirt. The dude who beams down (usually a Straight White Male named Johnson or Conway, or Peters or something very White -- Ensign Zuniga usually makes it to the end of the episode) who ends up getting eaten by the monster or killed by Klingons or blown up by the reactor explosion or is otherwise . . . expendable.

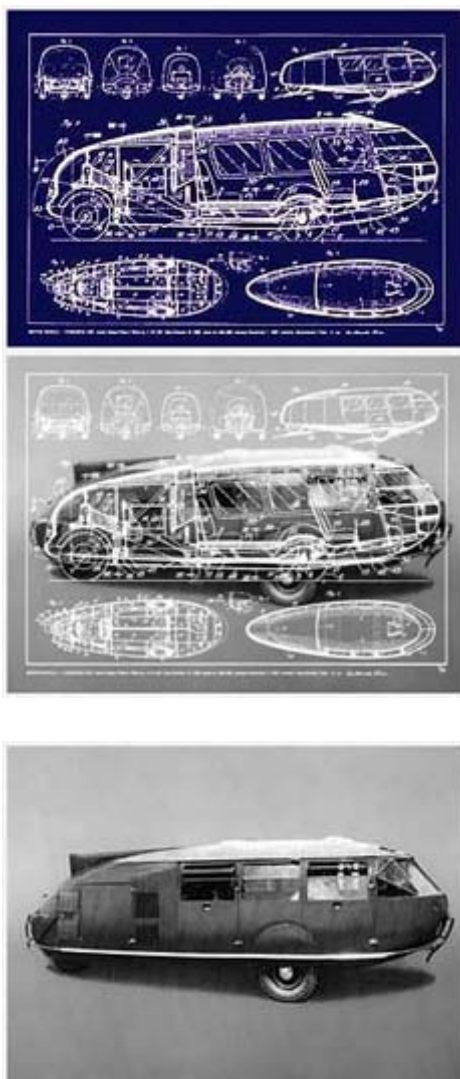
And Redshirts don't get any respect. They barely get a name. They're there to look strong and tough and then die gallantly so the rest of the multiethnic pangendered landing party can escape.

There's a message there.

Our Masculine Power Part Three: The Power To Know, Discover, and Do

May 16, 2012 | by Ian Ironwood | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Our third masculine power is the **Power to *Know, Discover, and Do***. The Sage Power.



This Masculine Power is the cornerstone of every civilization. Men have a talent for learning things, knowing things, organizing, recording, and using that knowledge productively in a way that is uniquely masculine. From the earliest beginnings of tool-using culture, the man who knew how to make fire, tie knots, and recognize a good game trail when he saw it was *highly* valued. But it didn't stop there. To our paleolithic forebears the Power to Know was the basis of all magic and technology. Before writing, when our ancestors were reliant on oral history for every scrap of their knowledge base, the Power to Know was, *quite literally*, the basis for our entire culture.

Without a way of permanently recording the information, for 100,000 years the only way for one generation to communicate to the next generation was to preserve it within the minds and memories

of the elders of the tribe (men and women). If invaders came through, killed off the elderly after they disposed of the warriors, then the women and children who remained would be utterly bereft from their history and knowledge base.

Old men and women, in tribal cultures, are highly valued because of their experience and their skills, but most of all they are valued because they are living storehouses of culture -- myths, legends, folk wisdom, practical advice. And it was a survival skill: the more a man could cram into his skull, the more likelihood his descendants would keep him around after his teeth fell out and his accumulated wounds and age kept him from being a productive hunter. The Man Who Knows is one who has a special talent for acquiring, gathering, and organizing knowledge in a way that is both practical and elegant.

From that need to know and do came the basis of writing, the greatest piece of magic to arise since human speech and the use of fire. Writing, originally designed to track supplies or trade, or to communicate with the gods, or to other learned men, was the first way that discrete information was able to be transmitted between the generations -- and stored independent of a human brain.

More, it allowed men to talk to each other over long distances, their exact words unfiltered by a messenger. Indeed, a messenger could well be wholly ignorant of the message he carried. Such magic was profoundly impressive to the mind of our tribal ancestors, so profound that its origin is usually ascribed to the gods. **The utility and usefulness of literacy was so important that in every culture in which writing arose, knowledge of the written word became the hallmark of the Sage.** And from literacy, all history and culture flow.

At the root of this Power is a man's innate curiosity about the Universe coupled with the knowledge that **he can affect that same Universe in some useful ways.** To *Know* and to *Do*, in other words.

Whether the issue was hunting, building shelter, reading the stars, butchering an animal, managing a wife and family household, understanding the ways of wildlife and plants, or knowing the minds of the gods, Man has a talent for collecting and using information that is inherently admirable. **Further, the more a man knows and the more he knows how to apply what he knows, the more high value he is, in any society.**



The masculine icon I've chosen for this particular Power is that of **Sherlock Holmes**. The fictional detective invented by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle epitomizes all of the grand aspects of this Power.

Holmes was brilliant, of course, but he was also unarguably *masculine*. From his height (complimented by the iconic Deerstalker hat) and his predilection for smoking a pipe alone Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's famous consulting detective was the master of Knowledge in a particularly powerful Victorian way. Not only was he well-educated in the classical sense, he was also steeped in the emerging Scientific Revolution (and the nascent science of Criminology), as well as being the possessor of a *huge* amount of seemingly inconsequential minutia that, when coupled with deductive logic and keen observation, seem to give Holmes the appearance of super powers.



That is how it should be, and how it usually is. The Sage is the Wizard, the Magician, the Scientist, the Philosopher, the Sophist. He is the man who can put his passions aside and focus on the pure acquisition of knowledge and its application, often to the exclusion of all-else. In the extremes this can lead to the "absent-minded professor" or the "befuddled scholar", a man so filled with facts and education that his ability to apply those things constructively is affected. At the other end are the "Mad Scientist" and "Evil Sorcerer" stereotypes, where knowledge and power combine into a twisted version of the Man Who Knows. Ideally, the Man Who Knows uses his great knowledge to help his fellow man and society at large, but for every Holmes there's a Moriarty -- something the Sage knows all too well.

There's a sense of cool aloofness in the Man Who Knows. He has a pure confidence that even the reactionary Warrior or the order-obsessed Captain does not, and an assuredness that borders on cockiness. The combination, even when the subject actively disdains female companionship, attracts women like tuna draws cats. Placing his mind (and therefore his soul) out of reach of mere mortal woman and into the realm of pure Knowledge makes the Sage as utterly unobtainable as he is irresistible. His dedication to a higher purpose and his attention to something other than the "base and lustful" nature of sexuality gives him an allure to females that even awkward appearance and mannerisms don't deter. Indeed, sometimes the odd appearance or nature of the Sage actually adds to his allure to these women.



Sherlock Holmes has attracted feminine attention since the stories were first published, so attracted to Holmes' intelligence and calm, confident demeanor where the women who read them (despite the description of his scarecrow-like appearance). His modern spiritual descendants, Mr. Spock and Mr. Data, have likewise attracted large female followings, and likewise have highly unusual appearances. Sheldon Cooper on *The Big Bang Theory*, epitomizes the modern Man Who Knows, to the extent that his knowledge interferes with his ability to function socially in his world. That is a hallmark of the Sage. Yet it does not detract from him attracting a certain kind of female, often one with similarly powerful intellect (although usually lacking in the dedication that male Sages display, much to the dismay of their penises.)

The masculine allure of the man who Knows -- and Knows How To -- is *powerful*. Yet it is his willingness to place his vocation and study above the comforts of female company that adds to this allure the most. To women, the Man Who Knows is attractive in part because of his unwillingness to grant his attention to women and sex over his work. Their frustration of not being able to capture his attention is often a key to why the geeky, brainy types often have very dedicated female admirers from afar.



If the power to Order belongs to the Captain and the power to Destroy and Defend belongs to the Warrior (the "jock"), then the power to Know belongs to the Sage (that is . . . the *Nerd*). In ways that most women cannot imagine, Men have a capacity to immerse themselves in the study of just about anything, or master the intricacies of just about any tool, that effectively shuts out the rest of the world. Men *obsess* about knowing stuff -- car stuff, sports stats, natural history, politics, religion, history, literature, cultural affairs, music, and large blocks of specialized minutia that confound the power of femininity to appreciate.

Women don't need to know *what* to successfully compete in their Matrix, they need to know *who*. But the power of knowledge to men is far more dramatic than the power of knowing who is doing what to whom among the FSM. Nor is it all a matter of education and upbringing. I've known dudes

I swear weren't bright enough to tie their own shoes lecture me at length about the technical details of stock car racing or the statistics involved in baseball or the technical efficiency of a precision-made firearm. **When a man has an interest, a curiosity in a subject, he will frequently transcend his own boundaries in fulfilling his need to *Know*.**

In fact, to a lot of women, a man's desire to "master" any obscure subject appears to be unproductive and unuseful . . . **until it *is* productive and useful.** If you're a motorhead who knows more about the internal combustion engine than is truly healthy, to her you're a hobby-obsessed man who likes to pay *far* too much attention to oil viscosities and torque and other useless shit and not *nearly* enough attention to *her*.



Until her car breaks down on the side of the road and he manages to fix it without calling a tow truck. *Then* she thinks he's a fucking genius.

The Sage's knowledge may be specific and obscure or general and useful. But it is nearly always a product of his passion and his desire to understand. That, too, is one of the things females find alluring about the Man Who Knows: he is deeply passionate . . . just not usually about *pussy*.

In a lot of ways, however, Game in general is the invention of the Men Who Know. Game is applied psychology and social management with a strong emphasis on gender and hormones and subconscious responses. Game is what happens when a bunch of really smart nerds started applying the Power to Know and Do to the problem of modern mating. It is the accumulated wisdom and knowledge based on the experience and observations of hundreds of Men Who Know. And its continual refinement within the greater Manosphere can be seen as a dramatic application of focused attention on this subject by thousands of interested sages. When the power of knowledge is applied to anything, you can respect results . . . even if the thing is something as murky and mysterious as female sexuality.

The Sages invented Reason, and Science, and Literacy, Literature, Architecture, Mathematics, and all the intellectual underpinnings of our civilization. The passion of these ancient men to understand their mysterious universe provided the foundation upon which each successive generation has built.

Their desire to improve the lives of their people through the judicious use of the secrets of Nature was noteworthy, even when they fell short of the mark.



The Sage power is the power to solve problems, sometimes far outside of one's sphere of expertise.

So many impressive advances in science and technology have been made by collaborations between disciplines, each eager to add their knowledge to reach greater understanding - or just to solve the problem at hand. If you have the time and inclination, go watch the old James Burke PBS series *Connections* to see just how damn clever menfolk can be, when there's a problem that needs a solution.

But you don't have to be Einstein or Pascal to use the power of the Sage. Indeed, we are called upon to use this power every day, whether we understand it as such or not. From knowing how often to check your oil to the name of the star closest to the Sun to which route gets you home the fastest after work are all products of this incredible power. Within its sphere are also the abilities to use tools, change the environment around you, and plan for the future. Simple things, from where we stand in our civilization now, but for a hundred thousand years the masculine power to acquire knowledge and wisdom -- combined with the Captain's power to *record and order that knowledge in a useful form* -- was the hallmark of the widely-respected Sage.

Because the Power to Know isn't just about how much data you can cram into your brainpan, it's about *how you apply it to your best effect*. Indeed, despite the stereotype of the professor's brain stuffed with useless minutia, **the point of the power is its utility and usefulness to your everyday life. The Power to Know isn't just about knowledge, it's about wisdom. Doing the right thing at the right time.**

You know this dude: he probably doesn't look like much, but if there's a mechanical issue, he magically produces a screwdriver and can use it to devastating effect -- I know men who would forget their wallet before their screwdriver. Or the dude who always has a pocketknife. Or a flashlight. Toolbox in the trunk. Simple, useful things that those cursed with a low Sage ability don't think about until the situation is at hand. The wisdom of the Sage power instructs in the art of planning and contingency. And that includes preparedness, based on the knowledge that sometimes Shit Happens. If the practical side of the Sage has a motto, it's the Boy Scouts': **"Be Prepared"!**

Implicit within this power is your ability to prepare and execute wonders to delight and gratify your friends and family -- particularly your wife and kids, if you got 'em. All too often a husband or LT boyfriend forgets the need to launch pleasant surprises or how powerful they can be in his

relationship. But that's one of the functions of the Sage. If the power of the Sage isn't being used to make anyone's life better, then it is a wasted power. And one way you can help leverage this power into regular, productive DHVs is **to promote the illusion that you have an almost-mystical power to have or know or do the right thing at the right place at the right time.** From solving problems to providing comfort to protecting your family, the Sage power is at its most effective when no one realizes you are using it until you're ready.

Here's an example: I get up and take the kids to school every morning, and since the three of them go to two different schools at two different times, with two different sets of breakfast, lunch, and snack requirements, it doesn't take much to throw off the routine -- even a few moments delay can cause a tardy, or inspire one of my kids to forget something vitally important. So I've cobbled together a little Daddy Morning Survival Kit. The exact nature and composition of the kit has changed over the years, but its utility has not.

I keep a box of granola bars, a couple of boxes of raisins, at least a few juice pouches, a first-aid kit, a brush, hair rubber bands, cash for lunch money, a couple of blank checks for last-minute school expenses, a calculator, pencils, pens for signing things, post-it notes for messages to teachers or reminders, crayons, a bottle of water, pair of sox, umbrella, etc. Countless times in the last several years this kit has saved my ass when my youngest, for example, reveals that this is the last day to pay for a fieldtrip he *swore* he told me about three weeks ago. Or my daughter "forgets" to brush her hair and put it in a ponytail. Or my oldest son "forgets" that he has gym today and needs socks. I reach my hand into the Kit, and problem is solved.

Those are every-day things, but instructive. Suddenly producing a coveted prize unexpectedly -- like my Dad appearing with an air-conditioner out of nowhere one summer in the south in the 70s, or me producing a bag of dark chocolate for Mrs. Ironwood in a moment of need, because I had the foresight to do so -- are one good way to use the power to surprise and delight. Suddenly demonstrating a facility long-practiced in secret, like playing the guitar or singing Karaoke or building a garden wall are all good examples of wonder-making. The more elaborate the plan and the more smoothly it runs, the more you look like a fucking genius.

Every power has a dark side, and the Sage power is no different. Basically, the flip side of the Sage is the know-it-all asshole, that dude no one can stand to be around when the conversation turns to a particular topic: sports, sex, politics, religion, the usual. The temptation to show off what you know is great, when you have a good dose of Sage. After all, how else can you validate your knowledge if everyone else doesn't know you know it? But by resisting the urge you can often find yourself in a more dominant position.

When you flirt with the Dark Side of the Sage, you often don't hesitate to whip your intellectual dick out and smack it on the table -- and there are some venues where this is, indeed, quite appropriate.

But it also has the possibility to get you into trouble, or in a competition for dominance that you have little hope of winning -- unless your Sage is *just* that bad-ass. Remember, the guy who is still alive at the end of the Kung-Fu movie is rarely the braggart -- it's usually the quiet, cocky guy who spent all of his free time training instead of bragging about what a bad-ass he is. The temptation to show off

your brainy goodness should be checked except in the rarest of circumstances. In fact, **the men I know who have the Sage power in the greatest abundance are also those who demonstrate it so sparingly and subtly that they seem to get shit done without actually doing anything.**

Another example: my dad, Papa Ironwood, is a former Scoutmaster still involved with his troop. On a recent camping trip in which he'd come out for the day, one of the younger Assistant Scoutmasters was fretting about the camp, giving orders, and generally disturbing more than leading. A particular issue for him was a large puddle in the path to and from the camp, which he proposed to my dad to fix with a large work party later in the afternoon.

Papa Ironwood thought that was an inefficient use of resources, not to mention a beautiful spring day. There was a steady flow of boys back and forth through the spot, so Papa counseled the younger leader to watch. As a boy would come by, Papa would casually ask him to grab a bit of deadfall from the surrounding woods -- just a piece -- and drop it into the puddle. In about ten minutes six boys had walked by, and each had added another piece of wood to the puddle, until (about the time he finished his cigarette) you could walk across the wood without getting your feet wet.



"See?" Papa Ironwood told him, afterwards, "I filled that hole up all by myself. And I didn't even get my hands dirty. And it beat trying to get everyone organized for a work project for something so small. Let's go fishing instead."

My dad used the Power of the Sage to break down the job, invite a little, reasonable help from each boy, and therefore split up the work into such small pieces no one minded doing their part -- and the puddle got filled. That kind of Sage power actually has an ancient name: *wu wei*, the Chinese word that translates roughly into "action through inaction". It's a major principal of Taoist philosophy and practice, and I've seen it in action (or, more appropriately, inaction) repeatedly. It reflects a particular aspect of the male paradigm of the Sage, the power to accomplish the most with the least effort. Papa Ironwood calls this "productive laziness", but it's essentially Taoist *wu wei*.



Not sold on the concept? Consider the machine you're reading this on -- it's the product of tens of thousands of Sages, whose collective knowledge brought to life one of the most remarkable inventions of the 20th century, the computer. The computer was invented over 60 years ago, remember -- UNIVAC and ENIAC, the building-sized banks of vacuum tubes were crunching numbers by the dozens-per-second back in the 1950s. When you consider how those massive dinosaurs begat the svelte little device you're probably using to read this, you can kind of see the Western version of *wu wei* in action, a process called *ephemeralization*.



That term was coined by the greatest Sage of the 20th century, **R. Buckminster Fuller**, to describe a phenomenon implicit in human civilization, the great need to do more work with less effort, to use less resources more efficiently. Bucky Fuller was a naval architect genius in the mid 20th century who made it his life's mission to make every man's life better through the power of his big bulging brain.

Kind of the anti-Evil Scientist, Bucky pulled one brilliant invention after another out of his head.

Some remain obscure prototypes, like the Dymaxion Car and the Dymaxion House. Some were so ridiculously useful that they were repressed, like the complete bathroom Bucky designed that could be stamped out of one large piece of stainless steel at a tiny fraction of the cost of a traditional bathroom. Some of these are ubiquitous today, like the octet truss (which you have probably never heard about) and the geodesic dome (which you have -- and which is mathematically the best way to structurally enclose the maximum amount of area with the least amount of materials). Both were

ways to get the most bang for the buck. In fact, the geodesic structure was so elegant that when a similarly-structured molecule of carbon (C60) was discovered, it was named Buckminsterfullerene in tribute.



Octet Truss Patent

Ephemerization was a great boon for the industrial economy. After WWII, when standardized parts and assembly lines allowed economies of scale to produce far more goods at a far cheaper per-unit cost, any way to tighten up the efficiency of the process meant dollars in someone's pocket. The nascent aircraft industry, focused on creating bigger planes with the lightest materials possible, helped drive the movement towards ephemerization, and the Space Program put the cherry on top. By 1975, only 25 years or so after the first computational monstrosities awoke in the Northeast, the first integrated chips capable of producing an equivalent number of calculations-per-second were in use. In a mere quarter decade, thanks to the requirements of the aviation and space industries, the resources and energy required to do the same amount of work had shrunk dramatically, to the size of a postage stamp.



Bucky's Bathroom - designed to be pressed from a single sheet of stainless steel and costing a fraction of a ceramic bathroom.

Ephemerization is how you do more with less, and then do even more with even *less*, and so on. It is the impetus behind computerization, compact cars, and jumbo jets. It is the hallmark of the Sage power. Through its robust application modern civilization has managed to support -- in reasonable comfort and security -- a far larger population than our ancestors ever thought we would. It is using *wu wei* on an industrial scale, providing more abundant resources with less effort and energy.



Geodesic Dome

It's easy to overlook the Sage as a masculine power archetype, particularly in the Game community, because it just doesn't get you laid the way the Warrior or the Captain or the Lover does. Yet it is the ability to observe, to plan, to theorize, and to test (the Scientific Principal, in other words) that allows us to combine the cool order of the Captain with the passion of the Warrior and the empathy of the Lover to formulate Game strategies, Single or Married. Without the Sage, we are simpletons, lustful brutes who don't think much beyond our next meal and our next screw, and who have very little idea how to achieve either. With the Sage -- particularly today -- this potent aspect of masculinity can catapult the Sage-heavy dude into wealth and prosperity through education, technical knowledge, and willingness to pursue an intellectual theory to its conclusion.



Dymaxion House

Most Efficient Living Structure For
The Lowest Price Known To Man

Cultivating the Sage is difficult -- to some, more difficult than working out regularly. But once you understand that the essence of the power isn't just 'knowing', but also 'doing', the figure of the Sage becomes far more approachable for some men. The allure of the Sage to women cannot be denied, but neither can it stand on its own. It must be supported, cultivated, and attended to with the care of a gardener for his garden. The Sage can lead to wealth and power -- always attractive to women -- but it can also find a place where wealth and power are meaningless compared to true happiness. And for the Sage, that happiness lies in the acquisition and ordering of knowledge.

NEXT: THE LOVER

Of Gynocentrism and Genocide

May 18, 2012 | by Ian Ironwood | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Some people wonder why I do this – and formulate all sorts of wrong-headed, misinformed opinions about the subject. My motivations are actually fairly simple: I’m a father in the 21st century, trying to protect and prosper for his family. Because I’m a word nerd, I try to influence the culture around me in a way I find beneficial to that end. That’s it. That’s my whole secret plan: to make the world a better place for my children. According to what I see as “better”.

Now some might see this as temerity, the arrogance of yet-another Straight White Male TM railing against his declining social and financial importance and trying to turn back the inevitable march of Progress. Nothing could be further from the truth. In many ways, I remain a Progressive, politically: that is, I think like a Progressive when it comes to doing the most good for the most people, when it comes to the environment and global climate change, when it comes to basic human rights for all – including the right to marry and control one’s own reproductive freedom. I’m pro-Civil Rights. I’m pro-Gay Rights. I’m pro-Choice.

But I’m also pro-Second Amendment. And pro-First Amendment. Pretty big fan of most of the others, to the point where I once was an active Libertarian, until I got sick of the whiny anti-tax stance of many of the other Libertarians. Those things alone get me branded as “conservative” by some of my Progressive friends. My “liberal” social attitudes get me dismissed by my conservative friends. I’ve listened extensively to both Rush Limbaugh and NPR. I’m comfortable with neither the liberal or the conservative label, and usually take shelter as an “independent” and vote on the basis of the candidate. My politics follow my own consistent internal logic, and I rarely see fit to explain them to others.

But when it comes to this blog, and some of my other efforts, I can pinpoint precisely where my strong counter-feminism stance comes from.

You see, I have two young, vibrant, highly intelligent boys, and a similarly brilliant and robust daughter. I’m not worried about my daughter. She’ll do fine in the coming century, the way that things have shaken out for girls of her generation. But my boys . . . I’m preparing them for the struggle ahead to the best of my ability, like any good father, but it’s hard to prepare them for something like this:

“...What I do have is an ongoing intolerable experience that this life I and other women live is blighted by male oppression, and that this blight diseases the trunk of our species’ existence, not just the branches, not just the leaves. Every moment of our existence, this blight injures us. It kills our spirits, ruins our bodies, destroys our happiness, twists our children.”

Of course, half of those children are MALE, but she doesn’t dwell on that unpleasant truth. Later on,

she continues:

“As Sheila Jeffreys has put it, and I think we all agree, it has to start with this: there is something wrong with men. It is a pathology with both physical and psychological features. I personally think it is as old as our evolution as hominids. I think it’s a biological adaptation which is now rotten, dangerous, and vestigial. I think we have to force the scientific establishment to take a clear look at this colossal sick old mammoth taking up all the space in the living room, and make it stop distracting itself with sexy cosmologies and particle accelerators. I don’t quite have a name for this pathology. Let’s give it a real name together.”

The “pathology” that the author Vilet Tiptree speaks of is pretty much anything with an XY chromosome: Men, in other words. Not Straight White Men TM, not the Patriarchy, but the “System” run by . . . *men*. ALL men.

This one little radfem paragraph is calling for no less than the soft genocide of half of the human race. That includes my boys.

That’s *a problem* for me.

Take a look at the same paragraph, slightly altered, and see how it strikes you:

As Sheila Jeffreys has put it, and I think we all agree, it has to start with this: there is something wrong with Jews. It is a pathology with both physical and psychological features. I personally think it is as old as our evolution as hominids. I think it’s a biological adaptation which is now rotten, dangerous, and vestigial. I think we have to force the scientific establishment to take a clear look at this colossal sick old mammoth taking up all the space in the living room, and make it stop distracting itself with sexy cosmologies and particle accelerators. I don’t quite have a name for this pathology. Let’s give it a real name together.

Let me be clear, the author didn’t *say* “Jews”, she *said* “Men” . . . so it’s *okay*. In fact, substitute any other group in place of “Men” and what you are looking at is something more apt for a sinister eugenics program than the “ideology of equality” known as feminism – but there it is.

Now, “mainstream” feminists argue that the radfems are extremists, theoreticians providing valuable perspective from the margins of the movement. That they are moved by great political passion, and their outrageous positions are born of necessity, the inevitable result of centuries of institutional male oppression and female suffering. Radfems of the 1970s and 1980s like Dworkin and McKinnon, who

famously condemned all heterosexual sex as “rape”, were among the first to use their influence within the Feminist Female Social Matrix to heat up the war on masculinity.

The attacks against male sexuality were transformed, over the years, into attacks on men in general, and eventually evolved into genocidal screeds like the above. When you start calling into question the necessity of the existence of half of the human race and start agitating for its eventual extinction, regardless of whether you are leading your movement or are on the fringes you have tainted any other possible argument you could make. And any movement that does not do its best to separate itself from such vileness and reproach the authors has to be called into question as well.

Sure, the radfems are a bunch of crackpots – who takes them seriously? Well, a *lot* of feminists do. This is misandry at the most fundamental level, a hatred for men that stretches the term “pathological” as inadequate. Yet this radfem and her spiritual sisters are a *respected voice* within the greater feminist community, and are eagerly looking forward to participating in the upcoming gathering of feminists that has sprung as an outgrowth of the Occupy movement. The “fringe” of feminism is going to do its best to push for an even harsher war against masculinity and men – I can’t see them softening their tone – and as we have learned, in the Female Social Matrix, controlling the conversation is tantamount to controlling the Matrix.

The only *good* thing about this level of pure hatred is that **it keeps shooting itself in the foot over and over again, tripped up by the rules of the very Matrix it tacitly tries to control**. Radical feminism’s own ideology is also its biggest hobble towards effective action. Why? Because feminism (especially after its adoption of key Marxist principals – you remember Marxism, don’t you? Founded on the latest bleeding edge scientific principals . . . *of the 19th century?*) is committed to non-hierarchical organizational structures. Consider this strong push in the movement, the adoption of the “progressive stack” method of organization:

"We urge that the Assembly recognize the concept of stepping back: that dominant voices and identities recognize privilege and power in the room and in themselves, and 'step back' from monopolizing a conversation in the interest of hearing a diversity of voices and experiences on the topic. We are not here to reproduce the same monopolization of voice and power as the '1%', we are here to diversify spaces for radical inclusion, and to name centuries of privilege and exploitation of particular demographics of the population, including but not limited to: women, people of colour, members of the LGBTQ populations, non-status individuals, differently-abled persons, the very young and the very old...all these voices are regularly marginalised in our societies. In devising alternate modes of being and redistribution of power in the world, it is our duty and responsibility to listen and learn from prioritising these voices that are traditionally and systemically silenced in our dominant culture. Let us be accountable to our own declarations of values – let us put these principles into practice in order to devise alternate ways of being in the world."

In other words, **all of those who show any shred of leadership are forced to abandon it –officially – in favor of a chorus of diverse voices.** This is the oft-observed press for “consensus” that is so valuable to the FSM -- and don't forget that **consensus is the absence of leadership.** Those who have naturally taken leadership positions in their movement and have gotten it to where it is are *pulled down from power* in favor of the participation of those on the margins. This is the system which is being pushed on to the coming feminist confab. Of course, the “unofficial” leaders who emerge in place of the original leaders will have the benefit of an even murkier and less-defined consensus behind them to lend to their credibility . . . within the Feminist Female Social Matrix. Everywhere else? Not so much.

Which is why I'm not terribly concerned about the vitriol from the Radfems doing more than moderately influencing the opinions of other feminists, an increasingly divided group, about as much as Andrew "Dice" Clay influenced the development of masculinity. You see, **in abandoning “hierarchical power structures” the radfems are essentially abandoning “power”.** By including *everyone's* voice, the possibility for a truly effective consensus on a particular topic is lost in favor of a bland list of petty issues that will stand as a testament to their commitment to their ideals . . . but probably not much else.

Because **ten thousand years have proven to my satisfaction that “non-hierarchical power structures” don't accomplish anything more complicated than a quilting bee.** Oh, there have been plenty of examples of *de-centralized* hierarchies accomplishing things such as literacy programs, health education, and missionary conversions . . . but “non-hierarchical power structures” are almost an oxymoron. And they *damn* sure don't get anything done. They just make more people *feel better*. They're an organized bitchfest, a cathartic therapy session that raises self-esteem and encourages empowerment . . . and erodes any real potential for powerful action. What the feminists and the radfems don't understand is that **the “power” comes from the hierarchy – when individuals cede a portion of their *personal* power in the form of submission and obedience (“submitting to authority” implies imbuing that authority with the power of your willingness to obey it) they enrich that authority's ability to Get Shit Done.** Whether the shit they're doing is worthy or not is immaterial: the way to establish an effective organization is through hierarchy, *not* chaos.

Hierarchies *work*. And over the centuries, they've been refined to be more and more efficient. From construction crews to military units, hierarchical power structures *accomplish things*. Non-hierarchical structures write a lot of poetry.

In fact, when you look at the great feminist-inspired movements of the past, from Abolition to Temperance to Suffrage to Woman's Rights, **it was only when large groups of women organized into male-style hierarchical structures that they accomplished any meaningful change.** That is, they could not effectively fight against the power of the hierarchy without building a corresponding hierarchy. This modern tendency towards inclusion and consensus and away from hierarchy and

actual power to accomplish anything is doing far, far more to keep the radfems harmless genocidal, gynocentric nuts on the fringe instead of leaders of castrating legions of angry women.

So when I see bullshit like this, and the recent inclusion of certain Manosphere sites as “hate groups” by the increasingly-irrelevant Southern Poverty Law Center, I feel like I can relax – a *little* – about my boys’ future. After all, self-imposed dissarray among the self-declared enemies of your gender is a *good* thing. But the fact that they have any influence at all within the greater feminist movement more than justifies my vigilance on behalf of my boys. **It also more than justifies my unwillingness to see feminism, in general, as anything less than a gynocentric, misandrous attempt to grab power (but with little conception of what power is – and what to do with it), a culture-wide Shit-Test for our collective masculinity.**

Radical Feminists freely admit that their views are *not* shared by the majority of feminists, much to their dismay. But they *do* enjoy influence within the movement far out of proportion to their numbers, thanks to the FSM’s willingness to reward outrageous, attention-getting behavior from its members with higher Matrix position and influence. But their presence within the movement is all the justification any male needs (or any female who has a male in their life they don’t want to see sent to the castration-and-re-education camps) to quit calling himself a feminist, no matter how White Knightly he is. **Radical Feminism is proud to be an existential threat to all Men and all masculinity.**

Mainstream feminism proports to be about fairness and equality – those are the first words out of a feminist’s mouth when they explain the ideology – **but if it includes bile like the above, then counter-feminism and the Manosphere have all the justification it needs to exist in defense of our gender’s right to exist.** When they start threatening my boys, I’m going to defend my family just as ardantly as I would if someone threatened my daughter. It might be all "patriarchy-y" of me, but I can live with that.

Alpha Move: *Hit The Road, Jack!*

May 21, 2012 | by Ian Ironwood | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



There comes a point in every man's relationship with his woman where the comfortable familiarity you feel waking up next to the same face every day slowly but inevitably becomes a kind of *ennui* that can lead to all sorts of snappish behavior. That seems counterintuitive: you'd think that the more time you spend with your lovely lady, the more time you would *want* to spend with her. But somewhere along the way things just get . . . *routine*. And if you don't take care, you can find this familiarity breeding contempt or worse, a plethora of Shit Tests.

I've been over this particular bump in the relationship road more than once, but it took years for me to realize its origin and nature before I could formulate an effective treatment. My first few years with Mrs. Ironwood were the usual hazy cloud of love, infatuation, and novelty sex, so I was appropriately distracted from the issue of relationship complacency. But about Year Three, after most of a long hot summer cohabitating, going to summer classes, and working food service jobs, we started getting into a long, petty, nasty little rut where we'd seek to out-submit each other for the Blue Pill prize of boredom.



Things got hairy enough to consider relationship counseling – but we were young and broke and uninsured, so we settled for argument and introspection instead. Cheaper. Finally, the proto-Mrs.

Ironwood cornered me after a particularly vicious and pointless spat, ostensibly to continue it, when she abruptly changed tactics and actually asked me what was wrong. I thought for the barest of seconds.

“I need to miss you more, I guess,” was all I could sheepishly say.

That took Mrs. I by surprise, but she took it at face value, too. Within a few days I had found myself signed on to a road trip with a bunch of dudes to another state for the purpose of manly indulgence in masculine things like hitting people with sticks, drinking homebrewed mead and swearing forsoothly. It wasn't more than a long weekend, but when I returned I attacked the future Mrs. Ironwood with renewed vigor and lustfulness. Indeed, **I just needed to miss her more. And vice versa.**

There's an old bluegrass tune I enjoy called **“How Can I Miss You If You Won't Go Away?”** and I like it because it is instructive. **As much as we love the dear object of affection, the woman who birthed your children and pledged her undying love to you before the gods and her kin, the woman who would happily take a bullet or cut a bitch on your behalf, that woman whose very name makes your heart beat faster is also the one who can drive you *fucking batshit insane* if you don't get out of her sphere of influence and remember where your testicles are every now and then.**



As we've lost our grasp on traditional masculinity, thanks to the overthrow of the Patriarchy, we've also lost some of the noble traditions that kept our revered paternal ancestors from murdering or otherwise ending their relationships with our revered maternal ancestors. It is a lost truth that **every adult man needs to renew the well of his masculinity in the company of other men, preferably in the completion of some quest, contest, or great feat of arms or skill.** In other words, Grandad knew that sometimes the best way to deal with Grandma was to *get the hell out of Dodge* for a few days, kick back with the guys, and bask in the utter lack of feminine presence.

That didn't mean (necessarily) that Grandad was getting some homoerotic action on the DL on his

hunting trips, it just meant that **a straight testosterone injection in the form of male fellowship in the completion of a common goal is oft the best treatment for your wife's face becoming too familiar to you.**

In ancient times, it was chthonic monsters or evil witches or tyrannical kings that needed slaying. In the Middle Ages, dragons, grails, crusades and general errantry were preferred. In our grandsires' day it was Theodore Roosevelt-style hunting and fishing trips in the rugged wilderness that haunted the masculine imagination. But in our present day and age, this important masculine ritual is typically fulfilled via the expedient of the great American masculine tradition:



The Road Trip.

That's right. Pile in the car with two or more male buddies (strangers can work . . . *if you dare* . . .), fill up the tank, load up on beef jerky and diet soda, and drive to some destination of note for a trip of no less than four days' duration. Yes, *four days* – any less time and you won't be gone long enough for her to miss you. And that's part of the point, **for her to live a couple of days without you up her butt and to the left.**



You see, it's very easy, especially in a cohabitation or marriage situation, for you and your woman to take each other for granted when it comes to a lot of the daily chores and minutia of living. Often it's a matter of the female becoming dependent on the male for certain chores, and a few days of her being forced to be self-reliant and miss you is a good way to remind her just how valuable you are in her life. And a few nights with no one snoring next to her is sure to inspire some anxious thoughts. Inevitably, those late night *what-would-I-do-without-him?* internal monologues are great ways to make her *think* dreadfully without you actually having to employ Dread.

Think about it: **women have a deep-seated need to communicate, and they thrive on being able to give regular updates about their FSM to you on a daily basis. Being deprived of that is kind of like suddenly being deprived of the freedom to masturbate, for a dude.** You start to get backed up. When you keep her from being able to give you updated reports, it makes her reflect more powerfully on your role in her life.

(Or your absence provides a perfect opportunity for her to cheat on you . . . as well as a perfect opportunity for your recently-hired private investigator to follow her around and catch her cheating on you, if you're at that stage of the relationship.)



But the real point of the Road Trip isn't about your relationship with *her*, although that is the beneficiary. No, **the point is about your relationship with yourself, and your own sense of masculinity.**

As has been said here and elsewhere often before, ***Girls Become Women Naturally, Boys Must Be Made Into Men By Other Men***, reflecting the importance of male mentorship in the maturing process that turns an adolescent male into a functioning adult Man. Women enjoy a biological edge to their maturity, and apart from the occasional hint about how to get blood stains out of an all-white sofa, a woman's body largely takes care of providing her with what she needs to become a full-fledged, reproducible adult.

For dudes, however, that process is far from automatic, and usually a culture has developed an entire suite of rituals and customs to usher the boys of the tribe into manhood. **But what is rarely discussed is the importance of being able to regularly renew that sense of primal masculinity, either through challenge and introspection or through competition and camaraderie with your fellow men.** Men, as a rule, borrow each others' masculine power the way women borrow each

others' purses. If we don't have a chance to wallow in testosterone with our buds every now and again, we get wimpy and start watching *Dancing With The Stars* even when our wives *aren't* around.

There are many essential elements to a ball-busting cross country hellride: a working vehicle (recommended) at least two fellow men around your own age, a pocket full of gas money, and a destination. **Discussion of all pertinent Manosphere topics are fair game, with no lasting blame or recrimination being levied for voicing unusual ideas (unless it's just too good to pass up, like the way Dennis has a thing for girls with little boobs), and with the tacit understanding that *No One Talks About Fight Club*.** What happens in the car, in other words, *stays* in the car.



The discretion involved in an all-male roadtrip is one of the foundations of the Bro Code. If Steve talks about how he felt up his cousin once, then *it stays there* – you don't want your buddies' deepest, darkest secrets to become fodder for the FSM -- that's the clinical definition of "the wrong hands". No one likes a gossipy dude, and betraying male trust at that level is hard to forgive and forget.

This includes any lengthy discussion about sex, women, sex with women, women with whom we'd like to have sex, and sex with that one chick that one time. It also covers any women you see, meet, or flirt with. **All such discussions are protected.**

Alcohol is often involved in these endeavors, as are drugs of various sorts. See: The Hangover. Your Masculine Cone of Silence extends to this area. NOTE: You should without fail do your best to AVOID INCARCERATION when it comes to a Road Trip, as this just eats into Fun Time, and has a tendency to turn Beer Money into Bail Money, and that's just *not very much fun*. **(Bright side: you might get the opportunity to live out that homoerotic "gang raped in prison" fantasy on your bucket list).**



But even the talking and drinking aren't the important parts of this Alpha Move. **The important parts revolve around how you, yourself, reclaim your masculinity.** That starts with distancing yourself from your relationship. This is hard, particularly if your friends all refer to you and your wife by a collective name. But if you cannot establish and protect your own individual identity from your wife if you don't go out and be your own man for a change. And **if you don't remind yourself how to be your own man . . . you won't be.**

The temptation to invite your honey along on your adventure is great, but you should resist. Sure, **having theoretical access to your favorite ladyparts is a great idea, but the whole point of this endeavor is to give yourself some perspective and an unmitigated dip in the testosterone tank.** Hell, don't even *call* her more than once a day, and don't text, either, if you can possibly help it. It's not just whether or not you can manage to feed, bathe, and clothe yourself properly without her assistance, **it's about how you carry yourself around strangers, how you behave when you meet new women, how you act when no one around you knows jack shit about you but what you tell them.**



It's an opportunity for soul-stretching adventure, for testing yourself and your limitations, for redefining who you are and what that means. It's about how you have to sometimes rely on unreliable people to finish what you started, and how to go about doing that. It's putting yourself in a controlled crisis situation and watching yourself react and perform. **It's a reminder of those tests-of-manhood you endured in your youth . . . and why they were so important then.** Surprise surprise, they're *still* pretty important.

I'm not saying you have to go running with the bulls, diving the rift, or run some crazy cross-country rally race – but a road trip with a bunch of dudes is a unique and vital way of feeding the masculine soul, and one that is incredibly fulfilling, even when the trip just sucks.

And of course, when you do return, don't screw around with any *"So how was your trip, honey?"* bullshit.

You walk in the door, you start taking off your clothes and bellowing for your woman. If she isn't *utterly* happy to see you, and *eagerly* looking forward to the trip to Pound Town you're about to give her . . . well, maybe she needs a couple more days to miss you more.



You Bet On The Horse, Not The Race

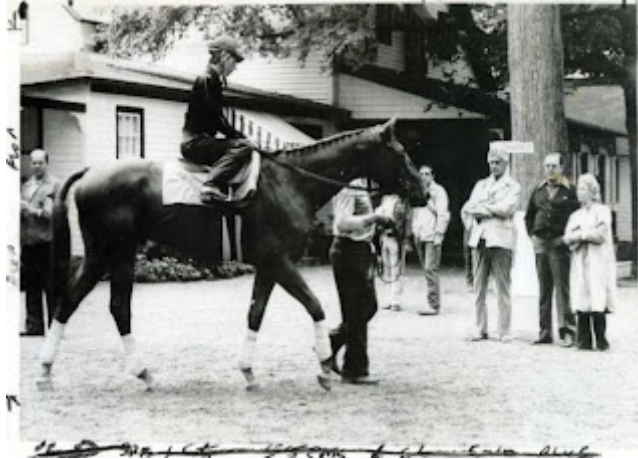
May 28, 2012 | by Ian Ironwood | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)

Was hanging out at Athol's post, **Could Have, Should Have, Would Have, Didn't**, and as usual I shot my mouth off in a copious manner. Since I'm recovering from a severe intestinal issue (don't worry, all the juicy details in a future post! You wouldn't want to miss an update of my bowels, now, would you?) and don't feel like putting together my usual insightful, original, and arguably brilliant posts, I figured I'd recycle the comment. It stands pretty well as a post, I think. So go read the original piece at Athol's, if you wish, and come back. I'll wait.



I'm going to skip over all of the golddigger BS and come to a more important and perhaps pertinent point in Athol's sagacious post. **As part of your due diligence before proposing, regardless of whether you're male or female it's important to remember that you are betting on the horse, not the race.** That is, you are committing to share your life and your fortune with another person, not investing yourself in their performance in one particular role.

An important question to ask yourself about your spouse, if morbid, is whether or not you think that they could support themselves deprived of their primary means of doing so. If you married a famous pianist, for instance, is he the type of dude who could segue into something else if his hands were maimed in a freak manicure accident? If your prospective wife is a first-rate accountant, are you confident in her ability to make a living doing something else if suddenly she were deprived of the ability to do math?



The importance of this point is outlined in Athol's post: Athol and Jennifer hit a major career bump, in which they had to regroup, re-plot their course, and re-commit to it. Had either one of them been married to the job-title or the earning potential, then that short shock may well have put an end to the marriage (as it has to many folks). Since they were committed to the family first and foremost, not the career, when a career avenue dried up it was painful but possible to marshal their resources and — together — plan a way out. It's one of the hardest things to do in a marriage, when everything you do is so critical to the health, safety, and welfare of others, but granting your spouse the room to fail (or at least dealing with their failure if it occurs without summarily judging and rejecting them) is part of the high art of marriage.



My first big marketing gig on my own concerned a large piece of heavy construction equipment and a very, very narrow market. I didn't know the first thing about marketing heavy construction equipment. But I waded into it and I gave it my all for six months . . . until the client fired me and I lost a very lucrative contract. I was devastated. My first foray into Big Time Marketing . . . failed. Mrs. Ironwood (still in college) never blinked — she hadn't married a marketing mogul, she'd married Ian Ironwood, and she had every faith in my ability to learn from my mistakes and persevere. And plenty of reproductively active years ahead of her to ditch my sorry ass and find a replacement if I didn't get my act together.

The combination of unlimited support with reasonable accountability and high expectation on both of our parts has gotten us through economically harsh conditions, grueling employment, and sudden and unexpected changes in job situations. If either one of us had to quit and change careers tomorrow, I have no doubt that we'd be successful again in short order in our new jobs — because we bet on the horse, not the race. The horse isn't going to win every race. But if it's a good horse, it will win

enough races — and the right races. But you don't beat the horse for losing a single race, and you don't sell the horse as long as it's still trying to win races. In fact, you might have to work with it a bit to get it back into shape. But if it's a good enough horse, then in the long run it will pay off.

Masculinity As Pathology . . . AGAIN.

May 30, 2012 | by Ian Ironwood | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



Caught a nice post over at In Mala Fide today riffing on the [latest CNN article](#) by [Psychologist Dr. Philip Zimbardo](#). You may remember him as the professor emeritus at Stanford University who is world-renowned for his 1971 research, the Stanford Prison Experiment. You remember, right? The one where the students were divided up into prisoners and prison guards and then observed?

Now he's talking about boys. And Guys. And Men, and why we're all so *horribly* addicted to internet porn and video games that we don't realize the wonderful life that the Feminist Utopia promises for us, just outside our electronic kill-zones. It doesn't occur to the researchers that perhaps there is a simpler explanation than "videogame and porn addiction" for today's disaffected masculinity.

Mostly, we're just kinda **pissed off**.

The calls for guys to “Man Up” have been coming on louder, more frequently, and from a lot more diverse quarters in the last decade. And they've been met throughout the Manosphere with scorn and derision. From Christian fundamentalists urging their men to take a more traditionally-biblically-oriented approach to manhood (one not involving, it is assumed, multiple wives and herds of sheep), to feminists lambasting the perceived shortcomings of the modern man, to quasi-government programs encouraging more active fathering. The cry for dudes to grow up, get better jobs, and aspire to be more than a Workoholics fan site is getting louder and louder.

But . . . really, *why the hell should they?*

The culprit for their “pathology” is the Demon Internet, in which porn and beautifully-rendered violent video games allegedly produce a siren’s song of captivation that the poor, *unfortunate* male just doesn’t have the mental capacity to slip away from.

Of course, no one asks them *why* they spend all of their free time in idle amusements. They are willing to study the subject, and make up all sorts of cool-sounding terms for the “pathology”. Looking at how boys are “messed up” by violent videogames, compared to girls, for instance, or how boys prefer a quick twenty-minute porn-and-whacking session to a hundred-dollar date with an entitlement princess who is already looking for how she can “improve” on you might seem like an unusual poll question, but I imagine they would have been more insightful. But it's really a no-brainer, when you think for more than a second. It's one of those classic “*Why on earth do women use twice as much toilet paper as men?*” stupid questions.

The Internet isn't compelling them from pursuing “real life”. At most it impels. **The Internet is merely providing a haven that allows the disaffected males of the West a place to hang out and have fun.** The fact is, “real life” for boys and men these days is so far removed from traditional fonts of masculinity, not to mention traditional masculine incentives, that there just isn't really much interest in putting so much energy into something that is ultimately going to feel like such a sucking chest wound to the male in question. Easier to load up on pizza and hack and slash for another 12 hours.

But that's not what the *experts* want to hear. They want to believe that there is something **Wrong With Men**, because that's been the politically favored way to approach the problem for the last forty years. If men aren't doing what they are a *supposed* to (whatever it is they are supposed to do) then the problem naturally begins and maintains itself through *them*, not because of the forces of greater society or (gasp!) the actions of women in aggregate.

The irony of this should not be lost on anyone. After persuading our civil society that violence and aggression were universally toxic things to be universally despised since the end of WWII, after convincing us that *all* masculine endeavors were automatically Oppressive Colonial Racist Sexist Imperialistic attempts to gain Control over Everyone Else, and how we should Ashamed of our Power and Masculinity . . . well, there just isn't much *left* for us, is there? The forces of academia and public policy have systematically undermined any real incentive a guy has to “evolve” out of guydom, get some ambition and “Man Up”. So they just *aren't*. **The Puerarchy isn't stupid – crude, obnoxious, subversive, and self-serving, but it isn't stupid.** “Manning Up”, to a dude in his 20s, is as close to a ticket to hell as he could ask for, the way things stand.

The issue isn't the internet, or how our brains get wired in early childhood development. Those are subtle and ephemeral explanations for a far deeper, far more meaningful evolution in masculine culture. Like, for example, **gender relations**.



Zimbardo's recent attempt at CNN to diagnose this "pathology" include this gem in their analysis:

Guys are also totally out of sync in romantic relationships, which tend to build gradually and subtly, and require interaction, sharing, developing trust and suppression of lust at least until "the time is right."

Actually . . . that's *hardly* fair. **That's applying feminine standards and perspectives of romance and relationships to men . . . and that's as inept as applying masculine standards and perspectives of porn and sexuality on women and expecting the same results.** Sexuality is a big, complicated, many-hued thing, and male sexuality is its own freaking animal, separate and distinct from what women desire and are aroused by. Relationships only build gradually and subtly when there's the potential for commitment or more than a mostly physical encounter, and in most cases there just isn't. Interaction, sharing, developing trust? That's a *female* approach to the Sexual Marketplace. The male approach is more direct and practical. It doesn't *require* all of that stuff . . . so we're labelled by pathology for the crime of not acting more like women (or how women want us to act).

It's not that guys are "totally out of sync" in romantic relationships, **they just don't care for all the crap and expectations of a romantic relationship that is, in all likelihood, lead to a bad end and a broken heart.** Viewing the current SMP in this way is completely approaching romance from the female perspective without regards to romance from the male perspective. It ignores the more sex-based "romance" dudes prefer (hint: it's more like a porn movie than a romance movie) and denigrates male sexuality by insisting on a "suppression of lust" as a precondition.

That is some bullshit.



The fact is, dudes are *perfectly happy* with the sex-heavy, romance-light mode, for the most part. It keeps things from getting complicated, expensive, and messy, even if it means you have to learn some Game to pursue it. But any Omega can troll Craigslist these days and potentially score. No, it isn't "romance" -- but that is *their* issue. Mostly, dudes just want sex. It's our primary motivator. Not romance. *Sex*.

('Cause we're, like, dudes and stuff)

In essence the authors of the article are saying "*Boys aren't playing well with girls anymore*", and scratching their heads and pointing at porn and videogames, at the boys, at the scourge of addiction, at the pathology of masculinity, when they should be pointing at the girls and the intellectual world they've insisted upon.

It's not an electronically-inspired "arousal addiction". We're just bored and pissed off and don't want to play anymore. And why should we? Society has taken away the things we really enjoyed about achievement and ambition. You expect us to go through the motions just because we're "good sports"?

The true gall of the CNN piece is to assume that boys who don't want to go to work and school and become daddies anymore are somehow messed up when **for two generations we've had plenty of girls who *did* want to go to work and go to school and *not* become mommies . . . and they are celebrated, not diagnosed as having some sort of "condition", for their departure from their traditional norm.**



Masculinity, as I've said before, is seen by the feminist-informed public policy machines of the world as a medically treatable condition, not an ideal for half of the human race to aspire to. **In their quest to equalize the playing fields of the world they have convinced themselves that an impotent male is the only civilized male, and "Manhood" as a class is something to be despised.** Boys are "problems" in school, guys who don't try to compete in the work environment are considered "lazy" or "unmotivated", and men who don't conform to the Female Social Network's standards of behavior are "losers", "creeps", or "assholes".

With all that floating around in the background, *why on earth* would a young man aspire for the illusion of success that only makes him a greater target, more vulnerable, and ultimately crushes him under the weight of expectation? **When his "romantic life" gives him a 50% shot at divorce, and even "happily married" men get pushed into sex-starved marriages where their individual masculinity gets slowly crushed out of them?** Why the hell would he do that to himself . . . for anything less than a truly *extraordinary* woman?

The answer is *not* going back – we *can't* go back. As much as the tools and institutions of the Patriarchy provide an allure to those seeking their own masculinity, the fact is that the agricultural base upon which the Patriarchy resided is eroded. The industrial base it lingered upon is rapidly disintegrating. For the post-industrial information age world we find ourselves facing today, the Patriarchy can only provide some rough guidelines, some traditions, and some continuity. The way forward into this new century is going to be much, much different for men and Masculinity.



So what is the way forward? Well, if feminism followed the issues and interests of Women, then **the counter-feminist Manosphere should do likewise with the issues and interests of Men.** When feminism overthrew the power of the Patriarchy in the 1960s and 1970s, it didn't have a model of what post-Patriarchal feminism looked like (not a realistic one, in any case). Neither do we have a model of what 21st century masculinity will look like – but we can look at the interests and issues affecting Men, as a class, as discover some areas that will likely be central:

1. Fatherhood
2. Sex
3. Violence and Aggression
4. Sports
5. Fitness and Health
6. Money, Finance, and Career
7. Technology
8. Marriage
9. Religion & Politics
10. Education

These are just the low-hanging fruit. All are aspects or issues that men share with each other, and all are part of the revalorization process.

(And note that Sex and Marriage? Two *different* categories.)

It's not an exhaustive list, but it's a place to start -- and porn and videogames are *very much* in play. Social climbing, achievement-for-achievement's sake, and "finding the perfect girl"? Not so much.

The Manosphere is an approach to masculinity that serves MEN, even if it leaves society at large in the lurch. That's *fine*, as the feminists have been telling us, society will get along fine without the

active participation of Straight White Men (or men in general – sorry black and gay dudes, the sad fact is that after they put the signs away ultimately you’re lumped in with *us*) for decades now – ***let them***. Pursuing personal glory over public service, personal fulfillment over the fulfillment of a relationship, and personal satisfaction over the ambition traditionally associated with the corporate “young go-getter” is pretty much all you have left now.

Let's face it: *our masculinity is whatever we define it as*. It used to mean jumping out of planes and defending the empire, to the acclaim and respect of a grateful nation. It used to mean charging up the corporate ladder to achieve success sufficient to have a wife and family, with the tacit approval of the entire community. It used to be taking the hard shots, making the hard calls, and building a civilization from scratch. It *used* to be. That was when being masculine, being a man, and being a successful member of society was worthy of respect, not revilement.

Now? Now it means Sportscenter, WoW, YouPorn, your favorite online porn store, the perfect craft microbrew, the upcoming season, sarging for chicks on the weekends, bootycalls at 4 am, the playoffs, the preseason, Snap On tools and WD40, .306 and 9mm, *whatever you want it to*.

Because fellas? **You don't owe them *shit* after what they've given you to work with. You owe yourself, because no one else is ever going to give it to you.** So if you want to conquer the world and develop your mature masculinity, I highly encourage it. Or if you want to withdraw and play games and whack off, I encourage that as well. If you want to prowl the night for easy pickups and one-night-stands, cruelly gaming the pants off of any fair maiden who catches your fancy -- have at it, with my blessing. Hell, give her an inch for me. As long as they're willing, stack up those notches and have yourself a wonderful time and I won't think any less of you.

What I *don't* encourage is proceeding from the idea that you HAVE to live up to anyone's expectations but your own, or viewing your masculinity as a pathology. That's self-loathing, penis-hating bullshit, and your ancestors recoil from such crap as a repudiation of every hard decision, every civilization-raising plan they bled for to push your sorry bit of DNA up the evolutionary chain.

You're a dude. You like to kill zombies. You like to whack off. And you prefer to do it without the judgement and condemnation of every screechtard on the planet. That doesn't make you sick, or addicted, or of less social value than someone who *doesn't* . . . it just makes you a *dude*.

Swingsets and Sandboxes - Playground Rules for the Female Social Matrix

June 5, 2012 | by Ian Ironwood | [Link](#) | [Original Link](#)



Venerable Manosphere blogger Susan Walsh at HUS hits the nail on the head again with [How Women Really Feel About Male Dominance](#). Among the gems was this brilliant observations about **the roles of the Female Social Matrix and the Male Social Matrix and how they interact**. Since that dovetailed nicely with a point of my own, I'll go ahead and use Susan to kick it off.

Susan makes this keen observation:

social dominance is not conferred by women, it's awarded by other men in a process of intrasexual competition for dominance and leadership. Men continually compete for dominance in social interactions with one another. The men who achieve the greatest rank among their peers may then display that dominance as a powerful advantage in attracting women for sex.



This point *can't* be overstated: **Women have very little role in the establishment of male social dominance.** A hot wife will get a man social points, but only to a point -- if he can't match her status with his own, then he's likely to lose her to hypergamy and predatory dudes who think they can poach her. And the amount of mileage he'll get out of having a beautiful wife will be limited, in the Male Social Matrix. Because ***Men* build the MSM largely without regard to the role of specific women -- whereas the FSM is very much based on the buff-value a particular man provides to a woman.**

Let's look at this with a simple playground analogy:

So the boys are off being boys, competing in good-natured fun in the masculine Sandbox, competing for each other's attention and establishing their own hierarchy, as they build the vast sandcastle within. Or battlefield -- they haven't decided which, yet, but that really matters less than how well they work together to build it. They posture, they brag, they talk about the other sandboxes they used to go to which were so much cooler than this one -- let me just tell you -- and after a while someone starts giving orders and the other boys start to obey them, and what a hell of a big sandcastle they make when they all work together. Or there will be *two* boys giving orders, who decide to be on opposite sides of a sandbox war, and all the other boys go to one side or the other and have a *massive* battle.

The Foreman or the General tell everyone else what to do -- you have to have someone giving the orders, after all, or nothing will get done. Danny handles the trucks, Randy takes the toy soldiers and lines them up, and Heath is on dinosaurs and assorted action figures, Tommy is in charge of moving sand (it's his big yellow Tonka truck), but it's David who's the one who's directing it all. He promised everyone who worked with him would have an incredible masterpiece of construction to show everyone's mom. Something they all could be proud of. But it takes a lot of work, and the only kid everyone will listen to is David, so he's the Foreman. But building that sandcastle, that's the group's Mission, and everyone is devoted to that goal.

Only rarely do they even *consider* the girls on the other side of the playground, on the feminine Swingsets. That's a whole different game. Nothing to show your mom over there. There they compete with each other about how high they can go, how fast, how far, how much fun, what kind of crazy spinning moves, and everyone trying to entrain the rhythm of their swings *perfectly* to enjoy the

thrill of perfect consensus for one glorious moment.

No one is telling anyone else what to do, like over at the dirty Sandbox. You're just swinging together and talking and enjoying the fun of tingle. And the higher you go . . . the *better* the tingle. **Since boys give a really good push, then finding one who will push you as long as you want it, just the way you want it, is madly desired by almost everyone on the swing.** Oh, there are those two girls who switch off pushing each other, but they're way down on the end and who cares what they think, anyway? Have you seen how they dress?

The girls are swinging madly, screaming and calling and trying to attract the attention of the distracted boys and hopefully get *one* of them to come over and push her on the swings for a minute (form a romantic alliance) -- **because that adds greatly to her social momentum.** And the *more* you can persuade one of the boys to leave the sandbox and push you, the more the other little girls envy you for your social control. .

If they can, they'll get the Construction Foreman or the General to come push them, which (often) shuts down the entire game until he returns, much to the disgust of the other boys. But it proves the girl's power, and she'll probably be flying for a while as he pushes. But if he stays away too long, the other boys will start to bullyrag him, and someone else might get to be Foreman or General in his place -- while he's dutifully pushing your *dumb swing*. In fact, the other girls will be so envious that even if they're your good friends, they'll start trying to get your dude to push *them* instead of *you*.

But the boys largely could care less, and only the prospect of seeing up a skirt in the swing-pushing process keeps him interested. Hell, if it wasn't for that, why would he leave the sandbox? At least while you're up, you can hit the water fountain. The other dudes understand the allure, and if the price of your thrill is your temporary absence, they'll reluctantly let it slide -- they wanna see some panties, too, after all. And you gotta drink. So they'll excuse you for a while. Until you don't come back, that is, and then you might as well be a girl, because you *could* be playing with sand and trucks and now you're just pushing a *dumb swing with the other morons who were stupid enough to get out of the sandbox*.

So the girls try everything they can think of to get a boy to stay and push them -- *exactly* like they want it -- and try for the synchronous swing that they *all* want. Failing that, they want you to push you higher and give an even *bigger* tingle. They'll say just about anything to get you to stay, get you to talk (but never push!) with the other girls, tell you they love how high you can push them because you're so *strong*, and you *intentionally* let them see up your skirt.

Only you can't let the other girls now you're doing it, or they'll call you a cheater. I mean, some of them wore bluejeans -- they can hardly do that, can they? And then they'll start talking about you, ganging up on you -- but *not* when the boys are around. They might not want to push you at all if they knew how you acted when they weren't around. Or how you're considering asking another boy - - who you think might push even harder -- to push you, because he wouldn't be happy with that.

It's HIS job to push you -- if you let just *anyone* push you, then he's just another tingle-inspiring tool

of her semicircular canals -- he's got better things to do, especially if she's not flashing any panties. But even if he's the only one she lets push her, he doesn't want to be stuck behind her all afternoon so she could chew gum and talk with the girls while he busted his ass pushing her and longingly watched the Sandbox of Masculinity from afar. I mean, he missed the Great Patriotic Sandbox War for *this* bullshit?

Now, some of the boys are mean, and some are nice. Some are strong and some are . . . not. Some will only come out of the Sandbox occasionally -- hey, everyone needs water -- and are highly reluctant to push you unless they get the panties upfront. Some are sitting just outside of the Sandbox gazing longingly at the Swingset, desperate for a glimpse of panties . . . but the girls never call to him, because he's not that strong and he eats his boogers.

Some will pretend to be nice and push you gently at first . . . and then push you off the swing entirely. Or grab your hair and pull you over. Which sucks, but then everyone stops swinging so hard and looks at you to see if you're OK, which is kind of cool. And you had to admit, the tumble off the swing was pretty exciting until you hit the ground. And hey, at least the guy was willing to push you, even if he was kind of a dick about it. You'd let him do it again, if he promised he wouldn't push you off again. Even if it wouldn't be totally awful if that happened.

Some will pretend to be nice and just want to see your panties. They might even come right out and ask for it. That would be awful -- but if he's the only boy willing to push, what can you do? Swing by yourself? Where's the tingle in *that*?

So you flash him "accidentally" and hope he doesn't tell his friends at the Sandbox. The *last* thing you need is a crowd of boys standing down by your feet while you swing. That's too much attention, and the other girls don't like it when you do that. You try to subtly hint that, *yes, if you push me, I'll let you see my panties, but I can't promise that or they'll hear me and I can't risk that no matter how good the tingle. I'm not That Kind Of Girl. I like a good push but I'm not going to be the girl who shows everyone her panties -- like that awful girl Shannon! No tingle is worth that.*

But then there's that *other* thing -- that trick. The Flying Catch.

It's the secret (and not so secret) dream of nearly every girl on the swings: to get pushed so hard and so high that you can let yourself go at the exact right moment . . . and experience something far more than the mere tingle. The glorious, two-and-a-half second experience of Free Fall that lights you up like a Christmas tree . . . until you come down. Problem is, you can't get that high by yourself, nor can you land safely if you did. You need a boy to push you hard, then be adept enough to slip past you, position himself properly, and catch you at the end of your flight in his big strong arms. And when he puts you on your feet, you'll have the respect and acclaim of both the Sandbox and the Swingset.

Only . . . not every girl is cut out for the Flying Catch. Nor is every boy. Sure, they all want to be that good, that brave, that fearless. But most of them are content to get by with the odd push and their own energy. They'll never have the Flying Catch, but . . . you know, people get hurt doing that.

If you're a dude, you have to be exceptional to push hard, then dodge past a row of swings to the other side, cannily estimate the trajectory of the girl based on her (apparent) mass, sprint to the position you think she'll most likely land upon, and then prepare yourself to catch her without dropping her and injuring one or both of you. That shit takes *guts* -- you get hit in the head with an eighty pound girl, and you're done for the day. And if she's big for her age, dude, you could have to go to the hospital. Sure, upside you get to see all the way up her skirt for the entire glorious two-and-a-half seconds, but if the resulting collision gives you a concussion, why risk it? Unless you are very, very sure that the girl isn't going to cream you, and you're strong enough to catch her without hurting her, you're going to either get hit and go home, or step out of the way and let her come crashing down . . . and go home, making you look like an ass. It's a cost-benefit analysis, potential cool points (from both boys and girls) for your mutual flawless performance versus giving up that potential for the safer, more fun and less work of the Sandbox -- and *ohmygod* did you see that kid just take out all those *Transformers*? SEE ya, Suzie! (*Crash*).

Of course it's just as hard, as a girl, to fling yourself off into the void and trust that your boy is going to catch you. A million things could go wrong, after all, and you could wind up in the emergency room with a broken collarbone. Or break your neck, as your mother warned you over and over. But the pull of the tingle, the promise of Free Fall, of pure unencumbered flight, that's what you want. Not just for the feeling, but for the feeling you get when everyone else is watching and wants to be like you. THAT'S the stuff: the glorious envy of your female peers. It's like taking the feeling of Free Fall and successful landing home with you, knowing that every other girl on the swings wanted to try it, but didn't have a boy, or didn't have a boy strong enough or fast enough, or she just didn't have the nerve.

Besides, a boy can *totally* see up your skirt when you do the Flying Catch. And you know what your mother would think about that, too. She *did* say next time she caught you, you weren't coming back to the playground. And that little bitch Crissy is just aching to tell on you . . . no, better to just watch in quiet envy than risk injury and humiliation. You remember when Shannon got caught showing her panties to those two little boys, and how everyone went ballistic? Now no one will even talk to her except the boys, and all of them want to talk to her. None of that for me, thank you. Doing the Flying Catch is almost as bad as showing your panties to a boy *on purpose*.

The Swingset and the Sandbox interact, but their interactions are governed by very different sets of rules. The Swingset depends on the boys in the Sandbox to come over and push. In the meantime you can talk and swing and try to get consensus while you wait to attract a boy on his way to the water fountain. The Sandbox doesn't depend on the Swingset for anything but a glimpse of panties -- the Sandcastle of Doom is the focus. And as alluring as panties are, if the Sandcastle doesn't get built, what was the point of even coming to the playground?

And then there are those times when they interact perfectly, and a girl on the Swingset can get a boy in the Sandbox who is strong enough and fast enough to catch her in the Flying Catch, cue thunderous applause and Happily Ever After. Of course, that maybe happens once out of dozens of attempts, but . . . well, some lucky girl got her thrill, and some lucky boy got the respect of his peers.

The interaction between the Female Social Matrix and the Male Social Matrix is a lot like that.

Susan reiterates this after going into the new dominance research:

Overall, the research suggests that women are not attracted to disagreeable males, i.e. jerks and assholes, they're attracted to men who earn the respect and admiration of other men, and who display kindness and generosity.



That, is, **the girls wanna git with the boy that all the other boys like.** If the other boys like a jerk and an asshole the most (not unreasonable, since that attitude tends to push a boy into a leadership position), then the girls are going to like that asshole, too -- but for *different* reasons. The boys like him because he he husbands his emotions and isn't afraid to aggressively pursue what he wants ("the mission") without social compromise, which is a good masculine leadership skill. The *girls* like him because the boys like him, and because **the woman who "tames" the former Bad Boy gets *mad* position in the FSM.**

(The displays of kindness and generosity, I'm guessing, must be displayed from a position of strength in order to attract attention. The boy who shares his shovel gets a point. The boy who shares *a whole box of legos* is King Of The Freaking Sandbox. Girls like to date kings.)



Prestige At Work, Dampening Panties

Susan goes on to break down male social status into two camps: *Dominance* and *Prestige*. Dominant behaviors attract women short-term, but for the long-term women seem to prefer men who earn their position through Prestige (prestige defined as “freely conferred status” by peers in recognition of special abilities and skills. ") As one of the commentators put it, "*Prestige, in a way, seems to be a form of pre-selection based not on women's desire for a man but on the desire of other men to associate with him.* "

This points toward a number of interesting Red Pill applications. For one thing, that men will often specialize in something to gain status in the male hierarchy. That is, while we recognize that we might not be Superalpha quarterback material, by making ourselves useful to the Superalpha leader (which implies the granting of our personal respect, not to mention specialization as, say, a field goal kicker) **we gain status in relation to that leader**. We might not be the Quarterback . . . but when the Quarterback needs a field kicker, by gods, we can do pretty good at that and might even win the game.

It also explains why garnering the respect of other men and gaining a place in the hierarchy is so important to men: it's a passive mating strategy. That is, **it is a more productive mating strategy to be a bench warmer on a winning team than to be the winner of the spelling bee.**



Domination At Work, *Also* Dampening Panties

I do take issue with the definition of Dominance being confined to a negative space involving intimidation and coercion, in Susan's analysis. I agree with one of the commentators who pointed out that **while coercion and intimidation were certainly ways for men to establish dominance, that pure Charisma also plays a role**. Charisma is a rare and powerful thing, but when it is present in a man, it conveys more than simple assholery or achievement-oriented prestige do. You see, naturally dominant males literally *inspire* submission in men and women alike. When in the presence of real dominance, the lesser dominant men and women all want to please or gain the favor of a truly dominant male in order to improve their social position, the male by being seen with him, soaking up some marginal respect by the association, the female by flirtatious behavior.

While it might take a while to establish just who is the dominant party in the MSM (it's ALWAYS up in the air in the FSM) once established men tend to cleve to that dominance in order to allow the leader to display competence and therefore garner more respect.

But I do support Susan's point: **Social status is conferred by men, not women.** Women simply *respond* to it. That might come as a big shock to social-status conscious women, but social dominance is not conferred by women, it's awarded by other men in a process of male competition for dominance and leadership. Male social interactions include continual competition for dominance with one-another, usually in a friendly sort of way (but sometimes not). The men who achieve the greatest social rank among their male peers may then use the display of that dominance as a powerful tool in their mating strategy, i.e. in attracting women for sex.



Within the Male Social Matrix respect is most often conferred on men by *other* men as a reward for having a combination of alpha and beta traits (ideally, social leadership and authority combined with the ability to mentor and encourage consensus). Needless to say, this is more attractive to women than mere brutish behavior -- **depending on the woman.** Once again, it's context-based.

(And that's what I think is missing from this equation. A woman's perceptions arise from her past experience and her own unique personality, of course. And for some women, particularly those with hardcore daddy issues or deep feelings of personal insecurity, the domineering thug might seem like a *good* catch. My friends who are cops have repeatedly told me of the women who prefer to date cops, and there are some pretty standard commonalities. One powerful one is the need to feel protected. For *these* women, physical strength and power to do violence is far more important than social status, *per se*, and the limited earning potential of a policeman has far less to do with her attraction than his ability to kick someone's ass. She's a security-junkie, and the bigger the dude the better. But I digress.)

Now those things that can elevate a man within a particular part of the MSM are the things I've mentioned before: *respect, competence, authority, mastery, control, intelligence, daring, strength, power*, that sort of thing. When a group of male strangers gather for some purpose without a predesignated leader, then men will usually self-sort into a hierarchy based on the constituent elements present, placing those with the best characteristics to complete the purpose in the leadership position. That individual assessment of a particular man's competency on a subject is a vital part of the equation. **Once the hierarchy leadership has been established, by consensus or by vote or however, then men have no trouble relaxing into a temporarily lower-status position within the MSM.**



In the FSM this would be the kiss of death: to

accept a lower position in the Matrix without at least scheming about it is a Gamma female response, and anathema for a real female Alpha or determined Beta. **Any submission to a hierarchy eschews the ideal that female power comes from *equally shared consensus*, and to voluntarily accept a lower position without fighting to get it back -- not, usually, by making oneself better, but **by undermining the Alpha females who *did* manage to rise to the top of the Matrix and take their place, bucket-o'-crabs style**.** They do this by attempting to control the Matrix consensus against the leadership. Or sometimes to force the leadership into action in accordance with the wishes of the consensus, even if that becomes problematic for the leadership. That's because men and women lead differently.

An astute reader sent me an article demonstrating this rather clearly. He found it in an advice column for working moms. Read it, and see if you can spot the differences in male and female leadership styles:

Q: I'm a mother of two and head a company of 10 employees. One mom staffer often leaves early for her kids' activities or stays home whenone is sick. Other staffers resent her. Should I say something?



I'll get to the answer in a moment, but notice how she phases the question. As my reader pointed out, she isn't stating "*I have an employee who uses her family as an excuse to leave early or stay out. Should I say something?*" That would be a more *masculine* response. It would also be a no-brainer, and if a dude wrote into an advice column with this he shouldn't be in charge of anything in the first place.

Note how she frames the issue: "*Other staffers resent her*", not "*her work performance is failing and its bad for morale*". The focus of her discomfort isn't (ostensibly) on the *worker*, but on the verbal ire of her co-workers. The problem wasn't that she wasn't pulling her weight and costing the company money, but that *the other (presumably female) staffers were getting mad at her*.

Then she compounds the issue by asking "*Should I say something?*" which no male manager would ask. Why? Because **if you have an employee who is not measuring up, the question "should I say something?" is moot. You either say something and handle the issue, or you aren't deserving of your title and authority.** Nor would a good male manager have likely led with "I'm a father of two" before anything else -- not because the Male Social Matrix discounts fatherhood (far from it) -- but **because a male manager would not see his own family status as having *any* relation to that of his employees.**



But a female manager feels compelled to list that status first in order to **build sympathy, establish context, and put her status out for review in FSM standard language:** list any relationship or family status first, then career status. A man would probably have written the question: "*I run a small company of ten employees, and one employee -- a single mother -- habitually leaves early or stays out because of family. While I support my employees' in their family life, this is starting to be a drain on us all. What can I do to mitigate her childcare issues and keep them from ruining my business?*"

Big difference. The male is worried about the *business* -- the "mission" -- whereas the female manager is far more worried about *what her employees are saying behind her back*, and whether or not her problem employee would feel offended if she attempted to hold her to account.

Here's the columnist's answer, by the way:

A: It's the old "what working mothers do to keep up job responsibilities while keeping families afloat" challenge. Sometimes we need to face the fact that some jobs, for whatever reason, might not be the best fit with our family's needs. There's nothing wrong with approaching your employee if you do it with respect and concern. "Is everything okay at home?" you might ask. "I've noticed you've had quite a few emergencies lately and you've missed some deadlines. I just want to make sure you're not overloaded." Listen to what she says, then come to a solution that works for both of you. Maybe she works from home one day a week. Maybe she comes in early every day so she can leave early. Or maybe letting her go is the outcome she's secretly hoped for.

That's a surprisingly blunt answer for a "working mother" advice column. As my reader pointed out, "*The matrix complained, and pulled the other crab [the employee] back into the bucket. The editor even suggests*

that the working mom secretly hopes to get fired." Hardly the "sisterhood-is-powerful!" reaction of her feminist forebears, but it's clear that this boss is using the rationalization of complaining employees to handle discipline for one who was abusing the system . . . but only after a fuss was raised.

A male manager would have likely had the required talk with the employee without waiting for the gossip and resentment and dealt with the issue himself. But an office full of female staffers, with a female boss, is far more likely to delay and discuss and otherwise attempt to build consensus . . . and when the consensus is strong enough, they can use it even to direct *their own boss*.



The Matrix relishes this kind of subtle infighting and rewards those who successfully control the consensus with leadership of the Matrix. As long as everyone pretends to go along with that (to avoid destroying the precious perception of consensus) then it *doesn't really matter* who leads the Matrix. Women are free to jockey for power with gossip, sabotage each other with rumor and innuendo, and work to shift the consensus favorably towards them until they are themselves "secretly" leading the consensus and someone else takes *them* down. When that happens, even if the other women hate the conniving bitch who screwed over their BFF for the PTA leadership, they respect her for her ability to play the social game well.

By contrast, once Men have submitted to male authority, they rarely attempt to overthrow the hierarchy *even if they are at the lowest point on it*. Indeed, their power and promise of power comes *from* hierarchy, so serving it is ultimately in their best interest. Men who rebel against their duty to authority in the absence of real incompetence or disaster by their leadership are not seen as heroes by their fellow men, they're seen as *men who have failed in their duty*. They have purposefully trashed the hierarchy from which their authority should spring and put themselves at the top without properly earning it.

That's why generals who stage successful *coups d'etat* are so paranoid: **they know that by assuming their position the way that they have, they have taken the great risk of alienating those who they are supposed to command.** And an army that has accepted one change in leadership without much struggle is unlikely to fight to keep you on top. **A man does not lose power by voluntarily submitting to a respected authority. He gains it.** A soldier gets more respect than a civilian, even if he is a lowly private. An athlete might lack the talent or ability to be a star player, but if he's a good *team* player who works hard then he can still get the MVP trophy at the end of the season. Or even team captain, if he has garnered sufficient respect from his teammates.



So how can you use this? The obvious way, of course, is to **make certain your woman witnesses other men behaving respectfully to you and treating you with deference.** Cultivate a couple of slavish beer buddies she doesn't know real well who *cannot shut up* about how goddamn great you are any time she's around, for instance. Or distinguish yourself with the membership of some club or professional association you belong to. Let her see other men acclaim and admire you, and her panties get drenched. I noticed a distinct uptick in interest from Mrs. Ironwood, for example, when I started actually getting fans for my work. And while she almost always responds to the presence of ardent female fans (thanks to preselection) I get almost as good results when one of my male fans praises me and I share that with her.

Second, **just by being aware of the fact that women *don't* control male social status you've gained an advantage.** Most dudes are pretty clueless about social matters, and just naturally accept their social role as wherever their woman stuck them. They sometimes think that going out of their way to help women ("white knight" style) will add to their social status and improve their relationships. In fact, **consistently being seen helping women through their difficulties diminishes you in male social status.** Yes, the women in the Matrix who are familiar with you will gossip about your assistance in a positive manner . . . but once you understand that *men* generate the social status that is so important to the FSM then you'll realize that your "sweet" gesture got you no closer to getting laid or even being taken seriously by women.

That *doesn't* mean you don't volunteer to wash the dishes when you have dinner at your mother-in-law's house -- that's just polite. It *does* mean that **if every time "the girls" in the office/class get into a project they can't get out of, you don't go running to fix it . . . you let them fall on their collective ass.** Because if you're the kind of dude who White Knights all the time, the other dudes in your matrix will know it, and your social status will fall. I used to make this mistake all the time when I was a Blue Pill teenager. I figured if I helped women out, their gratitude for the service would incline them toward liking me. It did . . . as long as I was safely in the 'friend zone'.

So when I was the only guy helping in the kitchen with the girls at church youth camp, they all thought I was *great* . . . until I asked a girl out. The moment I tried to make my dutiful service into something else, then all of the sudden I was "creepy" for being so "deceitful" about my motivations. And of course the

other dudes had long ago written me off as gay or too gamma for words. I wised up, eventually, and I quit being the bitch of any girl who smiled at me until I tried to kiss her. But it took a *long* time to figure out that being perpetually ready to go to any woman's rescue was not helping me get laid in the slightest, and was actually working *against* me. Because women saw it as weakness they could take advantage of, and men saw it as a disinterest in masculine endeavors.

Thirdly, understanding the power the FSM has over a woman is *breathtaking*. You really do not, as a man, have a proper appreciation of just how much your wife lives and dies by her social positioning. Shit you would shrug off as incidental can lead to a woman's hamster breaking the light speed barrier in a social crisis. If your best friend, for example, told you that you were a fat slob who needed to lose fifty pounds, you'd likely agree and call him an asshole for pointing it out before you both waddle off to Denny's. If a woman hears from her best friend that she's starting to look "hippy" from a certain angle, that's the FSM equivalent of a flesh wound. I've seen such casual remarks launch episodes of neuroses that minstrels will sing about one day.



Understanding that *her* social status is dependent upon *your* social status in a relationship grants you more than a little leverage in the relationship. A married couple is, for all practical purposes, a social team. You get a little status from having a beautiful wife (and slightly less for a plain wife, none for a bitchy wife, and negative for a truly bitchy screachtard), and she gets a significant boost from you if you are held at all in esteem by your male peers. Your cooperation as a team can lead to mutual benefits, if you're subtle and adept enough to work together.

When I go to a social function with Mrs. Ironwood, for instance, we've developed a series of protocols that we use to mutually support each other in conversation, rescue each other from unpleasant people, and signal to each other if we need to a) talk alone together b) have a minor social emergency c) stay clear of the conversation because it is socially dangerous d) have acquired a stalker e) I have to go to the bathroom, can you get me a drink? f) I want to wrap things up and go home and f) let's get the hell out of dodge.

(I'm trying to get her to understand a new one, g) *let's meet in the bathroom, outside in the car, or some other secluded place for some danger nookie*. So far, not much luck with that one.)

And if you aren't -- or don't *want* to work together to buff social status for some reason (say, six weeks

without fellatio might convince you), it doesn't take much to give your wife a temporary hit on her social status by *not* cooperating with her. Telling tales to her biggest rival's husband, for instance (certain to get back to her rival) or fart loudly in front of the local social heavyweight -- both would be mortifying wounds to a socially conscious wife. And *perfectly excusable* from you, as you are merely male and have no idea how women "really are". Indeed, from the perspective of the Matrix, any issues that the women in her FSM will be laid at HER feet, not yours . . . because "he's a man and doesn't know any better". But she's going to be the subject of position-killing gossip for months.

(Side Note: It's *amazing* how feminism flies out the door when women get talking about other women. If you ever get the chance to overhear your wife and her friends when they don't think you're listening, you'll overhear stuff about women not present and their attached menfolk that would have you, my friend, in diversity training classes for the next six months for the pure misogyny. I once watched a friend of mine and his feminist wife get into a fight because despite her insistence that there were only minor physical differences in men and women, gender was a cultural concept, and that sexism in any form (save the usual male-bashing) was appalling, she was furious at the fact that he had mentioned something about her poor wardrobe in passing to her highly successful big sister, who was *only too happy* to help her little sister out shopping. The feminist *freaked* because now she looked sloppy and poor to her big sister, and that would be used to judge her and angle the rest of their family FSM against her, and proceeded to accuse her of being manipulative, scheming, and conniving, a total whore, low moral character, etc. -- and that HE should know better. But I digress)

So keep in mind that when a woman is in a relationship with you, that it has *much more significance* to her relations with the FSM than you think. Indeed, **you aren't in a relationship with her, you're in a relationship with her whole network**, and thinking otherwise is going to get you in trouble. As much as she may or may not love you, your presence in her life is giving her a buff -- because being single after 30 and childless after 35 substantially lowers her positioning vis a vis the FSM. What you do or don't do affects not just you and she, but her and her relationship with the FSM.

We'll be returning to this subject repeatedly in the future. There's lots more to cover. Promise.



